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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

FALL ISSUE
1932

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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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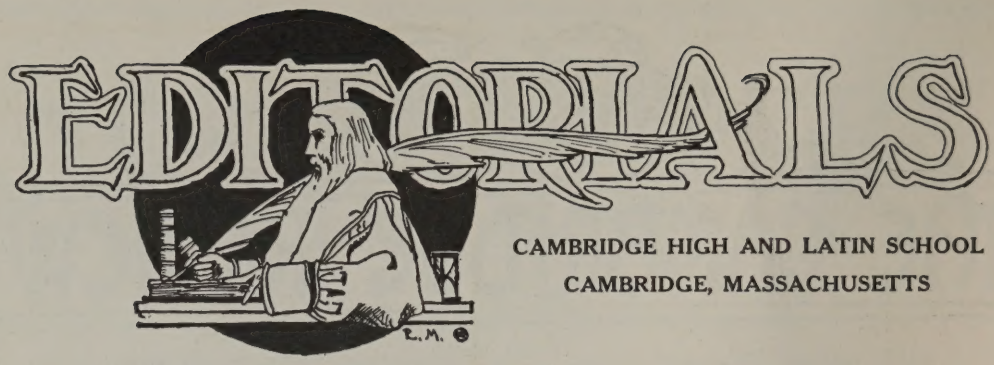


CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

A WELCOME TO FRESHMEN

THE school extends a cordial welcome to the Class of 1936, a class nine hundred strong. To our welcome we add a call to become a real part of the school. It is possible to remain four years, to graduate indeed, and yet never to become a vital part of the school.

You must catch its spirit, feel its underlying purpose, desire to work for its good. Unless you do this, you will miss much of the joy and opportunity of your school life. The best and only foundation on which you may build is an honest performance of your work.

The price of success is work, and then more work. Do not waste time by endeavoring to gain results in any other way. You may occasionally succeed in misleading a parent or a teacher as to your conduct, but you can never fool yourself, and you are the one who pays.

Find, if you can and as soon as you can, what you want to do in life, and then bend your energies towards its proper attainment. Whatever you choose, raise yourself above the ordinary. If you can do that, your chosen field will need your services.

All this can be done, accompanied with sufficient play to eliminate drudgery.

Again we say welcome. Think of the teachers as fellow workers, who from greater experience are also advisers and helpers.

LESLIE L. CLEVELAND.

THANKSGIVING

WITH Thanksgiving at hand, now is the time for all Desirable Citizens (as Teddy Roosevelt put it) to sit down and count their blessings. Due to the Depression, Crooners, P. G.'s, and Rainy Weather, the enumeration may prove a trifle difficult, but, to quote again, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." The Depression has its good side, as evidenced by the Reduced Cost of Living, and Psychological Benefit. Crooners may be killed by slow poison, and our best minds are at work on an excuse for P. G.'s. So, after a brave attempt at Pollyanna, I retire promptly in a cloud of bricks and muttered invectives.

J. E.

OPPORTUNITIES

DO we ever think how lucky we are to be in school? Popular education is a comparatively recent system, since a hundred years ago schooling was to be had only by the rich. Even for the last generation, a high school education was regarded as something that the average person did not need. In some southern states today, many children have scarcely learned their three "R's" when they are sent out into the fields or into a factory to work for long hours.

Do we realize that many young men and girls have to leave school to look for any kind of work which will increase the family income? There are great numbers of people who, after a hard day, are ambitious enough to go to night school. We wonder if we have fully appreciated the opportunities they have been denied. So, this year, let's make the most of the advantages that are ours, and let's do the best we can!

J. T.

TO THE WHOLE SCHOOL! ! !

HOW about giving our football team a hand? Every year in Cambridge Latin the sporting season comes and goes with hardly anyone's noticing it. To our school it's just another football season, while in other schools it is something looked forward to by every student!

Go to any of the games for proof; notice the spirit of our opponents, and then notice ours. You'll find quite a difference! If the other side wins, and it usually does, what is the reason for their victory? Is it because their team is any better than ours? No — but they have a genuine cheering section with real cheer leaders to urge their team on! What has Latin to offer to cheer her team? Nothing! Who has Latin for cheer-leaders? — A couple of fellows who know one or two cheers, and can't deliver even those in a snappy, uniform manner! They could be good leaders if they practiced, and the students could follow them, if they also practiced!

What this school needs is coöperation in capital letters, and a few honest-to-goodness "Pep" meetings! ! Perhaps we would develop some real cheer-leaders and some real school songs,

and thus make the football team feel it had to win! ! !

How about it, football enthusiasts, don't you think this is a good, practical idea?

EDNA SHAUGHNESSY, '34.

K. B. NOTES

SUCCESS was so great in all the K. B. functions last year, that it is now necessary for the members to bend every effort to equal the example which has been set. Seven girls who needed a vacation were sent for a fortnight each to a summer camp. This unheard-of number was due partly to the great success of the dance which was held last Spring.

The year was started with the enrollment of the new members. I say here that they were treated with all due respect and accepted with open arms. Ask them! This report wouldn't be worth reading, if we didn't tell you about the dance! It was a great financial and social success.

We are all looking forward to the future events which have been planned.

Cheerio! ! V. G., '33.

THE Checker Team is well under way, with the capable Mr. Fougère at its head. Although there has never been a dearth of good players, this year we should produce some stars. Among the most promising players are: Henry Jozwicki, Max Rubin, Joe Koffman, Myer Chait, Ben Cohen, Anthony Covino, Theodore Pappadopoulos, and Joe Fram. Mr. Fougère and his men intend to challenge the teams of other schools, especially the "Checkerers" at Rindge. Here's hoping our teams win every game!

J. T., '33.

DEBATING NOTES

On October 20, 1932, Miss Breau called to order the first meeting of the 1932-1933 season of the Durrell Debating Society. Mr. Cleveland gave an interesting talk on the value of debating in later life.

Among the subjects which the club will discuss before the public this year are: Unemployment Insurance, Reparations, the League of Nations, the Jury System, and other topics which are constantly before the public.

Some of the prominent members of last year's group present were E. Babcock, J. Eyre, P. Wallins, M. Rabinovitz, L. Mullins, R. McCaffrey, and P. Barron. With these veterans as a nucleus, and with the aid of the new members, it seems that the debating teams representing Cambridge High and Latin School this year will equal the best that have ever represented this school.

MORRIS B. RABINOVITZ, '33.

MISS ELIZABETH CONLIN

When death claims a woman like Miss Elizabeth Conlin, the world has lost a noble soldier, her family, a beloved daughter and sister, and the school in which she worked so faithfully has suffered the loss of a teacher of rare qualities whose memory will always be an inspiration or heroic courage. For more than a year, she moved among us day after day, conscientious, active, and smiling, always realizing that her return to health was impossible, yet struggling to win. She did win in the hardest battle that is fought. She remained smiling and hopeful to the last. We honor her.

MR. DONOVAN

Mr. Donovan was a gentle soul, a beloved co-worker, a popular teacher, a successful executive, a devoted husband and father, an every-day saint. His passing so soon after the close of the year is sad testimony of his tragic battle to carry on. But as an example of resignation, cheerful fortitude, and true sportsmanship in the game of life, Joseph Donovan will continue to carry on among the pupils and teachers of this school. We should be better for having known him.

CLASS GIFT

ON graduation night last June, the Class of 1932 presented their gift to our school. It may be interesting to many to read the formal note which follows:

The Class of 1932 presents to the Cambridge High and Latin School whatever funds remain in the Class treasury.

This gift shall be used to establish a 1932 Prize Fund. From the income of this fund shall be awarded annually a prize or prizes for excellent work in the Commercial Department or the Secretarial Department, or in both.

The prizes shall be given to members of the graduating class and shall be in the form of books.

Sufficient may be taken from the fund to secure an appropriate book plate.

JOHN MORAN, *President,*
ANN SULLIVAN, *Vice-President,*
BERNARD KAMINS, *Treasurer,*
BARBARA FARWELL, *Secretary.*

Date: June 6, 1932.

THE SEVEN-SEVENS

UPON looking at the title of this humble description, you may stop to wonder what I am up to. Therefore I shall tell you at once that the "Seven-Sevens" are the forty-nine days after the death of a Chinaman.

Whenever the subject of death is mentioned to a Chinese, he invariably laughs. The Chinese never mention the word "death," but use such phrases as: "gone", "passed away", "returned home", poetically — "traveling by the Yellow Spring". They avoid making unlucky allusions to death, and are truly the people "who, through fear of death, are all their lives subject to bondage." The question is often asked, "Old man, are you prepared for passing away?", and the answer is, almost always, "Oh yes, I have my clothes and coffin."

In many a Chinese parlor you may see the husband's coffin standing in one corner, and his wife's in another. The coffins are large, black, uninviting, made of wood three inches thick. In their opinion, our neat caskets are "beggar coffins," because of wood of which they are made is so thin!

Do the dead live? There are no religions which pay more attention to the state of the soul after death than do the followers of Buddhism and Taoism. Another question often asked is: "Have you any one to rely on after death?" "Yes, I have a son and a grandson." The spirits of the departed are in the hands of the living, and it is a convenient way of passing through this world with no care for the life to come, in the belief that relatives and priests will supply all necessities in the unknown land. There are nearly fifteen special funeral services during the "Seven-sevens", or forty-nine days after death.

Just before death, when the sick man begins to approach the dark river, his friends burn quantities of joss paper or paper money, so that the soul will not be penniless upon entering the other world. The first ceremony after death is the burning of a suit of clothes for the departed to use. The body is laid out, generally in the front room of the house, on boards resting on benches. Incense is burned at the feet, and a screen is erected, behind which mourning women utter loud and bitter lamentations. The deceased person must be dressed as if for a feast; the clothes must be new, with satin cap and boots. A man's respectability in the other world is as much affected by his personal appearance as in this life. Thus, families often impoverish themselves for years, in order to provide a decent burial. A cup of water is placed at the door to help the spirit clear his throat.

In choosing a site for the grave, which is next in importance, the "Fungshung" or the "influences of wind and water", must be used. The relatives of the deceased pay the geomancers or "fungshung doctors" to find a suitable place for the grave. These geomancers often choose the place of burial so that they may sell it cheaply to the relatives who are going to bury their dead. All over China you may see graves in queer places; such as, in the center of a rice field, on the side of a hill, on one of the city walls, or on an island in a river or canal. This is accounted for by the fact that the geomancers find such places suitable for certain persons.

There are four main death ceremonies namely: "The Lamps"; "Bathing the Soul"; "Crossing the Bridge"; and "Scattering the Cash". In "The Lamps" ceremonial carpets are placed on the floor with hillocks of rice, 21, 35, or 49 in number, with lamps on each of them. This is to give light in Hades. "Bathing the Soul" consists of the priest's sprinkling water on a paper representing the soul of the deceased, and then wiping the face with a towel. Priests with gongs and symbols help the paper man walk over the "Bridge of Anguish", which consists of a pile of tables as piers and a paper span. In the ceremony of "Scattering the Cash", priests take chains of paper money, or coins with holes in them, and scatter them in the street. The purpose of this is to scatter all enemies in the spirit world.

The chief source of revenue for the priests comes from the intoning of masses for the dead. Often the priests refuse to free the soul from purgatory unless they receive higher wages.

During the forty-nine days, a man is employed

to toll the funeral bell at the temple continuously. In the land of the spirits it is dark, but each stroke of the bell causes a light to flash in the chambers of Tartarus, thus helping the spirit to find his way about. For two or three weeks after death, food is placed on a table so that the dead person may eat alone. The last ceremony is the burning of a message to inform the gods that the ceremonies are complete.

When music is heard in the streets, even the natives cannot tell from the sound whether it is a coffin or a bride passing by. The funeral procession consists of men bearing banners, men bearing a chain, supporting a tablet which gives the name of the deceased, men bearing lanterns, and finally the coffin, with the wailing mourners walking beside it. After the burial the priests chant words of comfort to the bereaved, and then the ceremonies of the Seven-sevens are over.

GEORGE A. EMERSON, '33.

TWO GREAT MEN

OCCASIONALLY there flashes across the firmament a star or a comet whose passing leaves an eternal mark on the earth and humanity. A genius might be compared to one of these. Great men had been becoming more numerous from the fifteenth century, until, in the eighteenth century their number might be compared to a meteor shower.

Empire builders have come and gone, but the names of Napoleon, Bismarck, Disraeli, and those of the pioneers who founded our great nation will probably never die. Great poets and musicians shared the advantages which brave explorers in the field of science were making. People today recall the name of Stevenson, Tennyson, Poe, Beethoven, Gounod, Wagner, Brahms, and many others with awe and admiration.

There were, besides, other men, humorists, who produced that form of expression which is always young. I think, however, that the greatest of all are men who combine humor and seriousness, and mould them into one glorious whole.

Gilbert and Sullivan were of this type. Before Gilbert, the humorous librettist, met Sullivan, he was famous for his "Bab Ballads", which were utterly nonsensical. Sullivan composed the music, most of which is quite beautiful, making the whole performance humorous by contrast.

The operas which Gilbert and Sullivan wrote are burlesques on grand opera, as well as on various habits and positions in life. The exchange of costumes by Captain Corcoran and Ralph Rackstraw in the last scene of "Pinafore" is probably meant as a parody on some of the strange feats performed in grand opera. The terrible battle between the pirates and the policemen in "The Pirates of Penzance" reminds one of the death of Valentine in "Faust", or the duel between Lohengrin and Telramund in "Lohengrin", or many other similarly typical opera battles. The finale of "The Gondoliers", where Inez confesses that she left her own son to the mercy of the revolutionists when she took the prince to safety, resembles "Il Trovatore".

A great part of the enjoyment of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera depends on the stage setting and the acting. Unlike grand opera, the members of these troupes must be able to act as well as sing. Imagine, if you can, a Pitti Sing who moves awkwardly around the stage, and occasionally throws out one of her arms in what is meant for a dramatic gesture.

In order to compose and produce operas like the ones mentioned, Gilbert and Sullivan needed more than a touch of genius. Their names live today, and when one is watching their productions, one wonders whether the men themselves are not of our generation, so perfectly does each word and situation fit with modern conditions. If the production of this type of art is to return, and reach the peak established by these men, it remains for our generation to help bring about this revival.

RONALD HUMEZ, '34.

Poets sing
Concerning Spring
And say the bird
Is on the wing.

Upon my word
It is absurd,
Because the wing
Is on the bird!

M. M. S., '34.

MRS. MANNING SEES IT THROUGH

AFTER delivering herself of this ultimatum, Mrs. de Breun Manning sat back in her chair with an air of satisfaction.

"But ma — oh gee whiz, can'tcha giva feller a break?"

"Bill, I say, once and for all, if you fly, I fly too, and that's that!" Mrs. Manning looked more satisfied than ever. At last she had found the way to bring Bill's flying ambitions to an end. She had been confronted with the problem again and again. Now she felt she had won. She sat back in her chair and watched her son's face. He'd get over it, of course. He'd —

"All right, ma," Bill said, interrupting her thoughts. "You probably know best. You're older than I am. I don't know what dad would say if he were alive, but anyway, ma, I'll take you up on it."

"It's really for the best, Bill," said Mrs. Manning complacently, in her most business-like tone of voice.

"So, Ma —," Bill stood up and extended his hand, "We fly! Happy landings to you!"

Mrs. de Breun Manning tried to stand. She did her best to hide her consternation of mind. She had not expected things to take this turn. Oh dear! That Bill! With a struggle she arose, and weakly grasped her son's proffered hand. Bill would never know. She braved a smile.

"S-same to you, B-B-Bill," she stammered, barely able to hide her tears. "A-a-and if-if-I mean, if we're killed, we —"

"Nonsense, ma!" laughed her son, as he obligingly kissed her behind her left ear, a thing done only at extreme occasions, and then he dashed off.

After he had gone, Mrs. Manning subsided into tears. Oh dear!

. . . . . .

Mrs. Hubert de Breun Manning stood on Loveling Field and watched her one and only performing five thousand feet in the air. Her turn came next. She shivered and sniffed audibly, but she would make the sacrifice. Perhaps when they carried her shattered body off the field, Bill would change his mind. It was worth the sacrifice. Oh dear!

The plane was coming in for a landing. It side-slipped, and Mrs. Manning gasped. Oh, her precious boy! But the dread machine dropped safely to the ground, and Mrs. Manning breathed once more.

A greasy looking individual walked over to Mrs. Manning. "'S time for you to go upstairs, leddy," he said, touching his cap.

"Up where?"

"Upstairs. Up in the air. Ain't you ever been upstairs 'fore?"

"No, I ain't—haven't been up, and I wouldn't go, except — " Here Mrs. Manning started sniffling again, but stopped as she saw Bill and the pilot advancing across the field.

"O. K. ma, it's your turn now. Don't worry — you'll come out all right". After yelling this half way across the field, Bill departed with another student, and Mrs. Hubert de Breun Manning found herself walking out towards the plane.

"You didn't let that grease monkey take you for a ride, didja, Mrs. Manning?" said the pilot, good-naturedly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say you didn't let that mechanic-er-er-bother you, didja? Don't mind him. He used to be a great pilot. Got cracked up, though. But I 'spect he'll come out of it".

Mrs. Hubert de Breun Manning shivered. Her beloved Bill. But she'd save him. The de Breuns came from a long line of martyrs. Remember the Revolutionary War, and great-great Uncle Abner at the battle of Bull Run — No, no, that was the Civil War. And brave Elisha, who lost his life in the Spanish-American War, or was it the Mexican War? Funny, how confused her mind was. But the de Breuns had always been brave, even in the face of certain death. Mrs. de B. Manning squared her shoulders, lifted her chin, and stared defiantly at the winged monster ahead of her. Hers to do, and hers to —

"I say, will you put your foot through this?"

The pilot was holding up something resembling a greasy sofa cushion with straps attached, and Mrs. Hubert de Breun Manning was expected to put her foot through that.

"Wha-what's that for?"

"It's just a 'chute, ma'am. We always carry 'em for a safety measure — never had to use one yet, but ya know," he grinned mischievously, "ya only have to use 'em once, ma'am, and if ya ain't got one then — "

Mrs. Manning interrupted with a series of loud kachoos, an aftermath of an attack of hay fever. But she would never have hay fever again. No —

The parachute was adjusted, its operation explained, and Mrs. M., with much exertion on the part of the pilot, and much wheezing on her own part, was finally stowed away in the forward cockpit of the plane.

"I'm not goin' to let you try it out today, ma'am — just take you up for a few minutes,

and let you look around. This is a dual-controlled plane, so be very careful not to touch any of them things," pointing to the rudder pedals, throttle, and control stick, "and," clasping the safety belt around Mrs. Manning's shivering form, "I've flown for ten years, and never lost a passenger yet, so just relax, and take it easy." With that, the jovial creature swung into the after cockpit. Mrs. Hubert de Breun Manning felt a slight jerk, and they were taxiing down the field.

Two thousand feet in the air, Mrs. Manning ventured a gentle kachoo, and leaned cautiously over the side of the plane. The wind, rushing by her head, and creeping under her goggles in little gusts, gave her a feeling of exhilaration never felt before. Suddenly, the plane banked sharply, and Mrs. Hubert de Breun Manning drawing her head is like an alarmed turtle, grasped the sides of the cockpit, and emitted another series of loud kachoos in the comparative quiet of the inner recesses of the plane.

From then on, Mrs. Manning limited her exertions to peering through a small hole in the floorboard of the plane, and to dodging the stick, which persisted in moving about quite annoyingly. Several times she came near giving it a most unladylike jerk, but remembered her instructor's warning in time to avert such a catastrophe. She really couldn't understand why it didn't stay still, however. Surely-ka-choo-it wasn't a-kachoo — what was-kachoo-the matter? The plane was on-kachoo-fire! Smoke was pouring into the cockpit, and-kachoo!

She looked around at her instructor. He appeared as alarmed as she was. Putting his arm over the side, he pointed downward. Mrs. Manning looked despairingly over the side. She couldn't see anything. Oh yes — there was a man falling — kachoo — in a parachute — kachoo — she looked around at the rear cockpit — and the stygian pit of nothingness itself never yawned any wider than the pit of that tiny Bird biplane at that moment.

Mrs. Hubert de Breun Manning fainted.

A plane, smoke streaking in its path, came wavering across the horizon, and gyrated wildly over Loveling Field. Something evidently was very much wrong with it. It looped, it rolled, it banked, it spiralled, but it made no sign of landing.

By this time, Mrs. Manning had regained consciousness. She looked about her. There really wasn't much to see — that smoke — kachoo — she couldn't even breathe. Suddenly, something loomed up immediately in front of her. An airplane. Mrs. M. grabbed the stick, wiggled it to the left, gave it the left rudder, pushed the throttle full ahead, and performed every possible maneuver in trying to dodge the ship ahead, which, although in reality was a few hundred feet above her, she thought was coming right down upon her. Then, with one hand on the throttle, the other on the stick, and her feet on the pedals, Mrs. Manning resolved to see it through.

The result was the grandest exhibition of stunting ever seen at Loveling Field. What a plane! What a pilot! What a contest! The assembled fliers agreed that if the plane didn't burst into flames, it certainly would break in halves, and if it did hold together and manage to hit the earth in one piece — well, it didn't matter. So not having anything to be worried about, they were quite amused.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Manning was seeing it through. She discovered that by pushing forward on the stick, the plane went down, and by pulling it back, the plane went up. But as Mrs. de Breun M.'s intentions were to get down as quickly as possible, she pushed forward slightly on the stick. She then experimented with the throttle and adjusted that to her satisfaction. She could do nothing with the pedals; they only confused her, so she took her feet off them, curled up in as small a space as she could, shut her eyes, and waited for the — kachoo — crash.

The ambulance was called out, and a siren wailed. Ships were jockeyed off the field, and everyone awaited the inevitable.

Slowly, but surely, the plane settled down to earth. Slowly — slowly — everyone held his breath — and Mrs. Hubert de Breun Manning's resolution had seen her through, and she plopped down to a landing.

She opened her eyes, and sneezed audibly. The smoke had made her hayfever noticeably worse. But she held her ground and waited while the whole of Loveling Field came pouring in on her.

Fifteen minutes later she was still sitting there, the motor idling, talking to several enthusiastic reporters.

"Yes, I knew it mide — kachoo — be the exhausd, and no danger could come frob dat, so I didn't jump. My ancestors all fought in the Revolutionary War. Yed. My son and I hab decided to fly. I shan't gib id ub on account of this. No! I — kachoo-ka-choo-kacho-o-o. Here Mrs. Manning was seized with a fit of sneezing. She grabbed something in her excitement, and it gave way. With a roar, the plane started off down the field, scattering people in all directions, and sped straight towards the army hangar. Horrified eyes watched the procedure. The plane

entered the hangar. For a moment, all was still —then Cr- rash-bag-Plop!

Bill, at the head of the crowd, made for the hangar. Smoke was now issuing from it in clouds. As he neared it, a sound came towards him out of its murky darkness — a sound more pleasant than any he had ever heard before.

"KACH-OO!"

RUTH FREEMAN, '33.

THE REVIEW

Nearly every modern High School
Has some school book, or paper,
Which tells the pupils all the news
And every class-room caper.

It tells us jokes and stories;
It gives us class reports;
It lets us know what's going on
Within the world of sports.

We learn of all the doings
That happen up to date.
There's not a thing about our school
This book does not relate.

So if you wish this knowledge,
Here's just what you can do:
Make up your mind this very day
SUBSCRIBE TO—THE REVIEW.

RITA SCOTT.

ON BEING AFRAID

I WOULD impress upon you that there is all the difference in the world between fear and cowardice. It is analagous to the difference between a rectangle and a square. To go further, fears in general might be considered as quadrilaterals. There are as many types of fear as there are of quadilaterals. Few fears would have rectilinear figures, though. Can you picture the shape that the quadrilateral of your fear of a sinister fat man would take? I fancy the sides of the figure would shudder till they bent to form a corpulent polygon.

The difference between the coward and the brave man may easily be understood by means of this geometrical standard. The coward's fear is a trapezoid whose two parallel sides will soon shiver from their parallel state. The fear of the brave man (and no man is truly brave who does not feel fear — and conquer it) is also a trapezoid; but in this instance the askew lines are firmly straightened and made to form an indubitable rectangle, armed with which the hero goes forth to meet the object feared.

And then there is the unknown presentiment, also met in these two ways. The coward looks at his fear as a poor geometrician looks at a problem, and draws myriad lines which only serve to bewilder and frighten him the more. The brave man looks at his unknown fear sensibly. If he cannot on first trial fathom its mysteries, he puts the matter away in his sub-conscious mind, where the fear is worked upon and puzzled over until at length its secret is found. The brave man then delves into his mind; discovers the fear, and loses it, all because he did not allow its intricacies to confound him.

There is, however, one fear no man should be without — a proper awe of Right. It may take the form of Reverence for the Deity, or a Sense of Honour, or, perhaps, it is like no other fear, for it is a circle, every point of which is equidistant from the center.

EVELYN WHELDEN, '32.

NOSTALGIA

I feel a longing come this summer day
For wind and rain, for touch of Autumn gold
And russet-brown in many thousand-fold
Of leaves, like shimmering sheets: For disarray
Of summer fields; for heather, purple - gray —
Blue gentian, and the yellow marigold;
For bitter smell of smoke in hint of cold;
A last strange breathless peace before decay.
Do men, in fretful summer of their lives,
In happy circumstance, have thoughts as these?
And does man ever, lonely, stop to gauge
The lasting worth of that toward which he strives?
And, through futility in what he sees,
Does he anticipate the peace of age?

JEANNETTE EYRE.

THANKSGIVING

JOHN HARWOOD, already uncomfortably muffled in his overcoat, sat down to wait for his wife. Ruffling the pages of a magazine, he glanced with a rather jaundiced eye at its contents, brightly illustrated by pictures of white-haired old ladies baking Thanksgiving goodies for their eager grandchildren. Thanksgiving indeed! He smiled sourly at the prospect before him.

As usual, the holiday would be spent at the home of great-aunt Julie, who, not content with managing other people's affairs from afar, needs must collect her relatives once a year to give personal supervision — and to garner enough gossip to keep her going until next Thanksgiving. With increasing irritation, John considered the long bleak ride into the country. Squeezed in the back seat between George's plump wife and bony Cousin Maria, occasionally kicked in the jaw during George Junior's frequent and wriggling passages from front to back seat, even the consolation of exchanging understanding and covert glances with Lucy would be denied him.

Arriving at the big farm-house, the women would be taken in hand by Aunt Julie, to be firmly pumped concerning everyone's business. Her nieces were reluctant, but helpless. "After all, the poor old thing, we are her only interest in life."

Meanwhile, "the boys" would wander drearily from window to window, or amble through rooms familiar through memories of youthful summers. Wonder if George remembers the time he — John's momentary brightening of mood was cut short by the vision of George as he would look after Thanksgiving dinner, as overstuffed as the sofa on which he was accustomed to sprawl. The dinner itself would not be so bad, though; Aunt Julie always did herself proud. True, the festivity of the board would be marred by the rather tight fit around it, and by the unceasing activities of the many children, whom not even a stern maternal eye could squelch upon such a joyous occasion.

And after dinner the long drawn out torment of the afternoon! Uncle Edward would swoop upon the fold and joyously bear off three victims for several hours of bridge. Unhappily aware of having over-eaten, the remainder would seek sleep in a spot as far as possible from the blood-curdling shrieks of the youngest generation, whom not even a Thanksgiving dinner can depress, or in despair take out the photograph album, perused annually. Perhaps — oh, horrors — one of the little girls would be "persuaded" to render on the piano her latest selection!

John's self-inflicted night-mare was interrupted by steps on the porch. Good old George! John bounded to the door and threw it open. A benevolent glow overspread his features; he exclaimed heartily, "Well, George! Lucy will be out in a minute. How's the wife? and the boy? A fine upstanding lad! Well, we're all set for a good old-fashioned family Thanksgiving."

MARY E. RANKIN, '33.

COME MOTHER!

(*A one-act play*)

SETTING — It is dusk by the railroad tracks. The signal man is monotonously walking back and forth swinging a lighted lantern. He is attired in a coat much too large for him, with the collar turned up. He wears a dark hat pulled away down over his eyes. At times he makes motions as if looking in the distance for the approach of a train. After a minute of this, there slowly walk onto the stage two people; one is an old lady who supports herself on a stick; the other is a young girl who appears mournful and dumb. They stop while the signal-man walks in the opposite direction swinging his lantern.

(Young girl to old lady)—"Sh-sh-should I ask him?"

Old Lady (melodramatically)—"Ask the man if there be any trains going east to-day."

Y. G. (after walking cautiously over to S. M.) —"Be there trains going east to-day?"

S. M. (in a strong, distinct voice)—"There are no eastbound trains to-day."

Y. G. (having returned to side of O. L., she bends to her ear as if disclosing a secret) — "He says — he says there are no trains going east to-day. Sh-sh-should I a-ask him something else?"

O. L. — "Ask him if there be trains bound westward to-day."

Y. G. (again crossing to S. M. who continues to walk to and fro) — "B-b-be there trains going west, Mister?"

S. M. (monotonously) — "No trains going west to-day, Lady."

Y. G. (to O. L.) — "He says there are no trains going west to-day."

O. L. — "Ask him be there trains going north to-day."

Y. G. — "Any trains north to-day, Sir?"

S. M. — "No, Lady, NO TRAINS GOING NORTH TO-DAY!"

Y. G. — "No, he says there ain't any trains north-bound to-day."

O. L. — "Then ask him be there trains bound for the south to-day."

Y. G. — "I say, Sir, are there no trains to the south to-day?"

S. M. — "NO TRAINS TO THE SOUTH TODAY!"

Y. G. — "He says there are no trains to the south to-day."

C. L. — "Ask him be there trains going anywhere to-day, daughter."

Y. G. — "Any trains working to-day, Sir?"

S. M. — "NO TRAINS GOING ANYWHERE ON THIS TRACK FOR THE NEXT MONTH, LITTLE GIRL."

Y. G. — "The man says, Mama, that there are no trains on his track."

O. L. — "Very well, daughter, now we can surely cross the tracks without getting hurt."

Y. G. — "Come Mother."

(They go. The signal-man lies down on the tracks, blows out his lantern, and goes to sleep).

CURTAIN

B. K., '32.

LOOK HERE!

I'm sick to death of Prohibition!
It's such a spurious rendition
Of talk, dissension, and sedition,
I've made it quite my life's ambition
To set its faults on exhibition.
Consider, pray, the coalition
Of racketeer and politician,
Who make our life a new edition
Of ancient Rome's depraved condition.
Where bootleggers make acquisition
Of fabled fortunes by vendition
Of alcoholic composition—
So I repeat, without contrition,
I'm sick to death of Prohibition!

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33.

SONG OF POST GRADUATE

(*Tune*) *"We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye."*

We thought that school was over,
That we were really through,
We said we didn't love it,
That we'd begin anew;
You can all believe us, we sure intended to;
But we just couldn't say goodbye.

The pen and then the pencil, they broke right down and cried.
Mr. Cleveland started waving, for us to come inside.
We came into the hall where we were to abide,
'Cause we just couldn't say goodbye.

The clock was striking half-past eight,
It glowed on us below.
With folded hands it seemed to say,
We'll miss you if you go.
So we went back and entered,
And when we looked around
The pupils were all singing
And jumping up and down.
And now we're all so happy,
Because at last we've found
That we just couldn't say "goodbye".

FRANK GLAVIN AND ANDY BACHELOR.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

THE altimeter registered fifteen hundred feet. I looked down and saw a billowing blanket of fleecy white. How soft and clean and comfortable it looked! We seemed to hover over the clouds, scarcely moving at all. Now and then the clouds would break, showing a speck of red roof in the middle of a patchwork quilt made of different shades of green, and transversed by a winding strip of brown or blue. The clouds closed in and billowed on. How I longed to step out and sink, relaxed, into the soft, downy bulk of one of them! But that, of course, would have been fatal.

My head was jerked suddenly back, and an ugly, menacing, black cloud slipped under and around us. We climbed above it and paused to circle and watch the phenomenon. The growl of the thunder we could not hear, for the roar of the motor drowned it out. But, looking over the side, I saw jagged streaks of shimmering silver rapidly dart back and forth through the mass of black, making it savagely and strikingly beautiful.

The flashes moved on, and soon the beautiful, rolling white clouds appeared again. I leaned back, looked up, and was met with blue. It was fathomless, while exciting the imagination. Fascinated, my eyes sank deeper into that cool enticing well. What was it? What was beyond it? Had it a bottom? I could not say. Looking down, I watched the clouds until a break came. We were over sparkling water, reflecting the clear blue from above. A tiny white speck, no larger than an ant, plowed its way through the blue waves. I knew it to be a steam yacht two hundred feet long. But altitude is a reversed telescope; through it everything seems small.

The clouds rolled in below me, obliterating yacht and sea. Lulled by the drone of the motor, I lay back content to drink in that alluring blue, and to indulge my fancy as I floated on above those billowing white clouds.

BARBARA SWEETSER, '32.

Review-ing Books

NONESUCH: LAND OF WATER

WILLIAM BEEBE

Publishers — Brewer, Warren and Putnam

THIS book written by that famous scientist, William Beebe, is a very absorbing narrative. "Nonesuch", itself, is one of the smaller islands of the Bermuda group. Burned by the sun, hemmed in and surrounded by the roar of the waves, William Beebe and his staff labored on Nonesuch Island for three seasons, capturing the denizens of the waters, cataloguing the plant and bird life of the island, and gathering notes from which Beebe compiled his book. Interesting to both scientific student and lay reader, the book is written in an informal, chatty manner and has a gratifying absence of technical terms. The diving done by Beebe, his graphic accounts of life on the sea-bottom, and the description of the myriads of beautiful sea-creatures make breathless reading.

This book contains a series of beautiful pictures in prose which offers solid enjoyment for everyone. We guarantee you will not lay this book down until you have read it from cover to cover.

RUNNING FOOTMAN

JOHN OWEN

Publishers — The MacMillan Company

THE hero of this story is named John Deere. Day after day, year after year, thirty paces to the front, John runs and runs. His duty is to warn all and sundry that his high and mighty master, Lord Bringle, approaches, and to scatter the rabble from the road. Never voicing his love for the woman that he knows he can never marry, destitute and heart-hungry, weary of mind and body, John plunges on and on. He dies at the termination of his greatest run, the only run he ever made for the woman he loved.

The story is morbid and depressing. However, it is one of the finest examples of flowing prose and beautiful style that I have ever read. The story of John's last run is an epic, which is about all that makes the book worth reading. In these days of "financial readjustment," we need books leavened, if ever so slightly, by accounts of cheerful matters. The world has enough tragedies as it is.

THE MASTER OF CHAOS

IRVING BACHELLER

Publishers — Bobbs and Merrill Company, 1932

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the central figure in this story, is described as the "Master of Chaos". The book deals with his terrible struggles to make an army out of the rabble that was the Continental Forces. The real hero, however, is a young man named Colin Cabot, a graduate of Harvard in the year 1775. "A good student, a born athlete, the best wrestler, the best fencer, the fleetest runner of his time at Harvard," is the description given Colin by the author. The heroine is Patience Fayerweather, the daughter of a "Proud Royalist of Boston". The action is provided by Colin, who joins the rebel forces and is appointed secretary to George Washington. Much of the action takes place in and about Cambridge during the siege of Boston.

To say I was disappointed in "The Master of Chaos" would be stating the fact a little too broadly. With the wonderful theme and abundant material which Mr. Bacheller had at his disposal, it seems to me that he should have concocted a better tale.

THE CRUSADES: IRON MEN AND SAINTS

HAROLD LAMB

Publishers — Doubleday and Doran

POPE URBAN, the Second, was the prime mover of the Crusades. Driven out of Italy where another pope ruled in his stead, made a wanderer and an outcast, weary with the vicissitudes he found everywhere, even in his church, he went about preaching against venial sin. Wise beyond his time, knowing that it would take some colossal effort to raise men up from the

petty warfare and strife that encompassed them, he preached the doctrine of retribution. He decided that the sepulchre must be rescued from the bands of the infidel. Thus Urban, a man of God, started the most portentous epoch in the world history, a conflict that changed the map of Europe, a feud that waged fiercely back and forth for two hundred years. In those dreadful religious wars, over two million men lost their lives.

Students of history, or anyone interested in historical matters, will find their time well spent in reading this book.

THE RECKLESS DUKE

Sir Philips Gibbs

Publishers — **Harper and Brothers**

GEORGE VILLIERS, first Duke of Buckingham, is the hero of this biography by Mr. Gibbs, who traces the career of Villiers from the time he becomes the favourite of James I until he is murdered by the rabid Felton. Many pens have written tales about the "Reckless Duke", especially Dumas, to whom he appears as a gentle and kindly figure, and Sabatini, to whom he seems an exact image of the devil. According to Sabatini, Villiers never committed even one good deed in his long and evil career. That Buckingham was a man of strong passions and foppish tastes, we well know. Mr. Gibbs seeks to present both sides of the case and speaks of Villiers as the personification of "splendid virtues and spectacular vices." We should not be prone to judge Villiers too harshly when we remember that the age in which he lived was so decadent, ignorant, and backward, that if a beauty of the court found a decayed tooth had become loosened, she would have it cemented to the jawbone, rather than allow her loveliness to be marred.

The book is an excellent biography, well written, entertaining, and instructive. It contains a fascinating picture of the courts of the two Stuarts, James and Charles.

MODERN ART

All sorts of angles,
Splotches of paint,
Riddles and tangles
That would anger a saint.

No more old masters,
Uplifting and fair,
Lives — a disaster;
Colors — a glare.

George Emerson, '33.

P. G.'s Galore

The depression sure is playing havoc with our 1932 class. Approximately 190 P. G.'s are back to school this year.

Down to the Ground

At last that dangerous looking tree at the Trowbridge Street entrance to the Latin Building will be taken down.

HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period

October 21, 1932.

Senior Class

Priscilla Abercrombie, Jeannette Eyre, Mary Francis, Mary Georgekopoulos, Helen Langton, Ellen Lovett, Mildred McNally, Nellie Martchurs, Polly Pomeroy, Mary Rankin, Ruth Rowe, Anna Ryan, Olga Salashinsky, Anna Trementozzi, Rose Tufenkjian, John Tynan, Albert Weisman, Greta Wood.

Junior Class

Albert Cohen, Carol Coleman, Marion Finkel, Leonard Grossman, Mary Laird, Laura Szczepanska, Harriet Varrell, Dorothy Welch, Theresa Zygala.

Sophomore Class

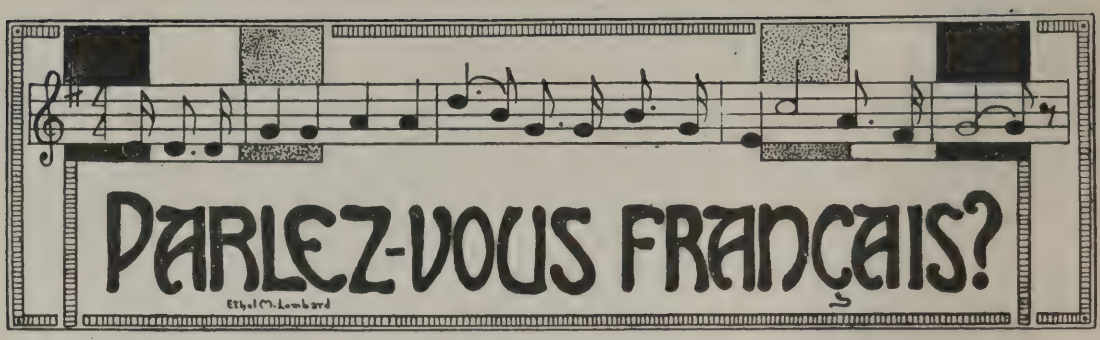
Henry Baker, Bernard Barber, Catherine Burke, Gerald Dubuque, Beatrice Fishman, Ruth Halpern, Virginia Hoagland, Harry Johnson, Theodore Pappadopoulos, Arthur Quint, James Robertson, Lillian Sillin, Alice Smith, Blanche Walerca, Priscilla Wheeler.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Highest Individual Average ..... Jeanne Pearlson
Second Highest Individual Average Alice Murray
Third Highest Individual Average Donald Regan

Highest Mark

In Algebra ..... Donald Regan
In Junior Business Training ..... George Bitinas
In Civics ..... Jacob Kaplan
In English ..... William Coleman
In French
Leah Boyce, Jeanette Hirst, Lorraine Smith
In Latin ..... Jeanne Pearlson
In Science ..... Doris Arvisais, Frank Hardy, Irene McGrath, Philip Roseman
In Spanish ..... Nora Grady



QUELQUES IMPRESSIONS

Là Mère Guichard.

Là elle reste debout, la Mère Guichard, encore droite malgré ses cinquante ans. Elle a la figure blanchâtre et la chevelure blanche, au-dessous de laquelle brillent ses yeux. On peut croire qu'elle était une fois belle, mais elle ne l'est pas encore. Et pourquoi?

Elle avait quatre fils, la Mère Guichard. Le plus jeune avait dix-huit ans en 1914, il y avait deux petit-fils, André et Jean. En 1915 elle avait deux fils et les petits-fils. Elle travaillait pour nourrir Sophie, la femme de son André, et les petits-fils. Donc ses cheveux devenaient gris. En 1917 il ne lui restait que son plus jeune, Jacques. Treize jours avant l'Armistice, il était tué.

Il lui fallait tenir Sophie et les deux petits. Même si elle n'avait pas de vivres, ils en avaient. Elle ne vivait que pour eux. Chaque fois que le petit André faisait un sourire comme celui de son André, chaque fois qu'il montrait quelque trait caractéristique de son fils, elle le remarquait avec joie. A Jean elle ne faisait pas beaucoup d'attention. Mais c'est lui qui arriva à l'âge viril. La grippe tua André.

Aujourd 'hui Jean est un financier distingué — Jean, pour qui la Mère Guichard n'avait rien d'affection. Ella ne travaille plus, grace à Jean. Là elle reste debout, et ses yeux étonnants voient ses quatre fils et le petit André. C'est pour eux, ses cheveux blancs, c'est pour eux qu'elle travaillait si dur!

E. Welden.

L'AUTOMNE

Le printemps plaît à tout poète,
Mais de nous simples gens personne
N'est qui n'aime pas d'une voix muette
La belle automne.

Alors la terre tache d'acquérir
Milles feuilles, desquelles elle fait plaisance,
Et fait, avant qu'il faille partir,
Une renaissance.

Jeannette Eyre.

UNE NUIT AU CAMP

La chanson de silence avait sonné, et les deux cents jeunes filles allaient dormir. Le seul son était le huée du hibou et le frémissement des feuilles.

Aprés deux heures, les formes des jeunes filles de la tente numéro un pouvaient être vues fuyant lentement vers la cuisine, pour piller l'office. Ayant trouvé la clef, elles en ont ouvert la porte et échappé avec des gâteaux, des bonbons, et des diablotins. Quand elles ont regagné la tente, elles ont décidé de les manger à cinq heures et demie du matin. A cinq heures et demie, il y avait encore nuit, mais les jeunes filles pouvaient sentir une odeur étrange. Le flambeau à la main, elles ont découvert que quelqu'un était dans la tente avec elles. On a vu une forme noire dans le coin au milieu des gateaux et des bonbons. Les jeunes filles se sont tenues ensemble jusqu'à ce qu'une, plus courageuse que les autres, se soit approchée de la petite forme et qu'elle ait decouvert que c'etait un chinche. Quelqu'une avait laissé la porte ouverte, et attiré par l'odeur des vivres, il était entré.

Par conséquent, les jeunes filles étaient trompées d'une fête par un chinche.

Blanche Berger.

MON COIN FAVORI

Retiré à la campagne au bord d'un fleuve profond, clair, et tranquille est mon coin favori. Très près poussent une masse de chataigniers sombres et de charmilles; l'eau est penétrée des réflexions profondes d'un rang des peupliers majestueux, qui gardent son bord.

Les fleurs sont parfumées et odoriférantes. Assis ici, le dos contre un des arbres je n'entends pas de bruit sauf le clapotis des flots roulant les roseaux, le gazouillement des oiseaux, et le bourdonnement des insectes. Depuis des heures j'y restais regardant la flotte de ma ligne comme elle tremblait sur la surface de l'eau, essayant de comprendre les charmes de la nature. Vers le soleil couchant, un silence solemnel règne; tout est calme et paisible. De mon siège sous les arbres

(*Continued on Page 24*)

Well! here we are back again at school, ready for another year of hard yet pleasant work. We have been fortunate in receiving a large number of magazines in the exchange department this fall. We sincerely hope that our criticisms will not offend, especially about the lack of jokes, for in this period of gloom and depression we can't have too much humor.

The "Cambridge Review" has a big surprise in store this year. Through the generosity of Thomas P. O'Connell, we have the pleasure of exchanging with the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Mr. O'Connell was formerly a student at the C. H. L. S. (Class of '27), and in his position as exchange editor of the "Log", he has decided to modify the college standards to the degree of exchanging with his home school. We appreciate this honor very much, and in turn we wish to compliment him on his fine magazine. The first thing that impresses us is the liberal sprinkling of jokes. The cartoons also deserve praise. We look forward with pleasure to the next issue.

"The Clarion."
Jamaica Plain High School, Boston, Mass.

You have a very snappy, concise magazine. It would be interesting if you added more humor to your paper. The short play, "Smith is the Name," is good. It is a change from the usual run of stories, essays, and poems.

"Medford High School Review."
Medford High School, Medford, Mass.

Your graduation number is full of good stories, poems, jokes, pictures, and athletic notes. The sketches are exceedingly well-drawn, especially "Locutions Illustrées." The pictures of the different groups and organizations add much to your magazine. "The Scholarship" gives a picture of the misunderstandings which sometimes arise between teachers and pupils.

"The Racquet."
"Portland High School," Portland, Maine.

Your paper is excellent, and the "News Headlights" is especially good. The cover of the magazine is appropriate. Good luck to the "???" column!

"The Aegis."
Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

Your essays are fine, and the Class Will is very humorous.

"The Oredigger."
Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colorado.

Three cheers for the Oredigger! It is a real newspaper in size and form. Your articles are arranged well. Couldn't you slip in a few jokes? The article on the Depression College founded by the state leaders in Virginia was very interesting.

"Tech Life."
McKinley High School, Washington, D. C.

Your paper is a wow! It is grand, glorious, and any other expressive adjectives we can think of. Without being dull, you apparently cover every school activity. "The Mirthquakes" are good, and the "Bold Type" is still better. The "Observation Tower" is a column to be proud of. You also have several well-drawn cartoons. We congratulate the whole staff on the snappy, interesting school paper which it edits.

"Red and Black."
Dorchester High School for Boys, Dorchester, Mass.

Your magazine is attractive and very neat. Your joke column is extra fine. The well-placed pictures add much to your magazine.

"The Bowdoin Orient."
Brunswick, Me.

Your newspaper is certainly jammed full of interesting articles about your school. We envy you your privilege of hearing William Butler Yeats.

SEEING OURSELF THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

"Western Hills Moroon."
Western Hills High School, Cincinnati, O.

From far off Cambridge, Mass., comes the "Cambridge Review" filled with interesting, well-written stories, essays, and miscellaneous articles. "The Review" seems to excel in fine essays. Out-

(*Continued on Page 24*)

WELL, well, well! Here we are, back in school and eager to start afresh on another year of sports and activity. Our greatest wish is that we may be able to carry on with the same spirit and goodwill which marked the success of last year's undertakings. 1932 was a gala year for the G. A. A. Much of this success was due to the zeal and willingness of our officers, but it could not have been realized without the fine coöperation and spirit displayed by our members. We only hope that the close of this year will find us looking back on a record as inspiring and as praiseworthy as that left to us by our predecessors.

A meeting of the G. A. A. members was held in the hall on May 24. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were read, and several important announcements were made.

The close of the baseball season found the Class of '32 the undisputed champions of the school. Not content with having captured the basketball championship fray we emerged victorious, despite the valor of the freshmen. The Frosh, having beaten the Juniors two games in succession, felt they stood rather a good chance of winning the coveted banner.

The first game, with a score of 14-3 in favor of the seniors, was somewhat of a walkaway for the Class of '32. The second, however, was a fight to the finish; the freshmen put up the battle of their lives, and the game was the closest contest of the year. The final score was 9-8, in favor of the Seniors.

Seniors	Freshmen
H. Kenney, p.	p., M. Murphy
P. DiLallo, c.	c., E. Saideh
C. Cormier, 1b.	1b., M. Alt
W. Burns, 2b	2b., M. Mathias
U. Gore, 3b.	3b., C. Norton
G. Lancaster, ss.	ss., C. Donnelly
M. Grazulis, rf	rf., A. Cronin
C. Ince, lf.	lf., L. Dainis

The Cambridge Varsity baseball team lost its first game of the season to Arlington, with a score of 17 - 3. On May 27, just a week later, our team took another whack at Arlington on home grounds, and we are sorry to say, lost another game to this brilliant team, with a final score of 10 - 1. Not discouraged by this loss, however, the team, led by its capable captain, Helen Kenney, traveled all the way to Melrose, and came off with the laurels, the fruit of victory, and the whole orchard, if you will. 15-7 was the final score, in favor of Cambridge.

Varsity lineup as follows:—

G. Lancaster, A. McCann	*Pitcher*
H. Kenney	*Catcher*
E. Long	*First Base*
R. Freeman, W. Burns	*Second Base*
U. Gore	*Third Base*
M. Murphy	*Short Stop*
M. O'Dell	*Left Field*
C. McDonald	*Center Field*
C. Cormier	*Right Field*

We now come to the most beloved, most enjoyed, and the most delightful of all the season's events — the G. A. A. picnic. What a time we had this year! Peaceful, quiet old Kendall Green actually rocked to the cheers and laughter of the happy group who spent such an enjoyable day there. Oh, my goodness, that class of '35! Not only did they turn out en masse for the affair, but they came near carrying off the whole picnic. By result of an overwhelming majority, they literally ran away with the tug of war. Then another lucky freshman won the treasure hunt, and the whole crowd of them came tearing in on the Sophs in the hound and hare chase, while the aforementioned hares, true to their Aesop, stopped for a short snooze on the way. But the Seniors won the races, and for once the freshmen lingered somewhat reluctantly, we must admit, in the background. We then had luncheon, and after that, the class singing. We are happy to report that the Sophomores, giving a very harmonious rendition of a catchy little tune, were judged the winners.

After the singing, the officers presented a very charming little play entitled, "A Full House." Due to the absence of one of their members, the "artistes" had to double up somewhat on their parts, but nevertheless, they came through with

(*Continued on page 25*)

"You seem to have had a serious accident?"
"Yes," said the bandaged person, "I tried to climb a tree in my motor car."
"What did you do that for?"
"Just to oblige a lady who was driving another car. She wanted to use the road."

Traffic Cop — "Hey, you can't make a turn to the right."
Virginia Kelly — "Why not?"
Traffic Cop — "Well, a right turn is wrong here — the left turn is right. If you want to turn right, turn left, and then — aw go ahead!"

"Now," said the teacher, "can anyone give me a word ending in 'ous', meaning full of, as dangerous, full of danger?"
William Kimball raised his hand.
"What is the word?"
Then came the reply, "Pious, full of pie."

"I want to buy some paper."
Dealer — "What kind?"
"Fly paper! I want to make a kite."

"Better not hurry with your dinner, sir," said the waiter.
"Why not?" asked George Emerson.
"Because you are sitting on a prize-fighter's hat," replied the waiter, "but he doesn't know it."

"This blueberry pie tastes queer."
"Oh, perhaps they put too much bluing in it."

"What has four legs, no wings, but can jump as high as the Woolworth Building?"
"I give up."
"A dead horse."
"But a dead horse can't jump."
"Neither can the Woolworth Building!"

"What makes you so downcast? You have a nice job, and you are in good health."

Father — "Now I'm giving you a good job in my mill. I want you to work your way up."
John Gately — "But, father, there's no future in it. I want to work in some place where I can marry the owner's daughter."

Gallucio — "Was that a lady I saw you eating peas with last night?"
Hynes — "That was no lady, that was my knife."

Teacher — "What country has the most singers?"
Bright Pupil — "China."
Teacher — "Why do you say China?"
Bright Pupil — "Well, for instance, Sing Hy, Sing Lee, Sing Low."

Fresh.— "How is it you were ousted from the glee club?"
Dan Johnson — "Oh, I had no voice in the matter."

A woman in Alaska was looking over a fox farm. After admiring a beautiful silver one, she said, "Just how many times can a fox be skinned for his fur?"
"Three times, madam," said the guide, gravely. "Any more than that would spoil his temper."

"Jest as I expected! They've gone to sellin' the weather!"
"Whatcha mean — sellin' the weather?"
"Look at that sign: 'August Fur Sale.'"

This is an ideal spot for a picnic.
It must be. Fifty million insects can't be wrong.

Bernie Kamins — "You said you had taken the President's advice and put in your order for a new auto — why don't you get it?"
Hugh Dodge — "I'm waiting for his next advice as to how I'm going to pay for it."

"I lost all my savings on the stock market."

"Why, man, the crash was more than two years ago."

"Not for me, it wasn't. Six months ago everybody said, "Stocks have struck bottom — now's the time to invest, and I did."

Cavalry Recruit (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship) — "Sergeant, pick me out a nice gentle horse."

Sergeant — "Ever ridden a horse before?"

Cavalry Recruit — "No."

Sergeant — "Then here's just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can start out together."

Hobo — "Will you give me a dime for a cup of coffee."

Victor Gatto — "But I don't drink coffee."

A Chinese truckman in San Francisco sent the following bill to a hardware dealer for delivering orders:

10 Goes
10 Comes
At 50c a went $5.00

Traffic as usual,
Grandpa in a speedy car,
Pushed the throttle down too far;
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Music by the G. A. R.

Current Movies

Racing Youth ..Hugh Dodge and Bernie Kamins
Night After Night .....Homework
The First Year ..... A consolation to freshmen
Big Broadcast .....Assembly

D. Buckley — "Did you ever take chloroform?"

F. Potter — "No, who teaches it?"

Heard in English III

"Sir Roger grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards."

Barber — "Want a hair cut?"

J. Boucher — "No, all of them."

Mr. Ritter — "Which travels faster — heat or cold?"

Wentzell — "Heat, I think."

Mr. Ritter — "Why do you think so?"

Wentzell — "Because you can catch cold."

Reporter to prospective suicide — "I say old chap, you'd better hurry if you want to make the evening edition."

Alma A. — "What are peanuts made of?"

Jean S. — "They grow in the ground."

Alma A. — "No, they do not, they are made of peanut butter."

Just Like a Freshman!

During a vocabulary test in Italian a pupil asked the teacher if she took off for spelling.

To playmate — "So long, momma's giving a party, and I gotta go home to make precocious remarks."

"I was in the middle of the jungle when suddenly I saw a tribe of savages charging down on me."

"Good heavens! And what did you do?"

"I stared at them until I was red in the face, and they took me for one of their own tribe."

A Back-to-Nature Movement

He — "Have you read "To a Field Mouse"?

She — "No. How do you get them to listen?"

Late one night the landlord of some flats was called up by a tenant who inquired:

"Can a landlord interfere when a woman on the third floor quarrels with her husband and disturbs the neighbors at night?"

"You are one of the neighbors?"

"No, I'm the husband."

"Say, do you know a fellow down your way with one leg named Wilson?"

(Doubtfully) — "Well, now, I'm not sure. What's the name of the other leg?"

"These Indians have a blood-curdling yell."

"They are college graduates."

"Now, tell me, what is the opposite of misery?"

"Happiness," said the class in unison.

"And sadness?" she asked.

"Gladness."

"And the opposite of woe?"

"Giddap!" shouted the enthusiastic class.

Teacher — "How would you define "Paleolithic?"

Tommy Myles — "Very poorly."

Definition of today! Alumni — the army of the unemployed.

Teacher — "What was one great accomplishment of the Romans?"

Bright pupil—"They learned to speak Latin."

John Kelly — "I underwent an operation yesterday."

Harry Johnson — "You surprise me. Was it very serious?"

John Kelly — "I had a growth removed from my head."

Harry Johnson — "Great guns! And here you are up and around and looking fine."

John Kelly — "Yes, I had my hair cut."

Mr. C. — "This test will be conducted on the honor system. Please takes seats three apart in alternate rows."

McCaffrey — "Who on earth is making that gurgling noise?"

Emerson — "I am. I'm trying to swallow that line you're throwing."

We Hear That —

Jimmy Mahon has a special bush from which very daintily every morning he picks his daily carnation.

Francis Potter is really Bing Crosby in disguise — He's merely bashful.

Randy Peers didn't throw his turtle neck away — He saved it to show to his grandchildren to tell them proudly how he was mistaken for Clark Gable.

A few winters ago it was smart to have a coat of tan. Now it's smart to have a coat.

In General Science — "How could potatoes be grown in the drought area?"

Clever Pupil — "By planting potatoes and onions in alternate rows. The onions would make the potatoes' eyes water and thus irrigate the soil."

Definitions

The heart is an infernal organ.

Nicotine is such a deadly poison that a drop of it on the tail of a dog will kill a man.

Geometry teaches us to bisect angels.

Gravitation is that if there were none we should fly away.

Two Smart Freshmen

First — "Why is an elephant called an elephant?"

Second — "Why?"

First — "Because it looks like one!"

It was a lovely morning. The train stopped at a village station, and an enthusiastic tourist leaned out of the car window.

"Isn't this exhilarating?" he exclaimed as he rubbed his hands.

"No, it ain't," replied a passing porter; "it's Waltham."

If you don't like these jokes,
And their dryness makes you groan,
Just stroll around occasionally
With some good ones of your own.

"Mother, the little boy next door says there's no such thing as a thousand-dollar bill."

"There, there, run along, and don't play with those democratic children any more."

"So you want a job in the Mint, eh? What salary would suit you?"

"Well, I'd be willing to pay about fifteen dollars a day."

Russell McPhee (Short of money) — "I say, dad, have you any work you'd like me to do?"

Father (taken by surprise) — "Why — no — but — er — "

Russell — "Then would you like to put me on the dole?"

"Are you on a diet?" asked the commercial traveler's acquaintance when he saw him having milk and biscuits.

"No; on commission."

C. H. L. S. Senior — "Who knocked on the door?"

Freshman — "It was me."

C. H. L. S. Senior (to second Senior) — "What is he trying to say?"

"I wonder how Thanksgiving originated?"

"It was probably instituted by parents whose sons had survived the football season."

Mr. Kittredge — "If you wanted to go swimming, why didn't you come and ask me first?"

Leon — "Because I wanted to go swimming."

'33 — "What would you do if you found a horse in your bathtub?"

'35 — "Search me."

'33 — "Pull out the plug."

I know a man who can play a piano, and yet he has no hands.

That's nothing. I know a senior who sings every day, and yet he has no voice.

The Question Arises

The question has arisen about having another show for the Cambridge Welfare Fund. It certainly would be a great idea, *if* we can get the Longfellow School again.

Maybe, Who Knows?

Charles (Squire) Littlefield, the old Crosby Crooner, is back in our midst again. Looks like a big year ahead. (Who Told *You?*)

Customer - "Have you embroidered handkerchiefs"
New girl - "I never have. Have you?"
- Peg Hudson -
College bored
FRESHMAN SAYS
"WE'RE LEARNING, GIVE US A BREAK"
HOT DOG 5¢
COFFEE
HASH
GEDUNK
GOR DON
DON'T CALL ME GARCON!
They Say
that We are going to have Traffic lights
(to teacher) that the P.J.'s are timid this year.
that our girls don't gossip.
that mirrors are to be installed for the boys.
EVERY CLASS HAS ONE
BLUFFING IT THROUGH!!
Oh dear! I wanted it cut criss-cross.
"I've got you in the palm of my hand."
RINGE
LATIN
GOR-DON
Hey! Get over and let these school children by
GOR-DON

Alumni

1932

John "Muggsy" Kelly, our outstanding hurling ace, is now a student at Kent's Hill.

Ann Sullivan, the class Vice-President of '32, has entered the training school for nurses at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Walter Dwyer and Bill Hanson have entered Harvard.

Catherine Sanders is a student at Mt. Holyoke.

Ann Cleveland is a freshman at Vassar.

Joseph Langley has entered St. Charles College, Maryland.

Anne Conley and Doris Mabey are enrolled at Massachusetts School of Art.

Oliver La Ronde, Jr., an outstanding athlete in football and baseball, is a student at Lawrence Academy, and has a position on the first eleven.

Doris Gray and Edith Flaherty are employed by Lever Bros.

Manes Specter is a student at Harvard.

Helen Cannon has entered Leland Stanford University in California.

Martha Meade is attending the Agricultural School at Storrs, Connecticut.

Ruth Berkeley is a student nurse at the Cambridge Hospital.

Francis Carr and Rita Cassidy have entered the State College for teachers at Bridgewater.

Mary Falvey is at Framingham Normal.

Sidney Spiel is a student at Technology.

Constance Overlock, after studying at the Beaux Arts School in Gloucester this summer, has enrolled in the Museum School of Art in Boston.

Hubert Walsh and Hershel Chesley have entered the University of Alabama.

William Baker is a student at Tufts.

Emily Fetter and Lelia Wyman are freshmen at Radcliffe.

Dorothy O'Hare and Dorothy Sullivan are attending Bryant and Stratton.

Daniel Donavan is a student at New Prep School in Cambridge.

Joseph Palmer, our editor-in-chief of last year is a student at Exeter. He plays end on the football team.

Barbara Farwell is enrolled at the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Marguerite Farwell is attending the Fanny Farmer School of Cookery.

Sidney Katz is a student at N. Y. U.

George Roewer is preparing for Yale at Huntington.

1931

Malcolm Courtney is a student at Notre Dame.

Paul Tiffany and Robert Fish are freshmen at Harvard.

Henry Feeley is at St. John's prep.

William Royce is captain of the freshman track team at Tech.

Peter Lekakos plays on the Hebron Academy football team.

Bernard Whitman is in his sophomore year at Tech.

Frank Good is a sophomore at Boston College.

Florence Haley has entered the Training School for nurses at the Cambridge Municipal Hospital.

Joseph Ranieri is a member of the freshman football squad at B. C.

Betty Manker is on the honor roll of the B. U. School of Business Administration.

Fred Cady and Charles McSweeney are enrolled at Bridgton Academy.

Keith Stultz, Albert Le Shane, and Robert Worden have entered M. I. T. on scholarships.

Margaret Berkley, Dorothy Hooker, Virginia Vaughan, Ruth Cleverly, Ruth Andelman, and Lillian Terry are attending Salem Teachers' College.

John Ryan and Fred O'Brien are sophomores in Tech.

Joseph Moran and Edward O'Callahan have attained the honor grade at B. C.

Jerome Buckley is a freshman at Manhattan College, N. Y.

Steve McCormick is enrolled at Boston University.

Mary Rita Phelan is attending the State Teachers' College at Worcester.

1929

Fred Harlow, popular athlete of the class of '29, is now a sophomore at Fordham. He plays quarterback on the first eleven.

Antoinette Moakler is a sophomore at Radcliffe.

1928

William Hogan is President of the Senior Class at Boston College.

SALEM 6 CAMBRIDGE 0

IN the opening of its current football season, the fighting Latin team was nosed out by the strong Salem eleven, 6 - 0, the lone score coming in the last quarter of a hard fought struggle.

In the first half Latin played defensively, as they could gain very little ground through the powerful Salem line. Consequently, Boucher, the Latin wing, had to kick out of danger several times. Twice, penalties imposed on the Salem team drove the home team back as they threatened to score over the visitors. Although the Salem eleven made many first downs through the Latin line, they did not have the necessary scoring punch.

At the opening of the fourth quarter, after several first downs had been made through the Latin line, Salem advanced to the nine yard line. Here our team fought hard, but on the fourth down, with about a foot to go, Mavrakos, the Salem fullback, plunged through for a touchdown, the ball resting just barely across the line.

For Cambridge, Kyrikos, Maguire, and Johnson starred in the line. In the backfield J. Carchia backed up the line in great style, while McKeever played well. For Salem, Mavrakos and Peckham were outstanding.

Cambridge Latin, although defeated, should be proud of the game it played, for it showed a stubborn defense when needed most. The team this year shows improvement over that of last year, and with more practice in punting and backfield formations, we ought to have a fairly successful season.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	SALEM
Boucher, le	le, Butler
Kyrikos, lt	lt, Wydra
Johnson, (C.), lg	lg, Carr
Dunleavy, Rogert, c	c, Dolan
Murphy, Petrusionis, rg	rg, Kessler, (C.)
Feeley, rt	rt, Dumas
Maguire, re	re, Turcotte
A. Carchia, qb	qb, Peckham
Klevis, McKeever, lhb	lhb, Roode, Hourihan
J. Carchia, rhb	rhb, Lomasney, Rubin, Wiggetman
Nichols, fb	fb, Mavrakos

Scoring: Salem. *Touchdown:* Mavrakos.
Officials: McCabe, Mooney, and Daley.

CAMBRIDGE 0 LEOMINSTER 18

Latin was defeated by a smooth working Leominster team as the home team opened its football season at Doyle field. Latin could make little headway through the strong Leominster line.

In the first quarter, after a Latin fumble had been recovered by Leominster, O'Toole, Leominster back, skirted the left end of the Latin line on a reverse spinner for the first touchdown. Cahill made a 15-yard end run for the second touchdown in the second period, the other score being made when Tellier, Leominster fullback, received a forward.

Latin punted fairly well in this game, but was rather slow in achieving its plays, and seemed to need more practice in forward passing.

J. Carchia backed up the line very well while Johnson starred in the line for Latin. Tellier and Cahill were outstanding for Leominster.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	LEOMINSTER
Boucher, Fitzgerald, le	le, Foster, Sololini
Kyrikos, lt	lt, Wiley (C.), Drury
Johnson, (C.), lg	lg, Piccucci, Letters
Rogert, Dunleavy, c	c, Cavaoilli, Paul
Petrusionis, Murphy, rg	rg, Goohue, Clark
Feeley, rt	rt, Lemoine, Blomberg
Maguire, re	re, Pelkey, Saladini, Beaudoin
A. Carchia, qb	qb, O'Toole, Bell, Mahan
McKeever, Montgomery, lhb	lhb, Cahill, Toci
J. Carchia, Crawley, rhb	rhb, Gardner, Sullivan
Nichols, Kotaska, fb	fb, Tellier, Sweeney

Touchdowns: Leominster — O'Toole, Cahill, Tellier.

Officials: Halloran, Wellington, and Sullivan.

NEWTON 6 CAMBRIDGE 0

Latin displayed an astonishing reversal in form in the Newton game, but was defeated by an unexpected touchdown.

About halfway in the second quarter, after Latin failed to make a first down through the Newton line, York caught the Latin punt on about his own forty yard line and raced sixty yards for the lone touchdown. The try for the goal failed.

There were many fumbles in the game; Newton making nine and Latin four, but Latin, capitalizing on Newton's fumbles, showed more offensive power and scored more first downs in this game than in the previous encounters. Craw-

ley was a great asset, making several good gains and playing a fine game. Latin threatened to score late in the fourth quarter, when Boucher caught a pass from Kyrikos and was down on the Newton 12 yard line, but Latin failed to get through in time to score as the game ended.

For Latin, Maguire and Boucher starred in the line, while Crawley and Kyrikos were outstanding in the backfield. For Newton the work of Kevorkian and York was especially prominent.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	NEWTON
Maguire, re	re, Finberg
Petrusionis, rt	rt, Houghton, Kinvaide
Murphy, rg	rg, Rich, Bevin
Dunleavy, c	c, Francis, Thompson
Johnson, lg	lg, Conway
Boucher, lt	lt, Kevorkian
Hindle, le	le, Grethe
Crawley, A. Carchia, qb	qb, Flagg, Thatcher
McKeever, Nichols, rhb	rhb, Waters, McCarthy
J. Carchia, lhb	lhb, York
Kyrikos, fb	fb, Feola, Miller

Scoring: Newton. *Touchdown:* York.
Officials: Duffy, Frolio, Conway.

CAMBRIDGE 8 MARBLEHEAD 6

Latin gained its first victory of the current season by defeating the fighting Marblehead team and by showing its superiority in a hard fought game.

In the first quarter, Latin clearly outplayed its rival. After a series of line rushes, Latin advanced the ball to about the Marblehead four yard line; but here, their line held, and Marblehead took possession of the ball on downs. Then McKinnon, Marblehead quarterback, attempted to kick out of danger, but Dunleavy, Latin center, blocked the kick which resulted in a safety for Latin.

In the beginning of the fourth quarter, Latin had the ball on their opponent's thirty yard line, and on third down a forward pass from Crawley to J. Carchia put the ball on the Marblehead two yard line. From this position, Nichols crashed over on a driving plunge through tackle. The try for the goal failed.

With but a few minutes left to play, Marblehead started an aerial attack, and with three successful forward passes brought the ball to about the Latin one yard line. McKinnon crashed over the line for the touchdown.

For Latin, Dunleavy, Johnson, and Boucher gave a good account of themselves. Jack Carchia and Crawley, the ends, played fine games. The ends, also, were in this game, and were down under the kicks. The team played well as a unit and showed a fairly good offense.

Marblehead's best players were McKinnon, Glover, and Drennan.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	MARBLEHEAD
Fitzgerald, Hindle, le	le, Quigley
Boucher, lt	lt, Hawkes, Lyons
Johnson, (C.), lg	lg, Stone
Dunleavy, c	c, Bessom
Murphy, Montgomery, rg	rg, Harney
Petrusionis, rt	rt, Goodwin
Maguire, re	re, Harris
Crawley, qb	qb, McKinnon
J. Carchia, lhb	lhb, Wade
Allt, rhb	rhb, Glover, Fader
Kotaska, fb	fb, Drennan, Brackett

Touchdowns: Latin, Nichols; Marblehead, McKinnon. *Safety:* Dunleavy.
Officials: Brawley, Webber, McGhee.

CAMBRIDGE 0 RINDGE 0

Cambridge Latin battled its ancient rival Rindge to a scoreless tie. The game was marked by the fine defensive work of both lines when the goal was threatened, and resolved itself into a passing and punting duel, with Latin superior in these two fields.

Toward the end of the first quarter, Capt. Annanis of Rindge, after receiving a lateral from Stobo, skirted the right end of the Latin line for a forty-five yard gain to the Latin twenty-one yard line. Rindge advanced the ball to the Latin two yard line, but Latin made a magnificent stand and received the ball on downs. Then, Boucher, alert Latin tackle, kicked the ball from behind the goal line to a point near the Rindge 43 yard line for a punt of about 65 yards. This marvelous punt seemed to instill fight in the Latin line, because from then on, Rindge could not get within scoring position.

Latin had a few scoring chances, but did not have the necessary punch to put the ball across.

Boucher made another fine punt late in the second period, when he booted the ball from the 47 yard line to the 2 yard Rindge line. Latin made a first down on the Rindge 14 yard stripe when Rindge was penalized for interfering with the Latin receiver on a punt. However, Latin could not crash through. Latin's other chance

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was in the third period, after Carchia received a forward pass from Crawley who was on the Rindge 25 yard line. A pass to Maguire netted a first down on the 14 yard line. Latin advanced to the 4 yard line but was stopped.

Crawley was about the outstanding player for Latin because of his all round ability. McKeever and Carchia did fine defensive work in the backfield, while Boucher, Dunleavy, and Maguire were oustanding in the line. For Rindge, Annanis and Stobo were exceptionable.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN		RINDGE
Fitzgerald, Hindle, le	le,	Walsh, Watson
Boucher, lt	lt,	Lavorie
Johnson, lg	lg,	Roscio, Dogan, Thompson
Dunleavy, c	c,	Bernard
Murphy, Montgomery, Petrusionis, rg	rg,	Manning
Feeley, rt	rt,	Cutter
Maguire, re	re,	Smith
Crawley, qb	qb,	Stobo
J. Carchia, lhb	lhb,	Donabed, Wyche
McKeever, Kotaska, rhb	rhb,	Dergay
Kyrikos, Nichols, fb	fb,	Annanis

Scoring: Cambridge 0, Rindge 0.

Officials: Mahoney, Mooney, and Kiley.

SOMERVILLE 20 CAMBRIDGE 0

Latin, playing its third game within ten days, was defeated on a wet, muddy field by the strong, undefeated Somerville team.

In the first quarter, a Latin fumble was recovered by Somerville on the Cantab thirty yard line. Somerville advanced to the Latin eight yard line, but here Latin held. Latin received the ball on their twenty yard line when Hamilton, Somerville tackle, muffed a pass in the end zone. Boucher's hurried punt was received by Pace who ran it back to the Latin thirteen yard stripe. After two rushes, Arbeene burst through for the touchdown. Androski kicked the extra point.

In the second quarter, after an exchange of kicks, Buckley, Somerville quarterback, tossed a pass to Hamilton bringing the ball to the Latin nineteen yard line. After several line rushes, Buckley went through center for the score. Androski again kicked the extra point.

Near the close of the first half, Hamilton intercepted a pass thrown by Crawley, and ran sixty yards for the score.

Latin had its best scoring chance in the third period. Two penalties of 15 yards gave Latin the ball on the Somerville 20. Latin made it a first down on the 5 yard line, but Somerville held with only about a foot to go for the score. Boucher was injured in this period, and had to be carried from the field.

Maguire, Boucher, and Johnson did fine work in the line, while Crawley and Carchia were outstanding in the backfield. For Somerville Buckley, Arbeene, and Hamilton starred.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN		SOMERVILLE
Fitzgerald, Hindle, le	le,	Carlson, Walker, Cotter
Boucher, Montgomery, lt	lt,	Magakian, Smith
Johnson, lg	lg,	Luciano, Fedele
Dunleavy, c	c,	Pace, Noonan
Murphy, Petrusionis, rg	rg,	Vitullo, Falboni
Feeley, rt	rt,	Murphy, Werzanski
Maguire, re	re,	Hamilton, Marcotti
Crawley, qb	qb,	Buckley, Palumbo
J. Carchia, lhb	lhb,	Androski, Rogan, Oxley
McKeever, A. Carchia, rhb	rhb,	Arbeene, Ianocone
Kotaska, Nichols, fb	fb,	Pollicella, Falco

Touchdowns: Somerville — Arbeene, Buckley, Hamilton. *Points after goal:* Androski, 2.

Officials: Liston, Mitchell, Donahue.

EXCHANGES

(*Continued from Page 15*)

standing among the many articles are the "Review of the 1931 Pulitzer Prize Novel" and "A Book of Mental Pictures."

We received the following note from the exchange editor of the "Taconic", Williamstown, Mass. "We enjoyed your magazine very much last year, and would certainly like to hear from you again this year."

We wish to reply that we shall be delighted to exchange with you.

We appreciate this very complimentary notice in "The Beacon", the Chelsea High School paper.

The Cambridge High School certainly deserves congratulations on its splendid "Review". Its unique and attractive cover encloses many clever and entertaining short stories. We students greatly appreciated the length of the humor department. Although all their departments are praise-worthy, we wish to make a special mention of their poetry. The dramatic monologues in imitation of Browning's "My Last Duchess," are exceptionally clever. We should indeed be proud to include in our paper such charming and appealing poems as "Naivété" and "The Lure of Gloucester."

CAROLYN WICKER, '33.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

(*Continued from Page 14*)

épais, le soleil semble plus beau que jamais. Le soleil, vêtu de nuages rouges et d'or, se couche lentement dans le ciel éclatant et occidental. Cette place est vraiment mon coin favori ou je peux me réjouir de la nature avec toute sa pompe et toute sa grandeur.

WILLIAM MURPHY.

LES JARDINS DES TUILERIES

Quand j'étais une petite fille de douze ans, j'ai passé quelques semaines à Paris. Chaque matin, avec mon frère, j'allais au Jardin des Tuileries. Autrefois les jardins étaient ceux d'un palais des rois, mais maintenant il s'y trouve un jardin public. On y voit beaucoup d'enfants. Il y a de petites filles, portant de courtes robes, et jouant avec leurs poupées; il y a des garcons, qui jouent à la balle et roulent des cerceaux. Dans une partie des jardins il y a un marchand de jouets, qui vend toutes sortes d'articles. Près de lui il y a la baraque de Guignol, aimé des enfants français et américans. Mon frère et moi, nous y passions beaucoup de temps. Mais ce que nous aimions le mieux, c'était le grand étang sur lequel les enfants manoeuvraient les grands bateaux. On manoeuvre un des bateau d'une canne de bambou. Si on n'est pas soigneux, le vent chasse le bateau à voiles à la fontaine au milieu de l'étang. Ainsi nous passions les jours de notre visite à Paris.

MARY RANKIN.

G. A. A.— (*Continued from Page 16*)

flying colors. Turning critic for a moment, we are forced to admit that "A Full House" was quite the most hilarious play we have ever seen presented by the G. A. A. The "Dramatis Personae" follow:

MISS BRYCE	Mary Falvey
MRS. JENKS	Gertrude Lancaster
HIRAM JENKS	Marjorie O'Dell
MR. CASE	Clara Cormier
MR. CHASE	Helen Kenney

Following the play came the most important of all the day's proceedings, the installation of officers. Despite the efforts of Miss Brown, the affair was not without a tinge of sadness. No parting is ever an especially joyous occasion, and it is even more sad when the separation comes between friends of long standing. No one can deny that a great bond of friendship existed between the officers and the members of the G.A.A. last year. There is solace in the fact that such friendships are not easily broken. So as our friends departed, we said farewell — but not goodbye.

The members who took the oath of office are:

President	MARJORIE O'DELL
Vice President	ANN BARTLETT
Secretary	MARGARET MURPHY

Executive Committee

Sally Donovan	Madeleine Sullivan
Lindsey Britt	Barbara Sheridan

The G. A. A. singles tennis tournament was won for the second consecutive time by none other than the versatile Jeannette Eyre. So Miss Eyre keeps the cup for good, and we hope it brings her luck. (Not that the young lady stands in need of any of the graces of fortune — heaven forbid!)

Letters were presented in the hall on June 8. This year we held our presentation exercises apart from those of the boys, and this plan seemed quite a desirable venture. We only hope that the G. A. A. will find it advisable to continue this practice.

Tryouts for a play were held in the gym October. The first rehearsal was held October 17.

Basketball practice is now in full swing, and it looks as if there will be some close rivalry between the class teams. There also seems to be some good varsity material in the offing.

The final playoff of the doubles tennis tournament was won by Emily and Doris Long with a score of 6-2, 6-2 against Francis Navien and Josephine Wentzell. Our heartiest congratulations to the winners!

Adios, till next issue! We hope that the freshmen will have recovered sufficiently from the initiation by then, to at least sit up in bed and read about what is going on in the G. A. A.

RUTH FREEMAN, '33.

CHANGES IN THE TEACHING STAFF

Miss Edgerly, who has been a member of our faculty for many years, has retired on pension. We shall miss her, but we hope that she will enjoy her leisure days, and that she may have many years of good health.

Mr. Charles Harrington has resigned to accept the principalship of the Kelly School. We express our best wishes to him.

Miss Rose O'Neil and Miss Georgianna Chafe have married since last June. Both were very popular young teachers.

As the boat was sinking, the skipper lifted his voice to ask, "Does any passenger here know how to pray?"

One man replied confidently, "Yes, captain, I do."

"That's all right, then," he declared. "You go ahead and pray; the rest of us will put on life-belts. We're one short."

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Christmas
1932

The Review

Wishes

A Merry Christmas

To Everyone

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Vita sine litteris mors est.

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The Reviewer

SHORT STORY CONTEST

THE "Review" wishes to announce a short story contest, open to all members of the school. We are offering two prizes, one for the best story submitted by a freshman or sophomore, and one for the best story written by a junior, senior, or post-graduate. All manuscripts must be in the hands of the Review editors by January 20, 1933. The winning contributions will appear in the February issue. We hope for a generous response from the members of each class.

GIFTS

IN these times, the perennial editorial on Christmas giving might seem to have fallen into the same disrepute as the far-famed Swiss Navy. In days of unpaid War Debts and mile-long Bread Lines, any strictly personal exchange of favours ought to be in the nature of a superfluity. Not so with the great American Public! The department stores are quite as crowded as usual, the papers as full of Christmas ads, and the mails as overloaded with circulars announcing electric toasters, refrigerators, mens' wear, pottery, and exclusive Czekoslovakian embroidery. All of which breezy interlude merely goes to prove that depressions may come and go, but the Christmas necktie goes on forever!

J. E.

ON Friday, December 23, a one-act play will be presented, "Why the Chimes Rang", by Elizabeth A. McFadden. Miss Breau of the Elocution Department is in charge of rehearsals. The cast is as follows:

STEEN	Tom Rafferty
HOLGER	James Rafferty
UNCLE BERTIL	Charles Parker
OLD WOMAN	Martha McCarthy
ANGEL	Mary Rankin
KING	Henry Janul
PRIEST	Joseph Ricker
COURTIER	John O'Leary
SAGE	Raymond Wills
RICH WOMAN	Jeannette Eyre
YOUNG GIRL	Rosemary Brooks
RICH MAN	Joseph Dockery

MERRY CHRISTMAS, everyone, from the Review Staff! Christmas represents much more than the exchanging of gifts and having a good time generally. It is a season of "Peace on earth, and good will to men". How many people will need "good will" this year, or their holiday will be a cheerless one! The welfare organizations, besieged with calls for help, need more than usual support, and it is our task to help, even though we can only do a little. We shall enjoy our own Christmas a thousand times more when we help to spread the joys of Christmas-tide.

J. T.

THE P. G. CLUB

A POST Graduate Club has been organized. At the first meeting, held at the home of Mary Jordan, the following officers were chosen:

President	Meyer Sandler
Vice-President	Mary Jordan
Secretary	Eleanor Campbell
Treasurer	Charles Littlefield
Sergeant-at-Arms	Thomas Myles

K. B.

ONCE more the K. B. Club is well under way. We feel sure that the girls who were received into the club at a party in the home of Dorothy Haverty on November 5, will be a great addition and that they will carry on the ideals of the club. The new members are:

Gertrude Cosgrove	Rita Jordan
Helen Delaney	Virginia Kelley
Betty Ebersole	Isabelle Levi
Annette Field	Anne Roche
Georgia Greene	Margaret Sullivan
Phyllis Hillner	Kathryn Toomey
Barbara Ingalls	Esther Wexler

Through the endeavors of the K. B. girls, twenty-six people, who otherwise would have had no real Thanksgiving dinner, were able to enjoy everything from turkey to nuts.

This year our dance was held in the Mount Vernon Room of the Hotel Commander and the orchestra, new in Cambridge, was "The Vikings" under the direction of Bob Lindsay. We don't

think it is going too far to say that all present thoroughly enjoyed themselves. There were about seventy couples present. The profits were about fifty dollars.

THE Radcliffe Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa Society has chosen for special notice several graduates of C. H. L. S. Elinor Rowe and Grace McGlinchey, of the class of 1930, were elected to membership in November. Elizabeth Roorbach and Evelyn Cummings have been included in the Sophomore guests of honour at the annual dinner given by the society. Emily Fetter, class of 1932, has also received an invitation, an honour seldom given to freshmen.

The Wellesley Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa has admitted Carol Hanson into membership.

M. E. R.

DEBATING NOTES

THE second meeting of the Durrell Debating Society was held in Room 26-B on November third. During the meeting the Society decided to debate the following topics: War Debts, Disarmament, Unemployment Insurance, and Bureau of Education for the coming debating season.

Trials for the debating team were held on November 17 in room 11, and the subject picked for the try-outs was on the very debatable issue of War Debts. The judges were Miss Breau, Miss Ford, and Miss Hartigan. The number of competitors for the try-outs was the largest in the history of the school, and it will be noted that five girls were successful in being placed on the six teams.

1.	2.
Raymond McCaffrey	Wilson Babcock
Ann Cameron	Joseph Hogan
Joseph Dockery	Mary McDonald
3.	**4.**
Morris Rabinovitz	Franklin Coleman
Paul Wallins	Dolores Dumond
Jeannette Eyre	Harry Johnson
5.	**6.**
John Gately	George Emerson
Marjorie Gutheim	Hyman Sanderson
Charles Littlefield	Phillip Barron

At a recent meeting of the Society, officers for 1932 - 33 were elected. The returns were as follows.

President ..... Everett Babcock
Secretary ..... Dolores Dumond
Treasurer ..... Paul Wallins

MORRIS RABINOVITZ, '33.

CHESS

WHO said there would be no Chess Team this year? There certainly is one, with Mr. Bliss and Mr. Cleveland, both excellent players and ardent enthusiasts, acting as sponsors. Paul Callan, Bernard Kamins, and Lester Klashman, all veterans, are with the team this year, and they expect great results from the less experienced, but very promising candidates. The team intends to compete with many other schools, but especially with Rindge, our rivals in every sport and game, including Chess. We hope the teams equal the high standing of former C. H. L. S. teams, which were the champions of the Inter-Scholastic League.

J. T., '33.

SENIOR AND JUNIOR ELECTIONS

The Review wishes good luck and a successful year to the Class Officers.

Seniors

John Gately ..... *President*
William Gurry ..... *Vice-President*
Daniel Johnson ..... *Treasurer*
Rosemary Brooks ..... *Secretary*

Juniors

James McCormick ..... *President*
Mary McDonough ..... *Treasurer*
Leila Larson ..... *Vice-President*
Victoria Hacian ..... *Secretary*

Reception Committee	*Reception Committee*
Joseph Boucher	Eleanor Coen
Dorothy Falvey	John Conley
Virginia Gately	Kathleen Courtney
John O'Leary	Mary Courtney
Ruth Rowe	Edna Shaughnessy
Drama Committee	*Ring Committee*
Christine Gallagher	Helen Cooper
Anne Roche	Mary T. Courtney
Constance Sales	Joseph Fleming
Paul Wallins	Peter Larsen
Greta Wood	Laura Shine

AWARDED SCHOLARSHIPS AT HARVARD FOR 1932 - 1933

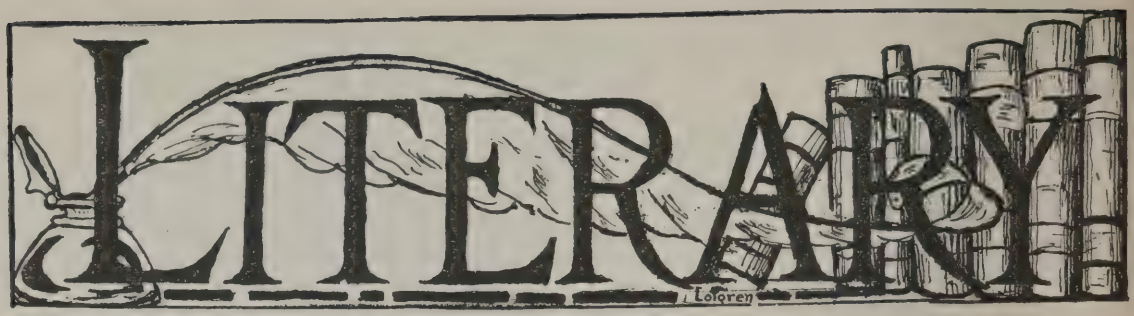
Allen Thompson	Anthony DeVito
William Serafino	Robert Greel
Solomon Isenstein	Edward A. Crane
Lucio Gatto	Francis Cahill

Israel Berkman

Freshmen

Manes Specter	W. J. Goldwasser
Wm. Hanson	Walter Dwyer

Twelve other freshmen received the Cambridge Aid, which does not depend on scholastic standing.



THE CASTLE IN THE EAST

ON the fastness of Tibet the lonely turrets of a mediaeval castle crown the rocky crags of an age-old peak. It is Norman in every detail, with arched windows and massive stones. Grim and forbidding, it stands alone in a hostile land an everlasting monument to the western knight who had dared to penetrate the land of the Great Lama. Aloof from the surrounding land, it is indeed an enigma to the inquisitive traveler of that gaunt, lost waste.

The halls of the old fortress are empty and silent, and only phantom shapes sit at the banquet table or glide through the hollow chambers. Even the rats and mice and bats are too much awed to make their homes in its dusty holes. Of spider webs there are many, but no spiders, even as though they, too, had abandoned this haven of ghosts. The old pines that line the moat keep council among themselves, and no one knows what they whisper so softly.

No one, did I say? I am wrong, for there is one who knows what the pines know. I met him by chance, one day when I was wandering through the bazaars of Peking, soon after my journeys in the Forbidden Land. My attention was caught by a long, two-handed giant of a sword with unmistakable Crusader markings. It was dull, marked by the dirt of centuries, but standing boldly in relief from its surrounding exhibition of oriental wares. Astonished and curious, I ventured into the tiny shop to seek the purchase of the sword. The proprietor was a little yellow man, all shriveled up from the number of his years. He was wearing a gold, crimson, and purple coat of marvelous fashioning. His shop was small, but bright with many colored silks of rarest hues. To it once came the ladies of the realm, in their gilded and lacquered sedan chairs, accompanied by obsequious attendants, to buy the cloth for their gorgeous kimonas and state robes. But the princesses and ladies come no more, for the Empire has gone, and in its place the Republic stands. Thus Chung Lu had time to tell me the legend of the old castle. Listen with me, while the busy world fades into the dim past of ages long ago.

The flap of the emblazoned tent was lifted slowly and cautiously, then thrown boldly aside to admit a woman, cloaked for traveling. The man on the pallet raised his head wearily to see who his visitor might be.

"We move on today, Colette?" he questioned in a weak voice.

"Dear one, you are stronger now, and we must go on. The fierce infidels press close behind us, undismayed by our flight, and barring our homeward path. What lies ahead, neither you, nor I, nor any of our men can say, but rumor brings us word of a land of steep mountains and deep rivers, of great forests and frozen deserts, — the land of the Great Chan! Be of good cheer, Phillipe, perchance we shall find aid there. Who knows? It may be a caravan or ship to return home," replied the golden-haired lady, as she knelt by his side. She knew little of the country of the Great Chan, except through distorted legend, but in her ignorance she could be cheerful, and go on with a bright hope.

Phillipe de Violette, Count of Touraine, and the Lady Colette, his noble wife, had been to the Crusades. They had had a light and gay living, with scarce enough fighting to justify their expedition, when, all of a sudden, the Turks had fallen upon the camp. De Violette was badly wounded, but Colette had barely carried him from the field of battle, and, with a few men-at-arms who had also escaped the slaughter, fled away into the East.

Weary days and terrifying nights marked their toilsome flight, and when they at last reached the country of Chan, they were wearied to death. But no palaces did they find, nowhere the silks and jewels and fabled majesty of Cathay. Only rugged cliffs lined the horizon, with deep, abysmal valleys between, where dwelt fierce yellow men, dressed in an outlandish garb, who showed their naked spears to the strangers. Here and there, against the sharp skyline, the pagoda-like roof of a strange temple rose; a temple where but little peace and hospitality greeted the wanderers from another land. Their path was but a thread of elusive serpentry, which, in the end, lost itself in the heights of silver snow.

Up, over, and down the peaks went the lost band, to stop on the edge of a desert. There on the top of a steep-faced rock, they built themselves a castle that was a fortress to remind them of far distant Touraine, though only the good God, Who knows all things, can say how, for the walls were of thick stone and the towers high, even in that heathen land of ignorance. Yet the Castle is there today, — that China land home of Phillipe de Violette and his beautiful wife, and their bold band.

Without Lady Colette those knights would have given up many and many a time, for theirs was truly a hard lot. Home and kinsmen were lost to them for ever, and they were caged in a lonesome land of yellow men, with only one woman to cheer their hearts and assuage their hurts. As the years sped by, the grim castle walls came to echo the laughter of girlhood, for Nanon, daughter of the lord of the castle made merry within its walls, born far from the vineyards of France.

But down in the valley the witches' caldron was boiling, and out on the desert the red breath of War was flaming. In the thirteenth year of his residence on the cliff, Phillipe de Violette heeded the warnings, and strengthened his fortifications and heartened his men, while all this time, with brave heart, preparations were made for Noël.

Oblivious to all but the approaching holy day, Nanon played, content, in the shade of the gingko trees in the temple yard nearby.

The rumblings grew louder and more menacing. On Christmas day Nanon did not come back to the castle on the cliff, nor did old Castor, who went to fetch her. That night, in the courtyard of the fortress, the red torches shed their light on faces lined with care, figures of watchfulness. Midnight had come and gone with soft foot-steps, but now the Death that flies with Night had come. Stark hatred glared in the yellow Death's Heads that came swarming over the jagged stones, and up to the gate. The moat was alive with them! They were at the gate! They were breaking in the gate! It was broken! Oh, Mary, Mother, save us! Save us! We are but men, and these are devils!

The knights were retreating. Back! Back! and ever backward! They could not go further — it was the end. Phillipe de Violette, Count of Touraine, was the last of all to fall.

The stone steps have been dyed forever red, — the red of undying hatred, and the merciful mist of death has blinded the eyes of the men of Touraine. The castle in the Forbidden Land has been bought and paid for by its builders.

This was the tale Chung Lu told me in his tiny shop, while, outside, the busy world of Peking went its way. And as I write this, filled with a sense of sorrow for those valiant souls who fought and died on that Christmas day, I look forward to *this* Christmas day, when surrounded by my loving family, in this tranquil land, I may truly say, "Peace on Earth, good will to men."

George A. Emerson, '33.

VIRGIL'S IDEA OF A MODERN FOOTBALL GAME

GOOD afternoon, everybody! Publius Vergilius Maro speaking, direct from the Coliseum itself. As you probably know from your morning papyrus, we're here today to witness a gridiron battle to the death, an authentic modern version of that famous old scrap, the Trojan War. The latest batch of government gladiators insure a fine contest. The teams, warming up on the field now, are very inspiring in their highly polished equipment, the Greeks in iron and gold, and the Trojans in bronze and silver. The lineups are unchanged, although for a time there was some uncertainty as to whether Ulysses and Achilles, star end and halfback respectively for the Sons of Sparta, would be induced to play.

They are leaving the field now, leaving Menelaus and Paris, the rival captains, flipping a coin with the referee. Menelaus wins and takes the coin, while Paris is left to take his choice of goals. Now they're lining up. Agamemnon, brother to Menelaus and quarterback of the Greeks, is kicking off. The first two attempts are carried offside by the wind, so the Greeks call time out to offer sacrifices to Diana, whom "Aggie" has antagonized in some way or other. They line up again; the next try is successful, but Hector, outstanding star for the defense, immediately punts back, evidently intending to rely on his team's defensive strength to wear out the opposition, and then bring his own talents into play. The kick is returned by a guard, Palamedes, to the thirty-five line of the invaders, who tried to get their famous running attack functioning behind their halfback aces, Achilles and Diomedes, and their bone-crushing fullback, the gigantic Ajax, but the Trojan forward wall holds them.

It's now the middle of the second quarter, folks, with no scoring yet. The game has become a veritable seige, with the sons of Ilium doggedly

resisting all attacks, and the Athenean stars patiently pounding away at all points of the enemy's stronghold. The invaders have received a great blow, for their moody hero, Achilles, has become angry at quarterback Agamemnon, and has refused to play. A few minutes ago we had a duel between the two captains of the fray, Paris and Menelaus, but this ended when some playful spectator stopped the Grecian superior punch with a well-placed arrow. This boy Diomedes is certainly doing a great piece of work down there; he's in on every play, and has even tackled a couple of gods, Venus and Mars, who were helping the defense of the Trojan goal. Both sides are playing superhuman ball out there; we should have several picked for the All-Olympian.

The second half of this gridiron war has commenced. Coach Priam must have done something to these Trojan boys. No longer are they on the defensive, for, led by the mighty Hector and the elusive Aeneas, yard by yard they are hammering on Greece's hastily erected defensive bulwark. Only time or Achilles' return to the strife can save them now from being scored upon. What will they do? Who will win this contest? Folks, tomorrow my latest and best work, the "Aeneid", will be on sale at all newstands. Finish this thrilling epic there, if you are interested in this outcome. Publius Vergilius Maro signing off.

FRANKLIN COLEMAN, '33.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

The trees are all bare, the last leaf has gone,
All birdlings have fled, and summer is done.

The sky is all gray, the lone fields are brown,
And the first flake of winter comes tumbling down.

O Winter, O Winter, be true in your haste
To hide with your diamonds this desolate waste.

He hears me, he hears me, he answers the call,
And the jewels of heaven he quickly lets fall.

The wind, and the earth, and the beautiful snow
Dance in a wonder of fanciful show.

The whole earth is covered with a mantle of white,
And lies in its sparkle-bed safe for the night.

No stars are above; they have fallen below
And gleam from the depths of the beautiful snow.

The snow lies so stilly, the wind leaves his tune,
And one tiny snowflake rides with the moon.

The world is all beauty, and the cold winter's night
Like a mantle of goodness, hides the view from the sight.

RUTH FREEMAN, '33.

A CHRISTMAS PLAY FOR FRESHMEN

Scene I

(The curtain rises on a Physics Laboratory early Christmas morning. Sir Richard Long-Table and Sir Henry Long-Table occupy the center of the room. Near them are their wives, Lady Anne High-Stool and Lady Mary High-Stool. In one corner stands Lord Andrew Kilogram talking with his wife, Lady Katherine Two-Hundred-Gram and his children, George Hundred-Gram and Alice Fifty-Gram. In another corner are Lord Humphrey Kilogram with his wife, Lady Agnes Two-Hundred-Gram, and their children, Jeanne Twenty-Gram and Edward Ten-Gram. Gretchen and Matilda Spring-Balance are still sleeping on their high perch. At the front of the room stands Queen Margaret Laboratory Desk, in all her dignity, presiding over the scene. A buzz of conversation fills the room.)

Queen Margaret (rapping for order with her gavel): "Will the worthy Councillors be so kind as to lend me their ears for a moment? An important affair of state craves us jointly."

Sir Richard: "We attend your pleasure, Gracious Sovereign."

Queen Margaret: "Another Christmas Day has dawned. We must consider suitable entertainment for the younger generation. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow they can sleep, but at present they must be provided for. What say my learned friends?"

Lady Anne (speaking timidly): "Ah, this younger generation, it is a progressive! What can we do to keep them out of mischief for a whole day?"

Sir Henry (pompously): "I suppose we might form a circle and pass the time by reciting portions from the works of that noble gentleman, William Shakespeare; that would certainly be enlightening as well as entertaining."

Lady Agnes: "That would never do. The children would either be frightened out of their wits or go to sleep. Then what would we do with them? We must give them something out of the ordinary, for Christmas comes only once a year, and they have worked hard."

Lady Mary: "I quite agree with you. Let us fetch Gretchen and Matilda Spring-Balance. Surely they will know something."

(Sir Richard goes out and presently returns with Gretchen and Matilda.)

Queen Margaret: "We should like some suggestions in regard to a suitable pastime for this evening."

Gretchen (after a moment's consideration): "How about a dance, Your Majesty?"

Queen Margaret (horrified): "A dance!"

Matilda: "Why not? It would be a very harmless affair and would give much pleasure. Gretchen and I would be glad to decorate the ball room for you. I am sure Willie and Dukie Meter-Stick would help us. They have much artistic taste for ones so young."

(The others add their entreaties).

Queen Margaret (resignedly): "Very well; as you wish. We shall dine at seven. Tell them let every man be master of his time. Auf Wiedersehn."

All: "Adieu."

Curtain falls.

Scene II

(The curtain rises on a scene of revelry. Gretchen and Matilda have done their work well. Ribbons, banners and balloons transform the dignified room into a meeting place for youth. Jeanne and George are talking quietly in one corner; Alice and Edward are dancing. Queen Margaret is talking with Lord Humphrey.)

Queen Margaret (sighing): "I hope I didn't do wrong in allowing the young folks to dance. They do seem to be having such a good time."

Lord Humphrey: "Ah, madam; the Queen can do no wrong. If the young people are enjoying themselves, don't worry about the consequences. I'll wager that they will sleep just as soundly the rest of the vacation as if they had spent a quiet evening."

Queen Margaret: "I certainly hope so."

(The couples dance to music played by Lady Catherine and Lady Anne on the strings of triple-sheaved pulleys.)

Lord Humphrey (boldly): "Would Your Highness care to try a minuet with me?"

Queen Margaret (surprised): "Why--er; I have no objections if you wish."

(They dance; the young couples smile happily at them as they pass.)

Lord Humphrey: "This is really an unexpected pleasure. You dance extremely well, Your Majesty."

Queen Margaret: "Ah, now I fear you are flattering me."

Lord Humphrey: "Not at all. I don't believe in flattery, and therefore I never practice it."

(The music stops and the young people gather around and take refreshments. An incessant chatter is heard. Finally Queen Margaret interrupts.)

Queen Margaret: "It is growing late, and I fear we must end our celebration. I wish you all a peaceful slumber until we are needed again in January."

(They crowd around Queen Margaret to say good-night to her, and to thank her for the minuet.)

The Curtain falls

Marjorie Gutheim, '33.

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE

THE bamboo trees behind the little bungalow swayed and creaked in the hot, dusty wind. Their tapping sounded like the patter of rain, the rain that was not due for many months. In his stuffy office, a man dropped his head on his hands and stared with heavy eyes at the mass of papers on his desk. December 25th. Christmas.

The Christmas after his marriage to Lynn, Philip Harding had sat at his wife's bedside, planning eagerly their next Christmas celebration. They would have a tree brought down from the Hills, and would send home for a box of decorations and candles. Cheerfully they made plans together for their young son, their Christmas baby.

The summer months dragged by, bearing with them a disastrous delay of the rains and an epidemic of fever. Christmas with its attendant coolness came at last to the suffering city, but the Harding's gay plans had crumbled to dust. Lynn, whirling from party to party in a mad effort to forget her loss, seemed scarcely to realize that Christmas was at hand. Philip, tied down by an overwhelming burden of work, watched with a curious lack of bitterness her triumphal progress. Gradually the breach between them widened — widened until at last in the spring Philip went alone to the up-country station to supervise his irrigation project. He knew that Lynn would be well attended in the city — Lynn, with her dark curls and her charming Southern accent, Lynn with her curious green eyes, her gay lips and light feet.

Absorbed in his thoughts, the man did not hear the trampling of feet and the coughing of coolies in the bungalow-compound. Not until a shadow fell across his desk did he look up and then stumble back, staring in bewildered amazement. Lynn, standing in the doorway, looked at her husband's tired white face and at the eyes bright with sleeplessness and the fever-fighting quinine. The clutching, numbing pain that had held her heart in a vise for months suddenly dropped away, and in its place rose a wave of great tenderness and love for the man whom her desperate need had driven her across a country to seek, at Christmas. She stepped across the threshold and stretched out her arms.

MARY E. RANKIN, '33.

ULTRA! ULTRA!

SINCE club-forming seems to be the prevailing activity, why not form a club called (for lack of a better title) "The Ultra! Ultra! Society"? It would, of course, consist only of P. G.'s; oh, not just *any* P. G.'s; *"the"* P. G.'s. That is, it would consist of nine or ten members of the Post Graduate class who are far beyond their fellow class mates; who are far beyond their teachers; who are, in fact, so far beyond everyone that they are of a world apart.

To be an Ultra! Ultra! one must denounce with a nonchalant "Nonsense" any time-accepted theories which may be voiced in one's direction. One must think Shakespeare perfect rot, and Dickens sentimental trash.

But don't they do anything besides air their worldly ideas? Oh, yes, they go dancing sometimes. But the orchestra is never any good, or the floor is poor, or the lights are too bright, or the lights are too dull. They like swimming, but the water is always either too warm, or too cold. And, "of course there is no decent place around here" to skate. Somehow or other they never do have a good time. To enjoy oneself is so — so unultraultraish.

One listens while an intriguing voiced Ultra uses every imaginable inflection. "War is sin, and sin — why there is no such thing as sin." His face lights up; he has lit upon a brilliant idea! Really, one isn't inspired like this every day. He repeats it. You see, he has a paradox! Oh, they're clever, these Ultra! Ultras!

"And as for peace, why, how stupid! There never will be peace as long as human nature is adjacent to the soul in the breast of men." Ah, this is a favorite topic; human nature and the soul. They know so much about the soul, these nineteen-year old sophisticates! It seems the soul is striving for something. The speaker doesn't know exactly for what, but nevertheless, the soul is striving. The soul is left to strive. That is one thing these Ultra! Ultras! do not believe in, wasting too much time on any one subject. After all, what's a little thing like the soul?

The bell announces fifth period. Each little Ultra-Ultra tries desperately to think of something really brilliant to say, gives up, smiles mysteriously, enigmatically, all-powerfully, and wearily drags himself to class.

R. H. E.

AMERICA'S STRUGGLING AIRLINES

THE first airplane flight was made at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, December 17, 1903. Today, countless airlines operate throughout the world, from the five minute trip from New York to New Jersey, to the perilous three hour flights over the great mountains of the Andes. The war gave aviation its great boost, and it has answered wholeheartedly. European airlines are worked to capacity; South American lines are rapidly coming into prominence. But America, as far as her passenger lines are concerned, has yet to reach her place in the sun though America is one of the countries most ideally suited to such a mode of transport. What is the reason, then, that America has not, and will not, take to the air?

I would reply that the people of this great country of ours are merely, but terribly, frightened. They read the newspapers; they believe them. That is unfortunate.

To the newspaper man, an airplane accident is red-letter news. It must be played up to the greatest advantage — and usually is. The bloody details, the sorrowing mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sweethearts, dogs, cats, and canaries are all dragged out and splashed over the front page. There is a picture of the wreck on page one, a picture of the funeral cortège on page two, a picture of Uncle Willie weeping over the loss of his brilliant niece or nephew on page four, and page five, six, seven, the advertising section, the funny sheet, or some other unostentatious part of the paper sports the real cause of the accident, sandwiched between an ad for the benefit of the poor soul whose best friend won't tell him, and the announcement of the dogfight held last week on Boston Common. The layman, perusing the headlines decorating the story about this disastrous event, decides that air transportation is not for him, cancels his reservation on the New York airliner, and turns over to the sporting section. Such is life.

A year or so ago one of America's most brilliant young airmen crashed. The papers carried the account of the accident to their best possible advantage. The story ran for three days, and not once was any reason offered for the crack-up. How awful it would be if the public learned that a bogus federal flying inspector, who probably never had a stick in his hand till that day, was flying the plane at the time of the crash, or thought he was flying it. But of course, the government could not acknowledge the fact that it was hiring incompetent men for such an important duty — somebody might lose his job. So the story dragged on, a little money was paid the relatives of the deceased, and thus the incident ended. The landlubber, reading the account of such an accident, and discovering that these machines are apt to fall out of the sky without giving even a fairly good excuse for themselves, decides that the demons are not for him. Do you blame him?

Another bugaboo of the conservative transport pilot is the reckless, headless, dare-all, sure-thing stunt pilot. He is the darling of the gods and of the people; he shatters this record; he shatters that one; he is first to do an outside loop inside out; he is first to fly the wings off a ship; he shatters everything in sight, and usually winds up trying to cross the Rocky Mountains via underground method — tunneling, as it were. His followers, reading about their daring darling's untimely end in the paper next morning, decide that if Daredevil Jack, the greatest pilot west of so-and-so couldn't beat the game, then it certainly isn't for them to attempt the impossible. And so the story goes.

Thus do the passenger lines pay the piper. They are not before the public eye — they are not spectacular enough, and have very few accidents. In fact, they have fewer accidents than any form of transportation existing today. But try to convince the layman! He reads the newspapers. He knows. What he does not know is that he is depriving himself of the greatest mode of transport — the greatest mode of safe, sane, comfortable travel that ever was, or ever will be

It is certainly too bad that the American people, as a whole, have lost the great pioneering spirit and far-seeing intelligence of their ancestors. But perhaps they will regain it. Perhaps!

RUTH FREEMAN, '33.

CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN GUM-CHEWER

(No Apologies to DeQuincey)

TO the observant foreigner, gum is the great American curse. -To the aboriginal American, however, inured from childhood to the practice, gum is the omnipotent solace, the universal panacea. It is the more harmful from its insidious and subtle effect; it calls for the courage of a lion, the virtue of a Galahad, and the foresight of an empire-builder to conquer the habit of gum chewing, but the victory is worth it.

Consider my sad history, ye of little faith, and profit thereby. Coming from a long line of gum-despisers, I was brought up from my extreme youth to abstain from the vulgar and deleterious practice. In my home, gum-chewing was ample cause for social ostracism; it was a signal of utter moral depravity. Thus will I never forget the first wad, profferred by a well-meaning school-fellow, from whom I took the gift in an analytic and curious vein. Upon the first masculation, a strange feeling of contentment stole through my being. Guiltily I begged a second piece, swallowing in my eagerness the first, an act which I regretted later. The delicate, half exotic flavour, the smooth texture, the easy rhythm of chewing, all added to my reckless and ill-considered pleasure. I had set my foot upon the primrose path.

Then came the memorable day whereupon I made my first clandestine purchase of a pack of gum. I experienced some small tremors lest the drug clerk should ask embarrassing questions about my age, but, to my intense relief, he kept silent. After long deliberation, I finally chose a pack of Beech-Nut Doublemint, since I had heard vague rumours as to its containing more chicle — a requisite of gum, I supposed.

After this fatal step, my perdition was assured. Gum became the constant companion to my waking hours. Except at home, I chewed constantly; even at school my sorrowing incredulous instructors were obliged to request me to place my current cud in the waste-basket. I even recall an instance when, having my face sewn up after an accident, my constant chewing disconcerted the surgeon to no small degree.

My pocket money, all too sparse in any event, was miraculously swallowed up. My powers of observation and concentration disappeared. Instead of utilizing my time in the subway for reading or study, I degenerated into a state of rhythmic stupour, dazedly perusing the car advertisements. I persistently fell asleep over my Latin; geometry baffled me; my hitherto indefatigable interest in the more coy aspects of American History was irremediably dulled. In short, I became the typical gum-chewing American.

With the advent of the Great Depression of 1930-?, my ready money decreased, and with it my supply of chewing-gum. Proportionately my brain cleared; my interest in life increased; my faculties became keener. Perceiving the effect, I cut down my gum supply with great self-denial to one pack every two days. I am slowly recovering my normal condition, and soon I hope to change entirely to peanuts. I am still half-incredulous of my convalescence, but grateful that salvation came before it was too late. I intend to become an apostle of this great cause, preaching to other lost souls the conquest of Gum, slow destroyer of the American people.

JEANNETTE EYRE.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Christmas time! What joy it brings
To poor and rich, to high and low,
As from yon church bells gladness rings
And stars shed down their radiant glow.

The snow-flakes falling all around,
A blanket forms o'er all the earth;
And Christmas-tide, it doth surround
Each heart with happiness and mirth.

Let us remember this bright day,
And truly in our minds believe,
And find great joy along life's way;
To give is better than receive.

Another year draws to a close;
The old year quickly passes on,
And we may rest in sweet repose
With grateful hearts, forgetting wrong.

WILSON E. BABCOCK.

Review=ing Books

WANTON MALLY

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Doubleday and Doran, 1932

IN Booth Tarkington's latest book, "Wanton Mally", the casual observer might be led to believe that the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire" had attempted to write another romance of a similar type and period. However, this book "Wanton Mally" is a novel of a more serious nature. A true historical novel rests its claims on fast and furious action, colorful characters, and important personages of its day. This book, then, is not strictly a historical novel. Mr. Tarkington has attempted a rather technical character analysis, and the ending, while somewhat foreseen, may surprise you.

The principal players in the story are the Chevalier de Champvollon, an exiled Frenchman; Mistress Jenny Wilmot, a wealthy, reckless, irresponsible English beauty of the Court of "Charles the Merry"; and Tom Colpoys, a former lover of Jenny Wilmot, who has fled from London to forget her.

The action of the story takes place almost wholly on a lonesome, desolate moor near the sea. The "Mally" is the name of a road on which the characters travel back and forth in the dense fog, trying to escape from the bloodhounds of the King's men. The Chevalier and Jenny Wilmot finally take refuge in the house of Tom Colpoys, and the book reaches its climax at this point.

To the reader is left the decision whether or not this book is an important contribution to literature. The characters, it seemed to me, were overdrawn and unsympathetic. The actions of the heroine were, in face of the fact that she was regarded as an extremely intelligent and clever woman, decidedly stupid. The hero, while dashing enough to suit the most romantically inclined, is, after all, rather minor in importance to Tom Colpoys, an older man and a somewhat tragic figure. Flashes of the famous Tarkington humor are interspersed throughout the story, and there is one wholly amusing humorous character, Brunnage by name, who will provide any reader with many hearty laughs.

CHARMIAN, LADY VIBART

JEFFERY FARNOL

Little, Brown and Company, 1932

WHENEVER one sets out to read a book by Jeffery Farnol, he should leave out the idea of finding exciting, intricate plots. However, if one is looking for sheer entertainment, for solid, comfortable reading, and pure enjoyment of the mental, he can do far worse than peruse Farnol. The author of "Charmian, Lady Vibart" is unique in his field. The secret of his marvellous poetic-prose writing will probably die with him. He is a romanticist of the purest order, and is sentimental without seeming wordy and tiresome.

The book, itself, is comparatively unimportant in the field of literature, but Mr. Farnol dominates the book so largely with his personality that it can no more go unnoticed than Mr. Farnol's greatest work, "The Broad Highway." Twenty-one years ago Mr. Farnol startled the literary world with his initial story concerning the lovely Charmian and the sturdy Peter Vibart.

Today, on the bookstands, the sequel containing many of the characters of the first book, appears to enthrall us once more. There is, of course Charmian, the heroine and the central figure of this story; as well as her husband, Peter, the former blacksmith's assistant, and now of the titled nobility; and a host of delightful minor characters. On the scene struts a new figure, Richard Vibart, the son of Charmian and Peter. Combining the courage and fortitude of Peter, and the daring brilliance of Milady Charmian, he becomes embroiled in a duel, falls in love in a very strange fashion indeed, and is extricated only by the quick wits and brains of his charming mother. The story, once started, moves very fast and sweeps headlong into a crashing climax. Many times is Charmian in danger, for never in the intervening years, has she lost that beuaty that once made her the "reigning toast of her day", and which is destined to make her the "toast of London" once again. It is an excellent book and an absorbing tale.

RAYMOND MCCAFFREY.

G. A. A.

HELLO everybody! Isn't this gingery weather just too exhilarating? It keeps the team on its toes, too.

As I (to forget the editorial "we" for a moment) write this article, a thought comes to me. I wonder how many non-members read this column. I also wonder how many non-members are interested in the activities of their more athletically-minded sisters. After all, the G. A. A. is just one representative part of the great whole, and it seems to me that the rest of the group ought to find some interest in looking on, if not in participating in, the affairs of the organization. How many non-members attend our basketball games? I, for one, have never observed an overwhelming majority present, though as a matter of fact, it is the duty and should be the pleasure of every member of our school to attend such functions. We do not ask you to support the G. A. A. We do ask you to support your basketball team, to uphold the glory and traditions of your school, and to show due loyalty toward your classmates who make such a thing possible. Not a very difficult request to comply with, is it?

We will not venture a guess on whether or not the initiation was a success. 'Tis very strange, but our members always have a difference of opinion on that score! Sufficient to say, the ordeal (?) was finished, and, as far as we know, everyone survived. So be it!

The initiation door committee consisted of the following members: Barbara Fox, Marguerite Erickson, Julia Peers, Dorothy Frye, Catherine Donahue, Josephine Lukas, Catherine Kilfoyle, Eva LaPore, and Hazel Mansfield.

Despite one postponement, two deluges, the presidential election, the depression, and a few other minor obstacles, we held our barn dance, and are happy to report that it was a success. A large throng of joyous members attended, and disported themselves to the utmost.

No little credit for the success of the entertainment is due to the skill and artistry of the Decorations Committee, consisting of: Mildred McNally, Georgia Greene, Elizabeth Nicolette, Ruth Burns, Leila Larson, and Madeleine Sullivan. The Refreshment Committee, under Mary McDonough, Edna Taylor, Dorothy Cummings, Jean Branscombe and Olga Culolias, also worked hard for the success of the celebration.

It gives us pleasure to report that Mr. Cleveland, Mr. J. Danehy, and Mr. Foley honored us with their presence at the dance.

Both costume prizes went to Sophomores. Helen Hanson won the prize for the most original costume, while Florence Duane won the award for the most mirth-provoking costume.

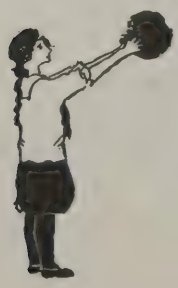
We wish to thank the two young gentlemen who so kindly devoted their pianistic talents toward the success of the entertainment. We also wish to thank Mr. Fitzgerald, who arrived after the entertainment, and purchased a goodly supply of the remaining refreshments.

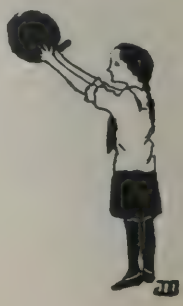
Our annual Thanksgiving baskets, consisting of foodstuffs donated by members, were delivered the day before Thanksgiving. They were distributed to needy families designated by the Welfare League.

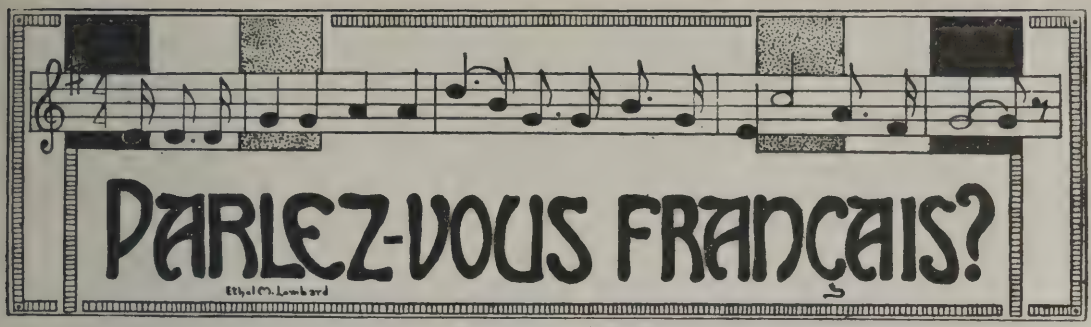
On November 30, the freshmen and sophomores opened the basketball season with six non-championship games! The quarters were limited to four minute periods, so the games were not so long as might be expected. Nevertheless, what they lacked in duration of time they made up for in nerve and spirit, and the hullabaloo constantly emanating from the sidelines gave some idea of the feeling of friendly rivalry existing between the two teams. Scores are as follows: First game — Freshmen 10, Sophomores 0. Second game — Freshmen 12, Sophomores 2. Third game — Sophomores 28, Freshmen 0. Fourth game — Sophomores 8, Freshmen 6. Fifth game — Sophomores 4, Freshmen 4. Sixth game — Sophomores 8, Freshmen 2. Winifred Burns refereed, while Marie Camerind was the official timer. The scoring was done by Alice Smith.

Adios! Au revoir! Auf Wiedersehn! S'long!

RUTH FREEMAN, '33.







ATTENTE DE L'HIVER

Bientôt nous verrons la terre effrayée
Toute blanchâtre sous cette voute d'azur;
Bientôt nous sentirons une belle clarté
Toute fraîche et pure.

Sans doute, cette beaté neuve ne peut rester,
Elle évanouit, disparatîtra —
Sans doute, aussi, meme que l'année passée,
Elle reviendra.

JEANNETTE EYRE.

AU SUJET DES LIVRES

Un des meilleurs divertissements de la vie vient de la lecture des livres. Tout le monde aime à lire malgré le type de livre, pas parce qu'en lisant on s'instruit, mais surtout parce que cet emploi fournit beaucoup de plaisir. Quelques gens préfèrent des livres qui traitent de la mer, d'autres trouvent bon le sujet de voyager, et puis encore, il y en a ceux-là qui dérivent du plaisir dans des histoires descriptives et romanesques. La plupart, évidemment, est le plus souvent attirée par le type dernier, car, comme tout le monde le sait, ce type est le moins difficile à comprendre. Naturellement les romans ne sont pas si éducatifs ni instructifs que d'autres, histoires, mais quand son esprit est fatigué, et quand on n'a guère assez d'énergie pour remasser un livre à lire, un livre simple en style, mais encore rempli d'action saississant donne un effet addoucissant sur l'esprit épuisé. Dans ses libres moments, cependant, on devrait toujours essayer d'obtenir la qualité de litérature plus élevée parce qu'elle donne l'avantage inestimable d'apprendre comment se concentrer.

FRANCIS PROCITO.

LE PLUS GRAND PAQUEBOT

La "Normandie", le plus grand paquebot de tous les grands bateaux l'on ait jamais mis à l'eau, va à l'eau aujourd'hui à St. Nazaire, France. En connection avec la cérémonie, il n'y aura aucune difficulté légale en trouvant une bouteille de vin avec quoi on baptisera le bateau énorme, qui peut prouver aussi le plus rapide des lévriers océaniques.

Plus qu'aucune rivale, la "Normandie" sera un village en mer, non seulement un hôtel à flôt. Outre les traits usuels d'un paquebot de luxe, elle s'équipe d'une chapelle, d'un garage, d'un théâtre, d'un hôpital, et des rues avec les boutiques. Au bout de la passerelle se trouve une Paris en miniature.

MARY E. RANKIN.

GLOUCESTER, LE QUATRE NOVEMBRE

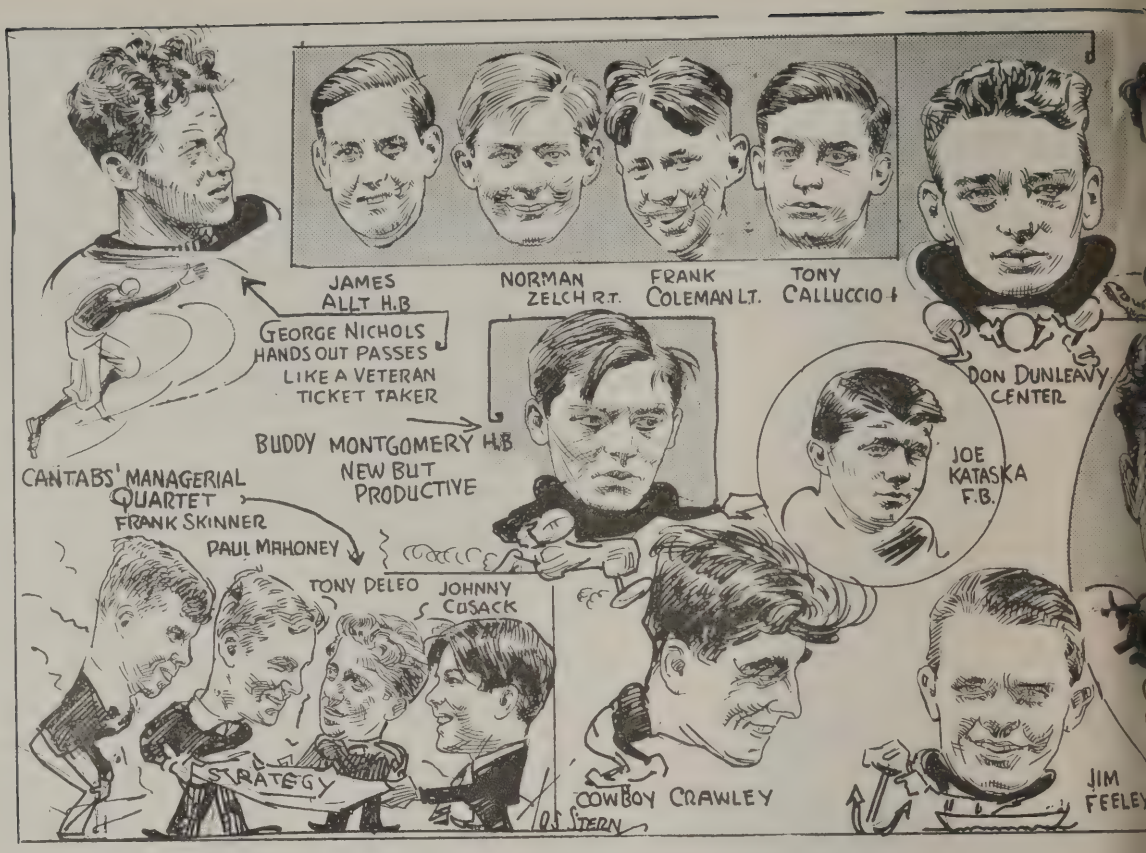
Le Capitaine Howard Blackburn, connu des marins autour du monde pour son exploit héröique de l'an dix huit cent quatre vingt trois quand pour cinq jours *amers* de Janvier il ramait une dorée des "Grand Banks" à la côte, et pour deux traversées subséquents de l'Atlantique, est mort aujourd'hui chez lui, numéro 289 Main Street après ume longue maladie, âgé de soixante ans.

Incontestablement le meilleur rameur de l'histoire de Gloucester, la perte de tous les doigts des deux mains ne lui empêcha pas de naviguer en Europe, lui seul, en dix-huit cent quatre-vingt neuf et encore une fois en dix-neuf cent et un, deux voyages qui sont devenues les histoires reçues parmi les matelots dans les ports du monde.

Les milliers des visiteurs d'été lui ont entendu raconter ses expériences, que l'on a incorporées dans un livre, il y a quelques ans.

POLLY POMEROY.

(*Continued on page 19*)



WORTHY CANT

Reproduce

CAMBRIDGE 6 BROOKLINE 0

Latin won its first Suburban League game this season by defeating Brookline by one touchdown. Latin clearly outplayed its rival and had a few good scoring chances, but the team could not capitalize on them because of Brookline's sturdy defense.

In the first period Crawley intercepted a Brookline pass and ran it back to the Brookline 35 yard stripe. After three line rushes, which gained little, Crawley threw a pass to Maguire for a first down on the 18 yard line. Latin advanced to about the 6 yard line, but here the attack was stopped. An incomplete forward pass in the end zone after the kick gave Brookline the ball on its own 20.

Latin took the ball on the Brookline 30 yard stripe. Two line rushes by Crawley and Carchia netted a first down near the 20. Then, after Latin had lost 12 yards on a fumble, Crawley tossed a flat pass to Kataska, who was downed on the Brookline 4 yard line for a first down. On the third rush, Crawley dove over for the score. The try for the point failed.

Throughout most of the game, Latin was playing in Brookline territory, but the team was stopped when they came near the enemy's goal. In the fourth quarter J. Carchia intercepted two Brookline passes, thus preventing Brookline from scoring.

For Latin, Maguire played a fine game at end, while Johnson made many of the tackles. The whole line played well when their support was needed most. In the backfield, Crawley and Carchia were outstanding. Swartz was the best player for Brookline.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	BROOKLINE
Fitzgerald, Hindle, le	le, Agurkis
Petrusionis, Healey, lt	lt, Levine
Johnson, lg	lg, Harding
Dunleavy, c	c, Litman, Sullivan
Murphy, Montgomery, rg	rg, Berman
Feeley, rt	rt, Bines
Maguire, re	re, Ford
Crawley, qb	qb, Swartz, Brennier
J. Carchia, lhb	lhb, Conaty, Broadhurst
McKeever, rhb	rhb, Lewenstein, McCaffrey
Kataska, fb	fb, Polina

Touchdown: Crawley.
Officials: Daly, Redden, Kiley.

L. S. WARRIORS!

e *Boston Herald.*

LAWRENCE 13 CAMBRIDGE 2

Latin was defeated at Memorial Stadium by Lawrence, a team which was able to take advantage of the breaks of the game. Latin was greatly outweighed by the heavier Lawrence line.

In the first period, after the kick-off, Lawrence scored a touchdown by advancing about 60 yards with consistent gains. The score came when Medlinskas threw a short pass to Savage, who went over the line. Hanley made the extra point by a rush through tackle.

Latin outplayed Lawrence in the second quarter, due mostly to Crawley's fine punting. His kicks carried for long distances and helped Latin considerably. In this period Lawrence, after receiving a punt deep in its territory, tried to get through to the Cantab line, but gained very little. Then Captain Johnson broke through to block the Lawrence punt on about the 10 yard line, but Robichaud fell on the ball in the end zone for a safety.

In the third period, Johnson blocked another Lawrence punt, and Maguire, Latin right end, fell on it at the 1-foot Lawrence line. But here Latin failed to click. After three tries had failed to make the touchdown and the ball was on the 6 yard line, Latin chose to kick a field goal, which was blocked.

Lawrence made its other score when, after about a 40 yard advance, Medlinskas plunged through center and over the line.

For Latin, Johnson's work in the line, and Crawley's punting were exceptional. Lawrence has a wonder in Medlinskas.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	LAWRENCE
Fitzgerald, Hindle, le.	le, Pappalardo, Garrison, Ostrom
Petrusionis, lt	lt, Hanley, Rosenberg
Johnson, lg	lg, Turner, Calnan
Dunleavy, c	c, McCann, McKenna
Murphy, rg	rg, Fingleton, Schuler
Feeley, rt	rt, Samis, Derby
Maguire, re	re, Bush, Austin
Crawley, qb	qb, Savage, Murphy
J. Carchia, Sahlnier, lhb	lhb, Wade, Gaidis, Higgins
McKeever, Allt, rhb	rhb, Robichaud, Lisaukas
Kataska, fb	fb, Medlinskas

Touchdowns: Savage, Medlinskas.

Point after touchdown: Hanley. *Safety:* Robichaud.

Officials: Murray, Patten, W. Dempsey.

KEITH ACADEMY 7 CAMBRIDGE 0

The favored Latin team was defeated by a scrappy Keith eleven, which made the only score of the game with a beautiful forward pass, coupled with a long run.

Latin showed a glaring lack of that extra punch necessary at critical moments. Although Latin outplayed and outrushed its opponents, our team was stopped often within the 20 yard line by the Keith men, who showed a stubborn defense when the goal was threatened.

The first period passed without any advantage for either side. But in the second quarter McGuane threw a long pass to Crowley, the wide-awake Keith end who ran 40 yards in a broken field for a touchdown. McGuane kicked the point. The game ended without further scoring.

Many fumbles were made in this game on both sides, and although Latin capitalized on several of the enemy's errors, our team made several costly mistakes too. Latin was far behind Keith in punting, although the Cantabs made more first downs than their opponents.

J. Carchia, Latin's shifty halfback, made most of the gains through the Keith line and backed up the Latin line in great style. McGuane was easily the best player for Keith Academy.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	KEITH ACADEMY
Fitzgerald, Hindle, le	le, Hickery, Roth, Crowley
Petrusionis, lt	lt, Willey, Qualey, McDonald
Johnson, lg	lg, Fleming,
Dunleavy, c	c, O'Neill
Murphy, Montgomery, rg	rg, Grondin
Feeley, rt	rt, McGuirk
Maguire, re	re, Omelia
Crawley, qb	qb, McGuane
J. Carchia, lhb	lhb, Eastham
McKeever, Allt, rhb	rhb, Kelley
Kataska, Kyrikos, fb	fb, Walsh, Stowell,

Score: Keith Academy 7 — Cambridge 0.

Touchdown: Crowley. *Point after Touchdown:* McGuane. (drop kick).

Referee: Markham.

B. C. HIGH 2 CAMBRIDGE 0

In a bitterly contested struggle, Latin lost by the narrow margin of 2 points to a strong B. C. High team. Neither team was able to show a consistent offensive and consequently both teams displayed a strong defense.

In the second period, Latin's defense tightened, and B. C. High was held for downs on the Latin 3 yard line, after a 40 yard march down the field. McKeever, after receiving a poor pass from center, was tackled behind the line by three B. C. High men. This safety was the deciding factor of the game.

Throughout the rest of the game Latin played defensively, with Crawley doing the punting. In the line, Feeley, Johnson, and Maguire played especially well in this game. J. Carchia did great work in backing up the line, while Crawley helped considerably with his kicking.

A bright feature of the game was the first appearance of the new Latin Band, which drew applause from both sides.

This game with B. C. High was the last for many; Johnson, Boucher, Carchia, Feeley, Fitzgerald, McKeever, Kyrikos, and Petrusionis, all fine players, will not be with the team next year. However, Cambridge will have several seasoned veterans back next fall, and there are others to fill the gaps.

Latin has ended a rather unsuccessful season, with only two victories out of the many games it has played. Our men were fine players, but they were unable to work together at times. Next year, we may have greater success. Let's hope so, anyway!

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	B. C. HIGH
Fitzgerald, Hindle, Gallucio, le	le, Kovel, Riley
Petrusionis, Healey, lt	lt, McKenna
Johnson, lg	lg, Tintle
Dunleavy, Barry, c	c, Driscoll
Montgomery, Murphy, Joswicki, Zelch, rg.,	rg, Teasdale, Lotterman
Feeley, rt	rt, Crowley
Maguire, Nudorf, Ronzio, re	re, Hickey, Marr
Crowley, qb	qb, Farwell
J. Carchia, A. Carchia, Sahlnier, lhb	lhb, Reardon
McKeever, Allt, rhb	rhb, Brown, Conlon
Kataska, Kyrikos, Melikos, fb	fb, Sweeney

Score: B. C. High 2, Cambridge 0.

Safety: Crawley.

Officials: Kelliher, Kelley, O'Connell.

Mr. Dinsmore: "I should like a preparation of phenylisothiocynate."
Drug Clerk: "Do you mean mustard oil?"
Mr. Dinsmore: "Yes, I never can remember that name."

Mother: "Why were you punished in school today?"
John K.: "We were told to write an essay on the 'Result of Laziness' and I gave the teacher a blank sheet of paper."

Traffic Officer (stopping a car with a girl at the wheel): "Say, where's the fire?"
Virginia Gately: "In your eyes, you great big gorgeous patrolman!"

Ruth Burns: "How did you get banged up?"
Edith Fay: "Skiing."
Ruth: "What happened?"
Edith: "Couldn't decide which side of a tree to go around."

Miss Ruggli: "What is the common term for H_2SO_4?"
Blanche Berger: "I had it on the tip of my tongue a moment ago, but I can't think of it just now."
Miss Ruggli: "If you had it on the tip of your tongue a moment ago, you'd know it now. It's sulphuric acid."

Mistress: "Mary, when you wait on table tonight for my guests, please don't wear any jewelry."
Maid: "I have nothing valuable, ma'am, but I thank you for the warning."

R. Ritzau: "Vinnie, is it true that you use three pairs of glasses?"
V. Panunzio: "Yes, one pair for long sight, one pair for short sight, and the third to look for the other two."

John Gately: "What's on the radio?"
Alice Downey: "Oh, just a little dust."

Mildred Haigh (in geometry): "Miss Kelly, do we have to give *excuses* for the steps in the proof?"

Judge: "How far were you from this spot when these cars collided?"
Joe Dubé: "Twenty-two feet and nine inches."
Judge: "How do you know it was exactly that distance?"
Joe: "Because I measured it, thinking some fool might ask me the distance."

"Good morning, sir! Will you take a chair?"
Installment Collector: "No, thank you ma'am. I've come to take the radio."

Shipwrecked Professor: "In my own country, you ignorant fools, I'm regarded as a man of letters."
Cannibal King: "Good! We'll make you into alphabet soup."

"Lady," said the policeman, who had motioned her to stop, "how long do you expect to be out?"
"What do you mean by that question?" Virginia Kelly demanded indignantly.
"Well," he replied sarcastically, "there are a couple of thousand other motorists who would like to use this street after you get through with it."

Freshman: "Is there any room to study in here?"
Senior: "Yes."
Fresh: "Give me a seat."
Senior: "Sorry, but there aren't any high-chairs."

Teacher (showing picture of places of interest): "It was in that room that Lord Wellington received his first commission."

Norman Adelson (suddenly interested): "How much was it?"

"You can't hang a man with a wooden leg in America."

"You can't!"

"Oh no — You need a rope!"

Mrs. Justwed: "I want some lard."

Grocer: "Pail, madam?"

Mrs. Justwed: "No, dark, if you please. I'm going to make some gingerbread."

X is the Roman notation for ten.
X is the mark of illiterate men.
X is a ruler removed from the throne.
X is a quantity wholly unknown.
X may mean Xenon, a furious gas.
X is a ray of a similar class.
X mas is Christmas, a season of bliss.
X in a letter is good for a kiss.
X is for Xerxes, a monarch renowned.
X marks the spot where the body was found.

Heard in Latin V (not I)

Virgil's chief poems are called the *"Gorgons"*.
The river Styx was a kind of Pluto water.

Mr. Derry: "Carolyn, can you tell me the Latin verb 'to swim'?"

C. Wicker: "No."

Mr. Derry: "Correct."

In English C. P.

Miss Butler: "No, I can't see you during the lunch period. I have to to go assembly."

J. Eyre: "Oh, you can skip it. It is not going to be interesting."

Miss Butler: "Oh! I'm to speak."

Matilda Lichter: "Why do football players have to be such great big men?"

Esther Wexler: "Because in these modern stadiums, the spectators are so far away they couldn't see little ones."

Miss Conlan: "Where are the back stairs in your house?"

Mary S.: "Running up to the bathroom."

Dude's Dictionary

Rodeo — Used for listening to broadcasts.
Mare — Head of a city.
Colt — What you catch from sitting in a draft.
Ranch — Sort of a tool.
Cattle — A pot used for cooking.

Teacher: "Robert Burns wrote 'To a Fieldmouse'."

Mahan (from rear of room): "Did he get an answer?"

Alice Downey (excitedly): "Do you know that Mr. Doyle has never seen a horse?"

Mrs. Downey: "How do you know that?"

Alice: "Well, he told us to draw something, and I drew a horse, and he didn't know what it was."

Soph: "Please, Mr. Elbery, ought I to be punished for something I haven't done?"

Mr. Elbery: "Certainly not!"

Soph: "Then I haven't done my history."

J. Carchia (in history): "They sent Andrew Jackson down to dress their grievances on."

G. Emerson: "Don't you ever use toothpaste?"

R. McCaffrey: "Why should I, when I haven't any loose teeth?"

Teacher: "How is it that you have written only ten lines on 'Milk' when I asked for several pages?"

Helen Dugan: "I wrote on Condensed Milk."

Big Edwin Packard cranked a Liz,
Brake wasn't set, so he got his.

Barbara Ingalls: "I don't see how football players ever get clean."

Helen Delaney: "Silly! What do you suppose the scrub teams are for?"

Mr. Elbery: "What did you say your name was?"

New Student: "Alexazabudofznephrsonlzmn."

Mr. Elbery: "How do you spell it?"

New Student: "Just as it sounds."

Physics Teacher (discussing the impurities of the air): "What goes into the air when a Ford car goes over a dusty road?"
Franklin Coleman: "The people!"

Feeley: "What happened to that girl I saw you with the other night?"
Canney: "Oh, I asked to see her home, and she said she would send me a picture of it."

Mrs. Dunn: "Correct the following sentence: 'It was me who broke the window'."
John Miller: "It wasn't me who broke the window."

Mrs. Colson (in Physics): "The cream in the milk is much lighter than the milk itself."
Bernie Kamins: "If that is a fact, why does it take so much milk to hold up to little cream?"

Teacher: "Translate: 'Haec in Gallia est importontus'."
Laurence Mullin: "Hike into Gaul; it is important."

Anna Regan: "I haven't slept for days."
Helen Langton: "What's the matter?"
Anna: "I sleep at night."

Miss Lynch (in U. S. History): "What follows States' Rights?"
Rundlet: "Nullification and Secession."
Miss Lynch (a moment later): "Who said it?"
Voices: "Rundlet."

"Haven't seen Sandler for nearly twenty years. Does he still part his hair in the middle?"
"Oh, yes, but the part is about five inches wide."

Gypsy: "I tella your fortune, mister."
John Knight: "How much?"
Gypsy: "Twenty-five cents."
John Knight: "Correct. Howd'ya guess it?"

Judge: "Guilty or not guilty?"
Prisoner: "Not guilty!"
Judge: "Were you ever in jail before?"
Prisoner: "No, Your Honor. I never stole anything before."

"Isn't it hard," said the landlady, "to think that this poor lamb was cut down in its youth to satisfy our appetites?"
"Yes," replied the unhappy boarder at the end of the table. "It is tough!"

Frosh (to substitute teacher): "Would you mind if I digressed a moment, to ask a question about today's lesson?"

Speaking of Unemployment!

"I've been discharged," said the gun.
"And I'm going to strike," said the clock.
"I'm working too much," said the keg of cider.
"Yes, and I'm tired," grumbled the auto wheel.
In fact, the only thing that seemed to be enjoying itself was the garden hose, and that was playing on the lawn.

Tim Galvin: "How near were you to the answer?"
Hugh Dodge: "Only two seats away."

Current Movies and Plays

"Too Busy To Work" ..... *P. G.'s*
"Walk A Little Faster" ..... *In the Corridor*
"Maedchen in Uniform" ..... *Girls' Gym Classes*
"Face the Music" ..... *Report Card Nights*
"Harvest Moon" ..... *The well-worn zero*

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

(*Continued from page 13*)

LA FRANCE BATIT

Louis quatorze, roi de France au dix-septieme siècle bâtit la plus grande structure de ce pays quand il fit commencer le palais à Versailles, destiné à être toujours un souvenir de sa ligne royale.

Le seul rival à ce palais se dresse maintenant à Cherbourg, devant l'eau. C'est un édifice vaste et extrême, conçu pour recevoir les touristes du monde, surtout des Etats-Unis. Au lieu de la royauté, cependant, il commémore la largesse du touriste Américain. Car, sur la tour, le plomb de la ville, New-York, sera bosselé, pour saluer les Américains arrivants.

BLANCHE BERGER.

On annoncera bientôt un contrat entre la France et la Suisse, par lequel, en se servant des eaux de lac Leman, le grand fleuve Rhône, Mississippi de France, deviendra encore plus grand.

Par ce contrat les eaux du lac, dont Byron célébrait les louanges en "Childe Harold", servaient, harnachées, pour donner plus de force au rapide Rhône à ses étendues plus hautes, et cette force, à son tour serait prise pour fournir de l'énergie hydraulique pour la France de l'Est. La Suisse aussi profiterait de l'utuilisation de la force engendrée.

EVELYN WHELDEN.

Spots Are HERE!!!
I say! Do freshmen really believe in Santa?
Rainy Days Are Here Again
G.E.T.
Sat Evening Post
Life
Our new freshmen are well-read. Are they?
WHAT DID HE LEAVE FOR YOU?
LEAGUE TITLE FOR HOCKEY TEAM
AN APPLE FOR MR. BRAMHALL
UNIFORMS FOR THE BAND
FOR THE FROSH
NEW JOKES FOR THE REVIEW
JOE MILLER
DESK FOR PG
TRUCK FOR JORDAN'S
ED QUINN AT ASSEMBLY
CAVIAR IN LUNCHROOM
A WIG FOR FEELEY
MORE TICKETS SOLD FOR HOCKEY GAMES
GOOD MARKS FOR ALL FROM TEACHER
SUPPLIES FOR ALL
IT'S ALL OVER NOW
RINDGE
MARBLE HEAD 8-6
BROOKLINE 6-0
MARY JORDAN'S BUS
RUSSELL FIELD
J. THOMAS
DEPRESSION NOTE —
FOUND HIM TAKING INSTEAD OF LEAVING THINGS!

EXCHANGES

TINKLE! Tinkle! Tinkle! Can it be sleigh bells we hear? Yes, they are, and here comes dear old Santa himself with his pack full of surprises. Hello, Santa Claus! My! But we are glad to see you again. We had just about given you up, and the "Review" would have been minus its exchange column. Good-bye, Santa! Come again next year. Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkle, there he goes. Now, let us open our Christmas package of school papers and see what is in it.

"The Punch Harder"
Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.

Congratulations on your excellent magazine! "Fashions" by Pip is one of the cleverest articles that we have read this year. The "Rostrum" is a grand column, and the author deserves much credit. Your advertising staff must work overtime to produce such an excellent display of advertisements.

"The Sagamore"
Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

You have apparently collected much interesting material for your paper. First, we wish to commend the story, "Solitude". Besides, the athletic column is well-written and is very interesting. We hope that your celebration of Sir Walter Scott's anniversary was a huge success.

"The Sea Chest"
Nantucket High School, Nantucket Island, Mass.

Your magazine is worthy of high praise. The article on Pasteur is extremely interesting. Your departments are well arranged, and the delicate sprinkling of snappy jokes adds much to the enjoyment of your paper.

"The Racquet"
Portland High School, Portland, Maine.

We draw a sigh of joy and relief after reading "Just a Dog", because we have been waiting for an animal story. We hope there will be more stories of that type in the school magazines. The cover of your magazine is most appropriate for Thanksgiving.

"The Red and Black"
Dorchester High School for Boys, Dorchester, Mass.

What an interesting, thrilling story "The Sombrero" is! It carries us off in our imagination to Mexico. "Wit Twisters" is a new column to us. The originals baffled us so greatly that we turned to the answers on page twenty in self defence. We should certainly like to interview Mr. Milton Braide, the musical genius. To be able to play on fifty-seven musical instruments with equally remarkable skill is an extraordinary feat.

"St. John's Concordia"
St. John's Prep School, Danvers, Mass.

Last but not least we come to the "Concordia", which in our estimation is one of the best magazines that we have received. Your essays, stories, poems, athletic notes, cartoons, jokes, and exchanges are without equal. In the literary department, we enjoyed "George Washington" and "Light Opera". Reading the editorial "On Easter Morning", we felt the desire in us to tell the same message to our friends. It was well worth reading.

ALUMNI

1932

Emily Whitman, the chairman of the Literary Staff of the Review last year, is a senior in the Lincoln School in Providence, R. I.

Charlotte Sherman, Helen Cox, and Ruth Clifford are attending Burdett Business College.

Olive Stockwood is enrolled at Bryant and Stratton.

Ruth Boreau is employed by the John Hancock Insurance Company.

Grinnel Jones is a freshman at Harvard.

Barbara Evers is attending the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

William Bookman is working in New York City.

William Bramley is attending Bentley's.

David and William Swisher are ushers at the University Theatre.

1931

Thomas Edison is attending Burdett.

Ita McCarthy and Katherine Pray are enrolled in the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Stacia Kirby is a sophomore at Emmanuel.

1930

Marjorie Leighton is a junior at the Massachusetts School of Art, while Irene Grace and Walter Roberts are sophomores there.

Catherine Haugh is a sophomore at Radcliffe.

Rebecca Leighton is attending the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

1929

Gretian Yatsevitch is a member of the fencing team at Harvard.

Gertrude Moakler is employed by the Crowell Publishing Company of Boston.

Alice Headberg is employed by the John Hancock Insurance Company.

Beatrice Evers and Wilhelmina Crawley are seniors at the Massachusetts School of Art.

Janet Wyeth is a senior at Miss Wheelock's School.

Ruth Campbell is an honor student and senior at Emerson.

Frances Butcher is employed in London, England.

Casimir Harris is a junior at Harvard.

Jack Hughes and Tim Crane are seniors at Harvard. Hughes is secretary of the Harvard Dramatic Club.

Harry Dolan is a freshman at Harvard.

Vincent Sorrentino is a junior at M. I. T.

Hugh Curry is a senior at Boston University, where he is specializing in music.

Alphonse Matursevitch is a member of the varsity basketball team at Harvard.

1928

Edmund Fiekers has attained the honor grade at Northeastern Engineering school.

John Nagle was graduated in June from Tufts with a degree of Bachelor of Science in Engineering.

Robert Dunn was a member of the graduating class from Harvard in June. He is now enrolled in the Harvard School of Business Administration.

Frances Overlock and John Turner, a graduate of M. I. T., were married this summer. They are living at Holden Green.

Catherine Boucher studied in Paris this summer on a scholarship awarded by Emmanuel College.

1927

Chester Sherman is a member of the "Techonians" Orchestra.

William Brooks, President of '27, completed his course at Harvard in June.

Ruth Flaherty is working for U. S. F. G. Insurance Company in Boston.

Harold Langley is working in the Widener Library, and is attending Bentley Night School of Accounting and Finance.

Joseph Trainor, a graduate of Holy Cross, is registered in the Harvard School of Business Administration.

1925

Roy Lamson is doing graduate work at Harvard.

F. Leroy Anderson is the director of the Harvard Band, and has received much praise in the public press for his work.

Richard Fitzmaurice is now employed by Fellows & Sons Casket Company.

John Murphy, former cross country champion, holder of the 1000-yd. record, and a graduate of Holy Cross, is teaching in the Central Trade School in Cambridge.

Among the Cambridge Latin boys at M.I.T., the following have attained high scholastic standing during 1931 - 1932, according to a report sent from Tech: Vincent Mooney, Daniel MacKillop, Newton Buerger, Maurice Green, Eugene Sullivan, Edward J. Walsh.

1924

Murdock Finlayson, recent Harvard track and football star, is doing graduate work at Harvard.

A LEGEND

The night that first the Christ-Child came
So humbly, to a haughty earth,
There was no herald to proclaim
His royal birth.

But shepherds from a lowly line
And holy monarchs from afar
Followed, unwavering, the sign —
A shining star.

And ever since, at Christmas-tide,
All Christian men who wish to know
Their Lord must seek again the star
Of long ago.

They search not only in the skies,
But in the candles lit again
For Him, and gleaming in the eyes
Of fellow-men.

And, though but few receive this grace,
For here the great are as the rest,
They are, who see the Christ-Child's face,
Supremely blessed.

JEANNETTE EYRE.

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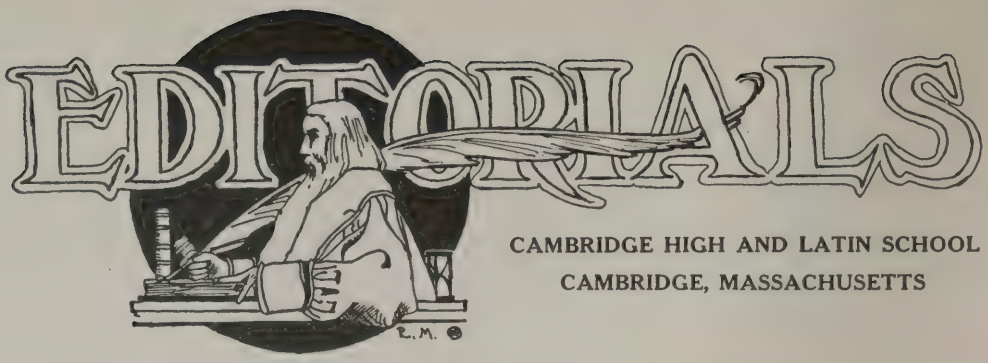


CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE SHORT STORY CONTEST

CONGRATULATIONS from the Review Staff, to Ruth Freeman whose "Shorty's Revenge" wins the prize offered for the upper classes, and to Harry Johnson, who receives the prize offered to the lower classes for his "Peter Linck". Honorable Mention goes to David Moore's "God's Country", and to "A Clear Case of Truancy," by Priscilla Johnson. What a task we had to decide among those four stories, all excellent! The other stories submitted show remarkable talent and ingenuity. Cambridge Latin has some budding authors, sure enough. We only regret that we cannot publish all the stories we received, but we are unable to do this on account of lack of space. We would like to give a prize to every contributor, but here are our thank-you's anyway. Keep up the good work, and better luck next time!

CALVIN COOLIDGE

OUR country has lost one of her most successful presidents, and one of her most eminent and distinguished men in Calvin Coolidge. He was a true American, first of all, but more especially, a true New-Englander, not only by birth, but by the qualities which made him famous: his silence, simplicity, and fortitude. Coolidge was known everywhere for his taciturnity, which began in his college days. Although he never spoke much of his policies or plans, he always had a very clear idea of what he was going to do. For example: he planned to marry his wife four years before he did, and during that time he said nothing to anyone of it! In fact, he did not tell her of his intentions until a week before their marriage!

This silence was a part of his extreme simplicity, which enabled him to get down to the level of the ordinary citizen, and view important government problems from that angle. It was this trait of his character that helped him to pass through the scandals and trying times after Harding's death, unsuspected of any complicity in these affairs, and enjoying the confidence of the public. But Coolidge's life had more than its share of trying times. Few people knew the sorrow he experienced at the death of his son in 1924. The only indication of his suffering, hidden by his courage and devotion to public affairs, was his words, "When he went, all the power and glory of the presidency went with him." His grief did not prevent him from carrying on his presidential duties, however, and this carrying on in the face of odds is what makes him a great president, or rather, a great American.

J. T.

DELIA M. STICKNEY

All friends of C. H. L. S. were sorry to hear of the death of Miss Delia M. Stickney, in Los Angeles, January first, for forty-one years a teacher in this school.

Soon after graduating from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology she came here to teach chemistry.

On her retirement in 1930, the school lost a faithful teacher, a broad-minded, scholarly woman, whose high standard of truth, honesty, and loyalty had a great influence upon her pupils.

FELIX ZIENKO, '33

Felix Zienko, a member of the Senior Class, died of pneumonia at his home, very suddenly, on January second. No mere words will serve to comfort his stricken parents, but the "Review" wishes, on behalf of the students and the faculty of the Cambridge High and Latin School, to extend to the father and mother of Felix Zienko its deepest and most sincere sympathy.

THE CLASSICAL LIBRARY

DID you know that Cambridge High and Latin is one of the few schools in the country which has a Library entirely devoted to the Classics? Ours had its beginning with a sum of money left by Edward Hopkins, although there was no C. H. L. S. then. By the way, Edward Hopkins had an interesting career. He was born in 1600 in England. After attending Harrow and Oxford, he became a merchant, and came to the Colonies in 1637. He was the governor of Massachusetts for alternate terms until 1654, when he returned to England. At his death in 1657, he left his money to many institutions here, establishing the fund supplying the Deturs at Harvard, and various other funds in New Haven, Hadley, and here in Cambridge. The town of Hopkinton is named after him, too. But let's return to the Library.

It has been increased since that early date, but it is largely during the last twenty years that the collection has been built up to any size. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Derry are chiefly responsible for the large number of volumes, as they have very generously been given a free hand in the Library by the present Trustees of the Fund, Judge Robert Wolcott, Professor William Greene, and Mr. Ingersoll Bowditch. Besides the works of all the important Latin authors, there are splendid histories, biographies, dictionaries of all kinds, magazines, about eight hundred slides which illustrate the life of the Roman citizen, the ancient mythology, and phases of Roman history, a collection of coins reproduced from the old Roman, and yes, even novels. Of these latter we found "A Friend of Caesar," a tale of the troublous times during the duel between Pompey and Caesar, "The Last Days of Pompeii," "The Unwilling Vestal," "A Slave of Cataline," "Beauty of the Purple," "The Standard Bearer," "With the Eagles," and "The Slave Prince," exceptionally worth while reading. Some of the newer books acquired by Mr. Derry are "Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire" by Rostovtzeff, "Rome and the Romans," which tells how the Romans lived, and "Dido, Queen of Hearts".

Books from the Library may be borrowed on a card which may be obtained from Mr. Derry, and book reports, given to the Latin teachers, will bring extra credit to those ambitious scholars.

In addition to the material gain to marks, however, you absorb a certain background which is extremely helpful in the comprehension of those famous Romans, Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil. So, if you are casting about for ways and means to get that elusive *E* in Latin, and a little culture easily gotten, the easiest path is through the Classical Library.

J. T.

THE SENIOR DRAMA

A LARGE attendance is expected at this year's Senior Drama, "Smilin' Through", by Allan Langdon Martin. The drama, directed by Miss Hartigan, is to be given in Brattle Hall on Friday evening, February 17. Tickets are 75c, and may be purchased through members of the Drama Committee. The cast is as follows:

THE PROLOGUE

Sarah Wayne	Alice Wheeler
Mary Clare	Ann Moran

THE PLAY

John Carteret	Lawrence Mullen
Dr. Owen Harding	Joseph Ricker
Ellen	Josephine Reardon
Kathleen Dungannon	Virginia Gately
Willie Ainley	John O'Leary
Kenneth Wayne	Franklin Coleman
Jeremiah Wayne	Franklin Coleman
Moonyeen Clare	Virginia Gately
Richard	Joseph Boucher
Edward	John Tynan
Peggy	Anne Roche
Alicia	Rosemary Brooks

DEBATE

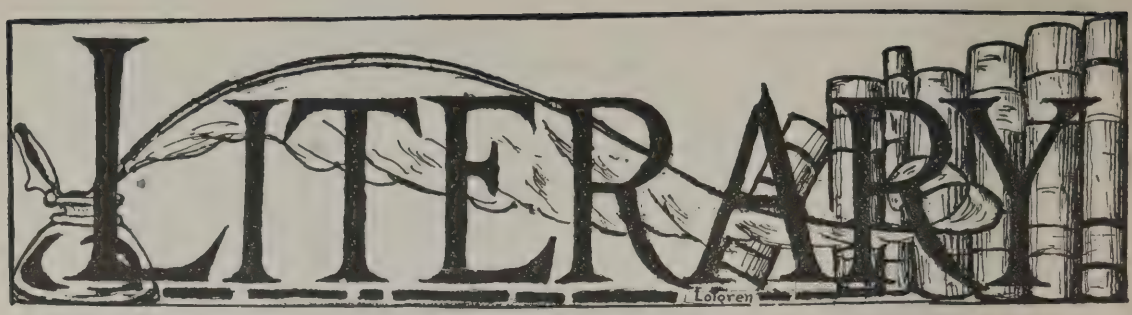
AS the "Review" goes to press, we learn that a debate has been arranged between the Cambridge High and Latin School and the Roxbury Memorial High School of Boston. The subject to be discussed is the cancellation of War Debts. The date tentatively set is February 21, 1933.

SENIOR CLASS HONOR ROLL

Third Marking Period

January 27. 1933

Abercrombie, Priscilla	McNally, Mildred
Barton, Marion	Martchurs, Nellie
Canning, Mary	Pittman, Jean
Clover, Marie	Pomeroy, Polly
Emery, Elaine	Power, Mary
Fredericksen, Dorothy	Ryan, Anna
Gardiner, John	Salashinsky, Olga
Georgekopoulos, Mary	Sheehan, Frances
Grace, Helen	Sparrow, Evelyn
Grady, Dorothy	Tevlin, Margaret
Hansis, Doris	Trementozzi, Anna
Hart, Eleanor	Tufenkjian, Rose
Kisik, Eleanor	Weisman, Albert
Lovett, Ellen	Wexler, Esther
McGowan, Mary	Wood, Greta



SHORTY'S REVENGE

Prize Story **— Upper Classes**

"SH-H Shorty!"

"Wh-what do you want?"

Shorty came scampering across the apron, out of breath, but smiling. It was his first day on the field, and he had determined to make a good impression.

"I say, Shorty, do me a favor - yeh?"

"Sure thing."

"Go over to Hangar C and get me a bucket of propeller wash."

"O. K."

Still breathless, Shorty sprinted for Hangar C. It was the farthest hangar down field, but that fact did not dampen Shorty's enthusiasm. A lad working his way through flying school must please the instructors of his company, if no one else.

All that day, Shorty looked for the "propeller wash", except, of course, when there was a job to be done, a spring to be greased, or a "club" turned. He even spent his lunch hour searching for the elusive material.

During the course of events, the fledgling learned that "propeller wash" was the most inconsistent of substances. The rapid way in which it changed hands was breathtaking. The strange places in which it *might* be found, such as on the roof of the administration building, or in the third left-hand closet of the Office of Meteorology, were most appalling. Finally, the mirthful demonstrations occasioned by the mere mention of its mystic name aroused Shorty's suspicions. Pulling his mechanic's handbook from his pocket, he retired from public view and rapidly perused the list of definitions. Suddenly his eye lit on the object of his secretive search.

"Propeller Wash — The slipstream, or current of air created by the propeller when — ".

Shorty closed the book. With his left hand on the greasy manual and his right arm extended vertically, he swore a solemn oath.

Shorty Emerson was the most stubborn young man Instructor Stanley had ever had the honor of teaching to fly. Instructor Stanley told Shorty that. Shorty agreed.

It was rapidly becoming the joke of the moment at the field. Even the mechanics became wise and winked knowingly when Stanley took his "all-time" student up for a jaunt. These actions, however, only served to heighten Stanley's ambitions. He had boasted of his prowess before the other pilots, and for five years had held true to his boast. Never had one of his pupils failed the flight-test. And now this stupid, balky little grease monkey was going to spoil his record!

Psychologically, he could not understand Emerson. The chap had seemed likeable when he first came to earn his tuition. Stanley wondered if the lad had been affected too deeply by his initiation. Then all his retrospections dissolved in laughter as he thought about the foolish errand he had entrusted to Shorty.

Stanley's success with his students was attributed to his final steel test — his grand "coup". The act wasn't difficult. It required nerve. In fact, the other pilots considered Stanley quite a hero for his famous deed, although at present his reputation was noticeably waning.

It was the day Shorty was given his weekly hour of instruction. The air was calm, the sky blue, with li tle wispy clouds hovering about the horizon. An ideal day for stunting, but Stanley did not intend for his student to have such an enjoyable afternoon. Today, Shorty was going to fly that plane back to the field, or — . Lieut. Stanley was resolute.

While the training ship was warming up, Stanley gave Emerson some last minute instructions.

"Remember, whatever I do, you follow through. If you would only emulate me, I guarantee you'd solo within a week."

"Yeh," answered Shorty, in his usual laconical manner.

As they walked toward the plane, Stanley viewed the boy. Somehow, he did not like that steely glitter in the chap's eye. It forbode something. Heavens, though, what was there to fear from a lad his age? And remember the time — Stanley chuckled as his memory carried him back to that first day and the propeller episode. Oh well, the fellow would eventually forget about

it. He had the ability to become a good pilot some day, if only — . The instructor gritted his teeth, made one last minute resolution, and climbed into the plane. Emerson followed, and, after adjusting the Sperry earphones that they might converse with one another, the two hostile gentlemen taxied their plane down the line, and took off.

After an hour in the air, Stanley was well pleased with his student's progress. The boy obeyed instructions. Above all, he emulated Stanley's every maneuver. With a smile of triumph, Stanley ordered his student to take charge of the controls. He then made preparations for his final stroke — the grand "coup".

Taking his control stick in both hands, he began to unscrew it. The act took only a moment of his time. Then, calling Emerson's attention to the rear cockpit, he waved the stick before the student's startled eyes, and then heaved it overboard!

The plane was dual-controlled no longer! Stanley, divested of his authority, viewed the student calmly.

Emerson turned, and apparently busied himself with the task before him. Stanley's face wreathed in smiles. Success at last. The boy was doing fine, and —

The plane began rocking fiercely to and fro. Something was wrong, but what could it be?

Before Stanley had time to determine the cause of the irregularity, the most startling thing of his career happened. Emerson turned, and crazily waved aloft his stick.

"Just emulating grandpa!" he yelled, and hurled the control feature overboard.

Stanley was stunned. The ship might spin at any moment.

"You fool, you!" he shrieked.

"Why don't you jump, darling?" answered the sweet subject in the forward cockpit.

"You can jump if you like," retorted the transport pilot. "I'm stickin'."

Emerson's expression changed. For a moment, amazement transfigured his features, then he grinned broadly.

"I'm with you, pal!" he yelled. Two hands reached over the space intervening between the two two cockpits, and for one brief moment interlocked.

Both heads bent within their respective cockpits. The plane assumed a normal attitude, and headed for its home field.

"Well, I landed it!" exclaimed Shortly, triumphantly, as the plane rolled to a halt.

"You — landed it?"

Sure. The old handbook brought us through that time. I ought to apologize for playing that trick though. Why, we might have been killed!"

"Oh, forget about it, son!"

"Forget about it? Huh! I saved your life, didn't I? Forget it? I will not. Come on, let's tell the boys."

The instructor unscrewed the emergency stick, and drew it from his cockpit. "To think," he muttered, "that that little idiot believes he flew the plane home." He bent the stick over his knee. and broke it. "If any of the boys found out I had this thing hidden away, I'd be ruined. But I wonder — ."

Curiously, he peered into the forward cockpit. What at first appeared to be a miniature control stick was a mechanic's handbook, neatly rolled and forced into the stick socket.

"Jehosophat! Flying a plane with a piece of paper, and I have to swear he did it. Well, I'll be — !"

RUTH FREEMAN, '33.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

When suddenly the news that he had died
Came, swift and dreadful as a pestilence,
The world stood dumb, as men who see
Ancient but strong, fall unexpectedly, a tree
And half distrust their senses' evidence:
So passed the whirling world, amazed and stupified.

So, too, as they in days which are ahead
Will gaze in sadness at the empty spot,
And think of all the years the tree stood here
In splendour all unnoticed; so we fear
The world, now thus perplexed and overwrought,
Will long in vain for him who now is dead.

JEANNETTE EYRE.

PETER LINCK

Prize Story — Lower Classes

IT was late at night, and the campus was dark and quiet; but from one of the dormitory rooms the confused sound of talking drifted into an empty passage. American students were discussing the war in Europe, a war that was as distant, unreal, and meaningless to most of them as the Five-Year-Plan is to the ordinary American students of today. Most of them being practical, materialistic, "wise" young men, the thought that they might be drawn into the distant, interesting turmoil did not enter their heads, as it might have entered the heads of children who by chance had been given equally graphic pictures of war. But it was natural that hypothetic situations were offered for discussion.

One young man, "Speaker" Hellman, a little jack-in-the-box who was studying law, said in his rapid speech: "Supposing that for justifiable reasons this country declared war on Germany, what would you do?" Remembering that these young men were preparing for intellectual pursuits, that their college education had given them a broader, more cosmopolitan viewpoint than most people have, that life is sweet, and, most important of all, that it is hard to exhort oneself to patriotism and the desire to kill, all merely on a supposition, we should not be surprised that a silence followed this question.

At length one big fellow, who was in college to gain athletic fame, said, "I'd go out and fight the Huns."

Gay, a lounging advertisement of New York's most exclusive and expensive clothes shop, spoke wearily, having removed a long mother-o'-pearl cigarette holder, containing a Russian brand, from his mouth: "I'd buy a captain's commission and a Boy Scout uniform, and ride to the front." He yawned, and looked at his wrist watch.

After a few approvals of one or the other of these two lines of action, those who had spoken looked inquiringly at the silent ones. "What do you say, George?" prompted one.

"But I don't believe in war," exclaimed George, instinctively assuming an argumentative, defensive attitude. Immediately, the heroes jeered at him from their perches of hypothetic heroism, and after an uncertain moment all but one of the hitherto silent ones joined them. George blushed, and became angry. He had opinions, but he could not find voice for them.

Then a tall, commanding figure, he who had spoken no word as yet, looked down, startled by the sudden outburst of derision. At the opening of the discussion he had listened quietly with the interest of an adult watching children play. After "Speaker's" question he had gradually lost interest as something grasped his mind, deadening the sound of the other's students' voices into another unimportant noise of life, endurable — nothing more, like the sound of automobiles horns in a street far below. His noble head had leveled, and a reverie-expression had stolen into his large, intelligent, medium brown eyes. His strong features tightened, and he sat detached, a thinking man with strong, well founded convictions, in appearance and in reality. As his train of thought developed, a slight raising of his right eyebrow indicated concern about something. Now that this tirade has aroused him, this man, Peter Linck, grasped the situation at once, mentally and physically, for he said, "Silence!" in a low, penetrating, calm tone. As if startled into silence by an unexpected clap of thunder, the young men abruptly ceased talking, and turned toward Peter with wonder and respect in their eyes. To all his fellows Peter Linck was an exceptionally calm, thoughtful, and isolated student. He was a senior, and during his three years — almost four — at college he had seemingly without effort won every prize offered for compositions in English, French, and German. Anything requiring meditation he was known to like, and he always won the admiration of his professors for his scholarly themes. What was least liked about him was his frankly expressed knowledge of his superiority. He was thought to be an egotist, when in reality, he was just unconventionally frank in his opinions of himself and the world. When he saw himself set in time and generations, he realized his insignificance, but compared with almost any other individual, he realized his greatness. He tolerated modesty in a man only when that man was looking at himself in the first light; he was irritated when an otherwise great man pretended modesty in the second light. And when a man looked at his figure in a mirror and was self-satisfied, Peter was not disgusted; he just mentally snapped his fingers.

Peter Linck's thought was influenced not a whit by the opinion of the mob, — for that is the term by which he signified every one else in the world, except a few other unknown men of his stamp, if they existed. His essays were free from all the conventional restraint of the other students; he formed an opinion, and if it had any bearing on the subject under pen, he set it down with no thought other than to phrase it in lucid language.

Peter was de ermined to influence, not to be influenced by, the mob. His future was planned: he would be a writing thinker. He would turn his mind and pen to tearing down and building up institutions, to making presidents and breaking would-be presidents. He was confident that he could become a leader of thought, both of the moment and of eternity. Already he was writing a book, planning to waste no time in gaining power. He was far from being an idealist: he knew the mob better than that; he knew that the world could be a fine place wi h the right leader, but he also foresaw the death of that leader and the subsequent decline in the world for want of an equally good shepherd. With the manifestations of these thoughts the men who faced him were familiar, but of the background itself, they were ignorant.

"Pardon me if I interrupt an intellectual discussion," began Peter ironically. "There is not one hypocrite among you who believes in war; yet every one present, every hyopcrite here, except George, professes that he does."

"But I say, Peter," drawled the foppish Gay, "we didn't say we believe in war. But are we advised to let ourselves be killed like dogs, with no show of spirit?"

"You are not so advised," said Peter coldly, "and as to your opinion regarding war, please remember that you at least, *appeared* to approve of it when you barraged George for saying that he did not.

"But since we are dealing with suppositions tonight, take one more:—

"Suppose that you were born sons of loyal followers of the Kaiser. Life goes on, and the good Kaiser decides to dramatize a game of chess, and, using boys like you as pawns, he marches on Paris. Soon he is happily involved in his little pleasure, and is drawing thousands of boys to his front — for he commands vaguely from well in the rear, and sits, an unseen ogre, while his generals perspire to make the game interesting. Meanwhile all of you are aware that the Kaiser is merely ambitious and selfish and power-crazed, and all of you are told by your best sense that war is barbarous, and tends to go backward, but, hustling with the rest of the mob, most of you join the rush and go out to glorious killing of fellow men for you know not what reason. . . . But some of you are cooler-headed, perhaps, and do not immediately run with intense patriotism to risk your lives to gratify the whim of a chess-player. Those who have gone have submitted their consciences and, many of them, the words of their God to what? A mere capricious king who is not fit to represent the great country he holds in his hands." Linck was proving himself a powerful speaker, and he easily kept his knot of listeners following his mind. He continued: "Those who have remained have proved themselves stronger than their fellows. But wait! They have not yet been tested. These remaining sons of the Fatherland — strong, healthy-looking young men — are walking through the streets of an aroused country. Everywhere they are stared at and pointed at. 'Why isn't that young man in the army?' people say to one another. You — supposing you to be this stronger set — instinctively feel this antagonism, and as you walk abroad, you keep your eyes on the ground, and blush to hear the women, your schoolmates, and the enlisted men home on leave, your former friends, whisper about you and question your manhood. You bear this unpleasant, uncertain state of affairs for a time, meanwhile being forced to part in spirit from all your former friends, until at length opinions about you are passed more openly, and your lives are made even more miserable. At last you scrap your principles in despair, and precipitate yourself into the pit of human weakness, and gladly increase the death rate. You will then have proved yourselves physically brave enough and morally cowardly. None of you approves of war, but every one of you joins a movement to cause war.

"There is only one person in this room who, placed in the circumstances I have described, could stand coolly for his principles. I am that man." There was a murmur of disgust in the room. "But wait," said Peter calmly, staying them, "I have something more to say. Sometimes it is necessary to go to war, in order to protect life and liberty. In that case, go to war and fight, for to the ordinary man nothing is more important than liberty and health. For myself, I will voluntarily go to war in no case, because I can be of much greater service in another capacity, in a Thomas Paine way. I intend to turn an evil into a blessing. In the future I shall strive to make the moral cowardice of politicians, for instance, my greatest weapon. Every one in the world is a leader, and every one in the world is a follower. You all unconsciously influence one another, and you all are unconsciously influenced by one another. . . ." Here the speaker's voice grew deeper: "It is my purpose to remain apart from this foolery. But again I say, defend your country against offenders, and thereby justify your existence. . . .

"Now I am greatly troubled, for I observe that Germany has become cocky, and that if England and France fail to drain this conceit, and it looks as though they will, this country will

be drawn into the Kaiser's chess game. I should not greatly fear for my life, were it staked that most of you will be running to trenches within a year, but worse, I see a draft and my future sliding. . . ."

America at last declared war on the Central Powers, and the War Giant raged through the factories and colleges, plucking factory hands and students from their benches and setting them into a strange life. Gay, "Speaker", the athlete, and George volunteered along with every one else who had been in that room that night, except Peter Linck. Peter took time from his work to smile to himself. He had stopped working on his book, and was devoting his time to writing calls to arms and publishing them under pen names. He had become widely known as "Roger Rompers". Hundreds were enlisting because of his flaming pen.

Then came the draft. And Peter Linck was called to service.

Peter Linck desired intensely to live, but he was not afraid to die. What he fought against fiercely in his mind was dying for nothing, uselessly. Moreover, he was intensely noble in his desire to help the mob, which, though he scorned it, is composed, he knew, of lovers of life, of many who sacrifice their happiness for others. He had seen himself as a thinker-guide of the intellectually inferior but, generally speaking, good mob. He thought that he was a genius — that with his combination of unbounded frankness, profound mind, and carefully gained mastery of language, he could easily sway that mob.

He regarded his entrance into the army as a form of useless suicide. However, he donned the uniform and, holding his head high, marched to what he instinctively *knew* to be his death, a very unenviable death to one of his caliber, he was only too well aware. . . .

HARRY MORTON JOHNSON.

MOURNFUL TRIOLET

For the fifty-first time
I've unknotted my tie.
Such absurd pantomine
For the fifty-first time!
While the bed-post was fine
At the very first try,
For the fifty-first time
I've unknotted my tie.

JEANNETTE EYRE.

ON CLOCKS

WHEN I have a house of my own I shall have in it innumerable clocks, of all sizes and sorts. This desire is not the whim of a wilful nature, but the result of an unusual dearth of timepieces in my life. At present we own but one clock, a battered antiquity purchased for eighty-nine cents at a Rexall store. It has a crack across its face and is apt, without any announcement of its intentions, to run from five to forty minutes fast or to stop altogether. It will readily be understood, then, that, since no member of the family owns a watch that runs uninterruptedly, finding the time of day is not the casual matter it has become in most households, but a complicated process involving much travelling from some part of the house to the kitchen, where sits enshrined our *penates,* and then a great deal of arithmetic. Our friend's abnormalities, however, are accompanied by a personality which makes unthinkable any proposition to replace him by a timepiece that really tells time.

Nevertheless, my clocks-to-be, at the present hour still in the Azure Palace of the Kingdom of Time, shall all record the normal passing of the minutes. I shall be older and probably more ready to comply with the conventions. At any rate, there must be in my living-room a handsome clock of serious and dignified aspect, of a faultless precision, the sort of clock you see advertised at fabulous prices in Christmas numbers of periodicals. I shall often look at its florid, complacent face, rather like that of the minister on Sunday, and sigh regretfully for the battered leer on the homely mug of my former companion. I think I shall have no grandfather clock; grandfather clocks, to be truly effective, ought to be handed down from generation to generation. I have had no clock-conscious ancestors, and I dislike synthetic antiquity. I must, of course, have one clock that strikes. I shall contrive to be home always at eleven o'clock. Eleven is such a satisfactory hour; you have both the joy of hear-

ing the eleven measured strokes and the comfy feeling that comes of knowing that there is another stroke in reserve.

In the matter of kitchen clocks, I have no particular feeling except a long-nourished dislike of Dutch clocks. Their silly, smug, blue-and-white china faces take me back to my tenderer years, when I was urged to "eat up all your porridge, dear, and see the pretty pattern on the plate". I knew perfectly well what the pretty pattern looked like; I had never cared for it anyway and was certainly not going to plow through an uninviting mass of porridge to see a pattern I could gaze at by the half-dozens on the shelf, had I cared to take the trouble. No, there will not be Dutch clocks in my home.

Wherever else in the house I strew my clocks, I shall have none in my library. Books and clocks never go well together. The constant chatter of a clock is a nerve-racking reminder that one is not permitted to spend a lifetime in reading.

I suppose that even in my paradise of clocks I must get up sometimes. Therefore, I shall have an alarm-clock — but it must have an alarm that *is* an alarm, one whose raucous clamor would wake the most reluctant of the dead. No "first he whispers, then he shouts" business about my clock! Persons of so delicate and shrinking a nature that they must, perforce, be waked by whispering clocks will soon demand that the sirens of fire-engines be replaced by French horns carolling in dulcet tones, "How Dry I Am"!

Yes, I shall have clocks everywhere, clocks in the pantry, clocks in closets, clocks in the hall, sun-dials in the garden. I shall fill my vases with four-o'clocks and hoary dandelions. I want no cuckoo-clocks, though. They are inseparably related in my mind to the days of Mack Sennett comedies, when furniture was unstable and custard pies *were* custard pies. I may even go to the length of buying a wrist-watch for the sake of its delicate chink-chink-chink, though I have an unfortunate habit of stepping into my bathtub garbed in my wrist-watch. This procedure usually silences the chinking, I find. I fear me, however, that before all my plans are realized many hours will have been ticked away by my erratic eighty-nine cent clock in the kitchen.

MARY RANKIN.

TO THE COLISEUM

Thou shattered wreck of cruel Rome
Where once brave martyrs stood,
I see it in thy every stone
Stained with Christian blood!

Once thou stood proud, valiant here
While brave men died within,
And not one shed a pearly tear
But five extolled thy sin!

And now thou standest all alone,
A broken, stunted thing.
Appealing not to Caesar's Rome,
But to a higher King.

Why cower ye here in misery
Ashamed to show thy face,
Asking for wanton sympathy
To hide thy deep disgrace?

Alas, thy wrathful strength and might
Hath saved thee from the sod.
Thy bloody stones appeal to right
Which stays the hand of God!

RUTH FREEMAN.

SNOWFALL

He hastens to the window in the morn,
His eyes half-blinded by a blaze of light,
To see such transformation overnight
Of yester-world, so haggard and forlorn,
To this white splendor of an earth newborn,
Tremendous, awe-inspiring in his sight;
Unmindful almost, in his swift delight
Of that past world, departed and outworn.

And this he sees, dumb-founded with surprise,
The sudden glory of his soul's rebirth
From stark confusion to untroubled glow:
And while he looks, with startled, joyous eyes,
On this new creature who is come to earth,
Forgets the man he was short hours ago.

JEANNETTE EYRE.

I have no quarrels with present day morals,
Mine is no tale that has to be told;
I have not trust for acquiring laurels,
Nor have I fashioned this verse for gold.
Here is my poem to add to the lot!
I merely sought to achieve self expression —
And that's all I got.

MARY SCOTT.

JIGOMANIA

MR. ALFRED T. PEASBURY paced up and down the deserted linoleum department of the H. B. Troit and Company, and finally leaned on a counter. What impudence that Joe Brown had, to say that he, Alfred T. Peasbury couldn't do a jig-saw puzzle! The department had laughed, too. Well, he'd show them! He squared his receding chin, raised his recumbent form to his full height of five feet three, and began to pace up and down again like a Napoleon. He'd show them!

That evening Mr. Peasbury bought a puzzle at the bookstore on the corner. "The hardest you have!" he had cried with sudden determination. He could do any kind of puzzle! Hadn't he once won one hundred and sixty-seventh place in the State Cross-word Puzzle Contest four or five years back? Yes, he admitted complacently to himself in the subway train, he was clever at that sort of thing. Hadn't he — This reflection was interrupted by a wave of almost anger at that Brown. What sarcasm he had shown!

That evening after supper, he emptied the contents of his box on the card table, a recent innovation for Mrs. Peasbury's Whist Club. Mr. Peasbury's self-confidence was rather shaken to find so many meaningless, confused little islands and peninsulas thrown together. Nevertheless he began with good heart. Mrs. Peasbury, wondering and curious at this new fancy of her husband, yet saying nothing, as a good wife should, took down her hair at nine o'clock and went to bed.

Twelve o'clock found Mr. Peasbury struggling, horribly bewildered by a jumbled mass of innumerable blues, browns in the thousands seemingly, and all fitting nowhere. Bizarre shapes danced before his eyes; threatening heaps remained yet untouched; his hands shook. Would he never be done? Mr. Peasbury had never experienced the delirium tremens; his greatest excess was sarsaparilla on occasional picnics with his equally moderate spouse, but he now felt, on recalling a song he had heard, "Pink Elephants", that the sensations might be similar to what he was now suffering. Well, here was the last piece. He staggered up the dancing flight of stairs, and, too tired to say his prayers, he fell into bed.

The next morning, fatigued and bleary-eyed, he ushered his "Ship in a Storm" (the name of his puzzle) into the store for the benefit of Brown. The latter laughed scornfully.

"How long did it take you?" he demanded.

"Oh, it must have been six hours and a half," stammered Mr. Peasbury, rather taken aback by this unexpected question.

"I suppose so. The average person needs only three. What a brain you must have!"

In a vain attempt to be normal (although a Republican, he had believed in Wilson's Normalcy) Mr. Peasbury became addicted to the use of — no, not opium, but weekly jig-saw puzzles. Night after night he spent waving little bits of cardboard, and, when he had fitted in a piece, he leaned back, and, like Aeneas, "pictura pascit inani." He lost his prided business efficiency developed by forty years of insignificant toil; he lost his health. Then one day the department missed him. They gradually learned the sad story. It seems that Mrs. Peasbury, awakened one night from her sleep at three o'clock by a snapping, rending noise, went downstairs. There she found her husband cutting up their little niece's paper dolls. When he saw her at the door, he snatched up his carving knife, a wedding present from his father-in-law, and chased her through the house, with every intention of producing an obtuse triangle, a quadrilateral, a nonagon of unequal angles from her corpulent form. The neighbors, aroused by the unusual commotion, arrived just in time to prevent this bloody deed.

Mr. Alfred Peasbury is now in any asylum for the violently insane, suffering from a very acute case of "Jigomania," a new cerebral malady, resulting from over-association with jig-saw puzzles. Whenever this unfortunate sufferer, one of the first victims, sees anything of an odd shape, even a piece of pie, he has an attack, in which he tries to bite off chunks from his straight jacket, to put together. In his saner moments he seems to realize his state, for he sings in a thin, cracked, tremulo voice "The dragon will get you, if you don't watch out!" But the very thought of the irregular scales of the dragon drives him into a frenzy. At times he thinks of his linoleum department, and Joe Brown, and he shouts "I'll show 'em!" but he knows he never can. Poor, poor, Mr. Peasbury!

JOHN TYNAN, '33.

AN ODE TO CAESAR

Oh! Caesar, you who walked the streets
  Of old Rome long ago,
Why couldn't you have stayed unborn —
  It would have helped us so.
For now we study day by day
  With this you did, or that,
Battles, seiges, dry old dates,
  And where you walked or sat.
If there had been no Caesar,
  O what happiness profound!
At least we can be thankful
  That now you're underground.

JOHN DUART.

Review=ing Books

THE LAST ADAM

JAMES GOULD COZZENS

Publishers — Harcourt, Brace Company

THIS new novel, so enthusiastically received by the reading public, is written by the author who contributed the short novel some months ago entitled the "S. S. San Pedro". The "S. S. San Pedro" established the writer's reputation, although he had been writing novels for a number of years. The author's new book, called "The Last Adam", has been selected for the January issue of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

In delving into the merits of this particular book we find it an excellent, absorbing tale of country life in Connecticut. The town of the story, New Winton, might be typical of any small town in our own locality. The mid-Victorian attitude is pictured in sharp contrast with the new era. The antique farmhouses stand cheek by jowl with the gaudy camps and cottages of the summer colonists. A super-highway runs through the town, a telephone is in every farmhouse, and the musk of stale gasoline fills the air, but the town is completely out of touch with the modern world.

The main character or pervading spirit of the story is Doctor George Bull, a narrow-minded, shell-backed, country doctor of about sixty years of age. He is intolerant, ignorant, and prejudiced, but he is a hearty, virile man who has the courage to back up his convictions. Other characters who play parts in the story are May Tupper, the telephone operator of the town, who has a crippled husband; Virginia Banning, who hates the town and wants to leave; and Janet Cardmaker, who bears a strong affection for the old doctor.

The doctor, who is "The Last Adam", is merely the mouthpiece of the author. Through the mind of his characters Mr. Cozzens reads aloud his own impressions of the cross section of American life. In this respect the book is somewhat akin to Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street". We find both authors have the same brilliant insight as to the American social order. In both books we find the stories overflowing with a multitude of characters, but when we have said that much the analogy is done. Mr. Cozzens lacks the stultifying attitude of Sinclair Lewis. He perceives no such dullness in the American people as Mr. Lewis perceived. Rather, to him, each and every man in his own, made-to-order town, is eminently interesting. The reading public of America may expect great things from this young and very capable author, and high school students will find this book very interesting indeed.

WHISTLING CAT

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Publishers — Dutton.

THIS book, which was published nine months ago, can hardly be called a new book. But this "reviewer", after searching desperately for a worthy story in the ranks of light fiction has no recourse but to fall back on this one.

"Whistling Cat", written by Robert W. Chambers, that prolific author, is a story of Civil War days. It concerns a sparkling, exciting tale of that desperate, heroic body of men called the "Military Telegraph". The hero, a boy of seventeen named Juan Maddox, becomes one of the most daring telegraph operators in the Union army. He comes in direct contact with "Ellsworth", the dreaded Confederate operator, who also is merely a youth. The story of Juan's trials and tribulations and his love for the pretty little heroine nicknamed "Whistling Cat", along with the description of two huge armies in a death grip at the battle of the "Wilderness", is so vivid and graphic as to detail, that it is guaranteed to give even the most jaded reader a thrill.

The plot is intricate enough to satisfy even the most particular, and the story is extremely informative. The hazardous life that the men of the M. T. C. (Military Telegraph Corps) led was one of constant danger. Unrecognized and unrewarded by their own army, if the operators were caught by the enemy, they were usually summarily executed on the spot. This book is highly recommended to all lovers of sweeping adventure and stirring romance.

RAYMOND MCCAFFREY.

COLUMBUS is dead! . . . but don't worry, folks, . . . Les Klashman will take his place . . . what with such a physicist around, why should we do the problems? . . . Three cheers for Joe Ricker and J. Feeley . . . early this season the boys presented their applications to the K. B. Secretary. . . . That's a fact. . . . We wonder if they were admitted. . . . Oooooo . . . don't worry, friends, it's only the war-cry of The C. H. L. S. Tarzan, Kenny Campbell. . . .You should see him heave medicine balls around in the "Y". . . . Yessir . . . another famous personage, Phil Stamatopolis, who is receiving renown as a Johnny Weismuller. . . . I'm tellin' you, pal, Phil certainly can peddle himself along in the rainjuice. . . . Hold up, "Lest we forget" the true School cynic is Ray McCaffrey. . . . Boy, can he hand 'em out. . . . Ask me! . . . If it's correct that the ozone high up is thin air, how does H. W. Dodge, six-foot-four human Samson, breathe? . . . Why Hughie is so tall, he'd have to stand on a chair to scratch his head. . . . Speakin' about scratchin' heads, I know a few people who would get splinters in their fingers trying the stunt. . . . Say, did you hear about the pie-eating contest some of the K. B.-ers had on the side a while ago. . . . Who won; Helen Delaney? . . . Most familiar countenance in school . . . three gueses, . . . right, the first time . . . Francis J. Harney. . . . Regards, Frank. . . . We'll have to put it to open vote, my frands, as to which specimen of manhood takes the cake for being the C.H.L.S. Gable. . . . Ben FitzGerald or Randy Peers? . . . At any rate, R. Shine, you don't Shine as The Gable. . . . Listen, folks, we have a rising Gilbert in David Humez . . . kid brother of Ronald of the Review Staff. . . . You ought to be proud of that distinction . . . curly hair I mean, David. . . . Paging Master Eisenhauer. . . . Do us a great favor, Bob, and adopt another laugh . . . when you bellow forth in riotous mirth from the second floor, the windows in the Review Office rattle. . . . We all agree that Frank Davy or Fred Shane are "different" . . . what's in them thar green bags? . . . The boy with the perfect color scheme . . . Editor-in-Chief Tynan . . . good work, John, always a tie to match the shirt, eh? . . . One easy way to cause a stampede in Latin would be to print middle names. . . . My life wouldn't be worth a postage stamp, would it? . . . Mary E. Rankin, Charles A. Dermurjian, Virginia D. Kelley, Edwin K. Packard and a few others. . . . While we're on jokes . . . listen to V. Gately . . . every other word hands out a laugh. . . . Am I right, Virginia . . . or am I right? . . . Eleanor Campbell isn't so bad on twisting things into puns, either . . . in fact, Eleanor sends them fast and furious even in her more serious moments. . . . Do you mind Meriel Goble, if we call you The C. H. L. S. Nightingale? . . . Whad'ya' say, people, doesn't Fred Hodgdon remind us of Lindberg? . . . in appearance, manner and deed. . . . Another of those pep, wim and wigor ads . . . Leila Larsen. . . . After seeing examples of whiffle hair cuts, me for a good old-fashioned clipping — pointing to you, Ed Gordon . . . Fred Ritzau. . . . Silent as a church-mouse in school, but outside — Whoops! — and Al Wilson, who for many long years has been the answer to a number of prayers — look out Al. . . . Tommy Myles has learned a few tricks . . . tricks . . . which reminds me of the freshman who asked his mother's trained nurse if she was a real trained nurse . . . and then wanted her to do some tricks for him! . . . The athletic-type Spartan women had nothing on our own Barbara Sheridan and Dot Falvey. . . . Seen in the corridors . . . sparkling Ruth Burns . . . bubbling Vic Gatto . . . Jack Gately surrounded . . . and not by mosquitoes. . . . Freshmen talking respectfully to Meyer Sandler . . . they think he's a teacher. . . . Tell me, Jeannette Eyre, is there anything too deep for your intellect? . . . Normie Adelson's specialty . . . every place . . . a harrison-garrison. . . . When in the lunchroom ask for one . . . and see what you'll get. . . . You enjoy P. G.-in', don't you Doris Doran and Celia Holt?

Wonder what thoughts lie behind that expression, Wanda Boyce? . . . Want to sell that unique, chime-toned laugh of yours, Eleanor Holmgren? . . . or those eyes, Rita Shea? . . . Want to start a war? . . . spell Barbara Ingall's name wrong. . . . We won't publish what we know about Joe Hart and Charley Littlefield. . . . Undergraduates comin' along in the world.

. . . Gus Serino, Ruth Petersen, Pearl Kamins, Russell McPhee, Florence Pettito, Morton Brown, Harry Johnson. . . . Leonard Blum could sell a blind man glasses . . . and he admits it . . . tell it to the marines . . . or to M. Rabinovitz. . . . Geometry is just another piece of pie to Whitney Shannon, one of our Silent heroes. . . . Can't leave you out of this . . . Esther Wexler . . . nor you Matilda Lichter. . . . How about a few tips on the way to study Vergil? . . . Vergil's dead and buried; we oughter lay him low before the old boy knocks us flat. . . . Will that pesky Sophomore in room 42, Period II, please study instead of diverting the teacher's attention! . . . Joe Boucher cultiva ed that muscular physique while tumbling in the Y. M. C. A. gym in his youth. . . . Right, Joe? . . . Just another Dick Merriwell or Horatio Alger . . . I mean, George Rundlet. . . . Are you going to copyright that smile, Kay Toomey? . . . That applies to you, too Ruby Chipman? . . . Type-writer champs . . . Edna Griffiths, Concet.ina Alberico . . . Agnes Burns. . . . Politics , . . politics . . . politics. . . . You Moran. . . . What! No ice . . . Dan Buckley? . . . What's sauce for the gander is just so much exchange to Caroline Wicker, the Exchange Editor. . . . Agree with me, Caroline? . . . You can't down Alice Down-ey . . . but you can hear the floor Kyric when Tony Kyric-os puts his 185 pounds solid muscle on it . . . or is it 200 pounds now, Tony? . . . Doesn't take much to make Ruth Petersen laugh . . . a reward for a more unique signature than has Richard Fox. . . . Personality plus . . . Anne Moran . . . K. B. President. . . . She with the winning smile Idella Bell . . . who would have guessed that Charlotte Stern's nickname is . . . Chickie. . . . When you flunk an exam, be nonchalant . . . just holler . . . "Alma!" . . . The New C.H.L.S. watchword. . . . So . . . Alma! . . . Fellow students, whether or no succeeding issues of your school magazines have columns like this DEPENDS ON YOU! If you think as I do, that this section is what YOU WANT, make YOUR opinion known. Just slip a paper in the Review box with your name and homeroom inscribed and the words, "a vote for the Spot-lite". Also, if you know any hitherto unrevealed secret, let's have it, friend, LET'S HAVE IT! . . . Use the Review box often. . . . Meanwhile, until the next issue . . . maybe. . . . S'Long . . . an' don't take any wooden nickels.

PROFESSOR PAUL PIGORS, C. H. L. S. '20, of Harvard University is one of the many men who have done so much to increase the prestige of our school in the eyes of the educational world. Cambridge Latin is well known for the scholars it has graduated, and Paul Pigors is an outstanding example of those scholars.

Paul Pigors was born in Northern Germany, in the year 1900. His parents were so poor that he had to discontinue school at the age of eleven. As so many boys had done before him, he went to sea. Then followed years of exciting adventure, but tempered with hardships that took their toll of the young lad's mind and body. His experiences, however, were to prove invaluable to him in later years.

The year 1917 found Mr. Pigors' ship anchored at Boston. War was declared, the ship was seized, and the crew detained under the watchful eyes of the Boston Police. Pigors was at a loose end; for a while he worked at odd jobs, but no one was anxious in those times to employ a German boy who spoke but little English, no matter how hardworking and willing he might be.

One evening he attended a lecture on Germany, given by a student at Harvard. Pigors was interested; he sought a meeting with the student, and got it. They became fast friends, and Pigors became fired with an ambition to attend Harvard. The school he selected was the Cambridge Latin School, one which had been strongly recommended to him. His plans were to spend but one year in preparation for Harvard, a strenuous task for an ordinary boy, but a well nigh unbelievable one for a non-English speaking youth who had had no formal education since his eleventh year. But Pigors tackled the job, and through sheer strength of will was successful. He had to learn English, Latin, French, Algebra, Geometry, and History. All those in one year! Think of laboring through "Macbeth" while possessed of but the barest elements of colloquial English! And all the while he had to support himself.

When June came, he took the College Board examinations and passed them. But his task was only begun. For four years he struggled through Harvard, working all the while and playing not at all. Yet he was able to study enough to win for himself a great many of the scholarships which Harvard offered.

Today, Paul Pigors has an enviable place in the field of Sociology. Still a young man, and absorbed in his work, there are no limits to his possibilities. He has lived a life fraught with hardships; he has missed most of the pleasures which make life enjoyable; yet he is content, for his mettle has been tried, and not found wanting.

G. A. EMERSON, '33

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor:

I must commend you on your excellent drawings. Your Art Staff headed by E. Gordon beautifies your otherwise uninteresting school paper.

A Review Booster,
EDWARD GORDON.

Dear Editor:

A bouquet for the literary staff! I certainly enjoy reading the vivid and sensational essays and poetry by J. Eyre.

With Sincere Praise,
JEANNETTE EYRE.

My dear, dear Editor:

Before our school paper engaged M. Callum as its business manager it hadn't even a nickel. Now, thanks to this struggling, energetic business man, I see that the Review has a NICKEL.

A reader,
MAURICE CALLUM.

Mr. Editor:

For twenty years have I been finding fault with Review details! But now I beg forgiveness after viewing the excellent system of B. Kamins, your circulation manager. You had better keep that fellow.

An Ardent Fan,
BERNARD KAMINS.

To the Review Editor:

Dear Sir:

As a profound student of Boccaccio, Shakespeare and Milton, I consider myself an excellent critic of School Magazine Editors. As such, I venture to say that J. Tynan, your Editor-in-Chief deserves buckets of praise.

Yours, until the next eclipse,
JOHN TYNAN.

Editor of Cambridge Review:

Without the inspiring efforts of your loyal Alumni Editor, G. Emerson, we, the Alumni should take down our hair and weep! Without this wonderful editor, THE REVIEW would be absolutely lost!

Ecstatically yours,
GEORGE EMERSON.

I say there, Mr. Editor:

Behind the modest mask of that genius, R. McCaffrey, lies a train of thought so brilliant, that THE REVIEW really is brightened up to its 100% standard. All readers of his Book Review Column approve of this statement.

Sincerely,
RAYMOND MCCAFFREY.

Dear Editor:

Each of twenty newspapers I represent wishes to borrow your Exchange Editor. Your Review Staff should take her, C. Wicker, to lunch every other day. If you don't, we will.

CAROLINE WICKER.

To the Cambridge Review:

I have come in contact with thousands of Advertising Managers, but never have I seen one with such zest as your own J. Ricker. He is worth at least a cool million to your paper. Everyone thinks so.

JOSEPH RICKER.

Dearest Editor of the Review:

I can't stop laughing at those mirth-provoking jokes — Ha! Ha! Ha! "Ginger" Gately certainly puts this column across — Ha! Hee! Oh! OH! my sides.

VIRGINIA GATELY.

Dear Mr. Editor:

You can't fool me! I know that the Review Typist, Concettina Alberico, does all the work. She is behind it all. She should get a raise.

One who knows,
CONCETTINA ALBERICO.

O Editor:

As a most scrutinous reader of "The Review", I really want to tell you how I enjoy the articles by M. Rankin. Honestly, her articles are the very things which make the paper interesting. I mean it. If she is not on your staff next year, you won't get my subscription!

Very truly,
MARY RANKIN.

Sir Editor:

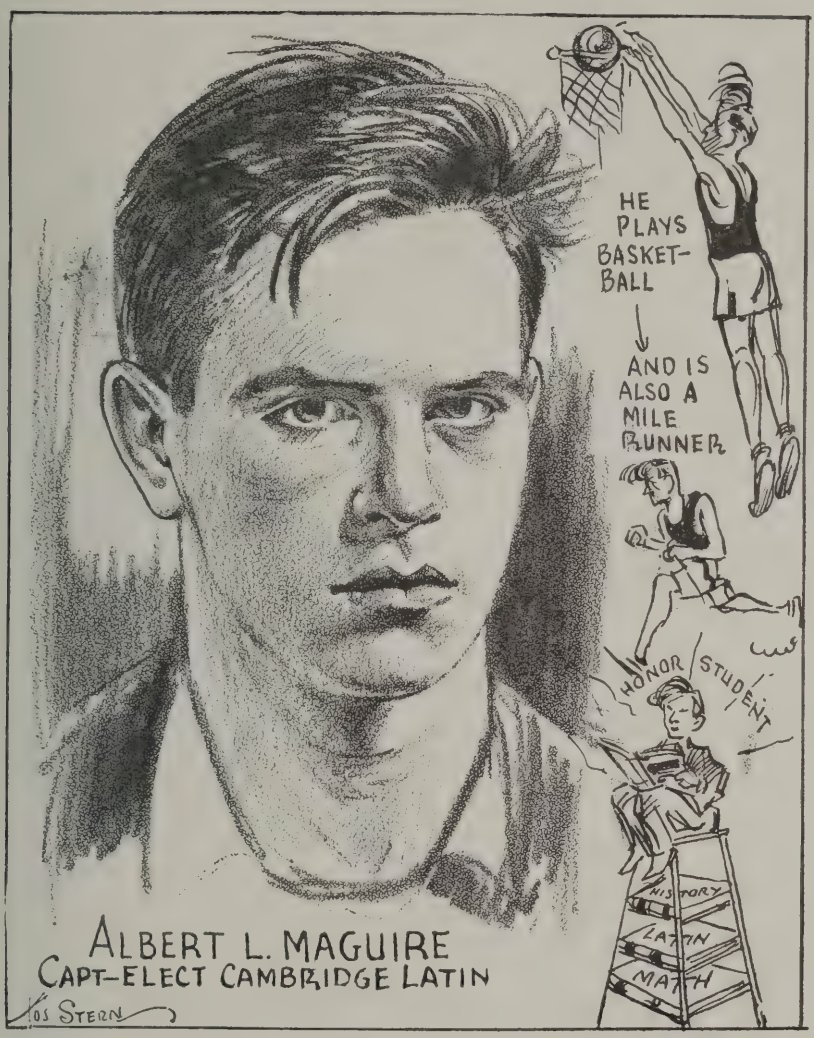
Listen, here. I'm only one of your many subscribers. But I know that a successful paper has many pages of ads. Someone must get those ads, and I know who it is. M. Rabinovitz. How could you have the Review without him? I'm not bawling you out.

MORRIS RABINOVITZ.

Hi, Monsieu Editeur:

A few of your cartoons are pretty snappy. That is, those by A. Forziati. No kidding, he is quite a genius with a pencil and art-board. Please give the lad my sincere praise. I'm sure every one who reads your magazine admires his drawings. I wouldn't lie to you.

Sincerely,
ANTHONY FORZIATI.



FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

HERE'S your football captain for the next year, Cambridge Latin! He was elected recently by an almost unanimous vote. He deserves this honor, too, for he's one of the best on the team. What a game at end he plays!

You'll find him on the floor in basketball, besides. What he can't do with a basketball isn't worth talking about.

Then when Spring comes he's out running around Russell Field, for he's a miler, and what I mean!

And although he is active in these three fields, he manages to keep up in his studies. What a man Maguire! Good luck for next year!

SPORTS

HOCKEY

CAMBRIDGE 0 MEDFORD 0

LATIN opened its hockey season by battling Medford to a scoreless tie in the Boston Garden before a crowd of 5,000 spectators. Each team had a few good scoring chances, but each occasion was frustrated by the goalie. Latin's second line, consisting of Allt, Rooney, and Desrosiers, was the main cog in our team's offense. The passing attack was somewhat ragged at times.

In the first period Allt and Desrosiers combined nicely in their passing, and penetrated the Medford defense only to have Kenney, the Medford goalie, break up the attack. In the third period Allt, by clever stick work, pierced the Medford defense and drove a hard shot, but the puck hit the left goal post. This was our team's best chance of scoring. Chipman came back for Medford with a few hard shots on which our goalie made fine saves. When Chipman left the ice, our second line began to "go places", but at this point the game ended.

MEDFORD	CAMBRIDGE
Muench, Wilkins, rw	rw, Gurry, Desrosiers
Chipman, Jackson, c	c, Crowley, Rooney
McLeod, Riley, lw	lw, Hindle, Allt
Riley, Stewart, rd	rd, Anderson, Boucher
Wilkins, Correra, ld	ld, Spartachino, Feeley
Kenny, g	g, Puzyn

Referees — Hughes and Kelliher.

CAMBRIDGE 4 ARLINGTON 2

What a fine brand of hockey our team displayed against the powerful Arlington squad! Our team's passing attack was working smoothly, and three of the four goals scored were by assists. About half way in the first period Capt. Desrosiers scored on a pass from Boucher for the first tally. After about 8 minutes of play in the second period, Allt dashed in to drive the disc past the goalie on Rooney's rebound. A little later, Collins of Arlington scored on Bott's rebound, then Desrosiers and Rooney pierced the Arlington defense, and Desrosiers scored on a pass from Rooney. The score then stood 3 - 1.

Our team was continually applying plenty of pressure against the Arlington defense, and was taking advantage of the good breaks of the game. The last two goals came in quick succession toward the end of the third period. Lane of Arlington shot one past Puzyn, Latin goalie, with about a half a minute left to play. Then Rooney retaliated by getting the puck through Sakoian, the Arlington goalie on a solo rush.

CAMBRIDGE	ARLINGTON
Gurry, Desrosiers, rw	rw, Collins, Bott
Crawley, Rooney, c	c, Sullivan, Gardella
Hindle, Allt, lw	lw, Greco, Norberg
Boucher, Anderson, rd	rd, Lane
Feeley, Spartachino, ld	ld, Bullock
Puzyn, g	g, Sakoian

CAMBRIDGE 4 RINDGE 1

Latin came through with another fine victory over its ancient rival, Rindge. Our team was greatly superior to Rindge in its passing attack and defensive work. Latin would have defeated Rindge by a larger margin, but for the sterling work of Roscio, the Rindge goalie. As was demonstrated in the previous games, our second line of Allt, Rooney, and Desrosiers was responsible for the Latin scores.

In the first period, after 3 minutes and 50 seconds of play, Rooney netted the first goal on a face-off in front of the Rindge net. The second goal was scored in the same period after 10 minutes and 55 seconds, when Desrosiers, by clever stickwork, drove the disc past Roscio. Our other forward line of Hindle, Crawley, and Gurry did fine work, but couldn't manage to score. The other two Latin goals were made by Desrosiers, one in the second period and the other in the third period. Both were made after fine rushes by our second line through the Rindge defense. Chaisson of Rindge scored the lone goal, incidentally, the first of the season for Rindge, on a long shot that dribbled through Puzyn.

CAMBRIDGE	RINDGE
Gurry, Desrosiers, rw	rw, Callahan, Portrast
Crawley, Rooney, c	c, Marderos, Chaisson
Hindle Allt, lw	lw, Ciccola, Souza
Anderson, Boucher, rd	rd, Donabed
Feeley, Spartachino, ld	ld, Annanis, Souza
Puzyn, g	g, Roscio

Referees — Mooney and Kelley.

NEWTON 4 CAMBRIDGE 1

Latin met its first defeat of the current hockey season at the hands of the fast skating Newton outfit. Until the last period, the game was on even terms, with Latin outplaying Newton in the second period, but not being able to crash into the scoring column. The first goal was made by Houghton of Newton, after about ten minutes of play in the first period. Our team did some fine passing in this opening stanza, but it could not score. The second period opened with Newton leading 1 - 0, but neither team was able to score throughout this period. Latin put up a great fight to get the disc past Hennessey, Newton goalie, but he made some excellent stops.

Puzyn in the Latin net also made a pair of fine saves. Latin outplayed Newton in this period, but was prevented from scoring by the sterling work of the goalie. In the third period Huston scored on a fierce drive through Puzyn. A minute later Huston scored another on a pass from Houghton. Byrnes scored the last goal for Newton.

In a scrimmage around the Newton net, Allt, on a pass from Rooney, drove the disc past Hennessey for Latin's lone goal.

NEWTON	CAMBRIDGE
Byrnes, Dennison, McLeod, rw	rw, Gurry, Desrosiers
Houghton, Griffin, Manning, c	c, Crawley, Rooney
Huston, Manning Green, lw	lw, Hindle, Allt
Sostillio, rd	rd, Boucher, Anderson
Johnson, Houghton, ld	ld, Spartachino
Hennessey, g	g, Puzyn

BASKETBALL

CAMBRIDGE 27 WOBURN 16

In its opening game of the season, Latin came through with a fine 27 - 16 victory over Woburn. Capt. Klevas, Rogert, and Alley were the high scorers for Latin with 6 points each. In the first half, our boys were a little slow in following up their shots. In the second half, the team worked together much more smoothly. Capt. Klevas and Rogert did some fine passing throughout the game. The game was rough at times, with many penalties incurred by both teams. Alley and Kishkis, the two new Latin forwards, played fine games and ought to improve as the season progresses. For the first game of the season, our team showed that it has plenty of power.

The Latin seconds won 23 - 13.

CAMBRIDGE	*Gls.*	*Fls.*	*Pts.*	WOBURN	*Gls.*	*Fls.*	*Pts.*
Alley, rf	2	2	6	O'Connor, lg	0	1	1
Walsh, rf	0	1	1	J. Ryan, lg	0	0	0
Young, lf	0	0	0	Nelson, rg	0	1	1
Maguire, lf	1	0	2	H. Ryan, rg	0	0	0
Rogert, c	3	0	6	Peterson, c	3	1	7
Kishkis, c	2	0	4	O'Brien, lf	0	1	1
Mahoney, rg	1	0	2	Curtis, lf	1	0	2
McKeever, rg	0	0	0	Coolen, rf	2	0	4
Klevas, lg	2	2	6		6	4	16
	11	5	27				

ARLINGTON 25 CAMBRIDGE 14

Arlington came through in the second half of this hard-fought game to defeat the Latin team 25 - 14. At the end of the first half Latin was leading 11 - 8, and seemed certain to keep up its advantage. In the next period the Latin offense could not start clicking, and Arlington started to pile up a lead. Kishkis with 5 points and Klevas with 3 points were the high scorers for Latin. Rogert, Walsh, and Alley each scored one basket to bring the total to 14.

In the preliminary game, the Latin seconds beat the Arlington seconds 25 - 15.

CAMBRIDGE 30 BROOKLINE 23

In a Suburban League game with Brookline, our team returned the victor from the Brookline gym. In the first half, our team's passing attack was working splendidly at times, but our opponents put up a stubborn fight. The half ended with the score 20 - 16 in Latin's favor. The last half showed Latin's power in scoring, with our 10 points to Brookline's 7 points. Klevas and Rogert were the outstanding players for Latin, both amassing 10 points. Young scored 4 points, while Alley, Maguire, and Mahoney obtained 2 points each. Crowley played a fine game for Brookline and was easily the best man for his team. The Latin seconds won 29 - 19.

WOBURN 24 CAMBRIDGE 19

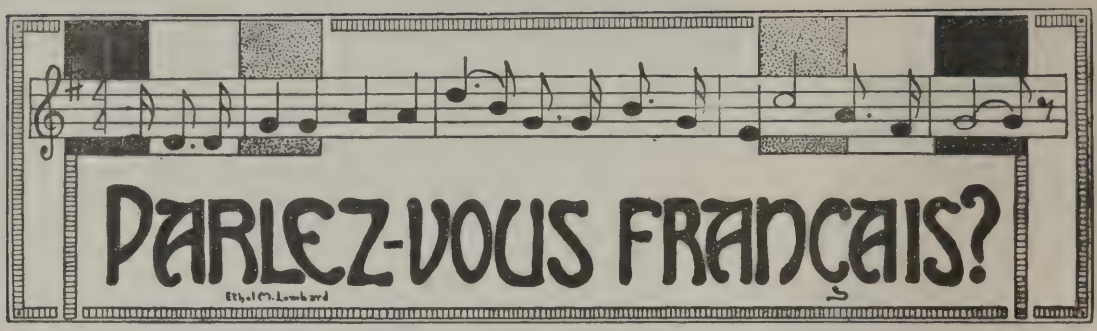
Latin invaded the Woburn High gym with great hopes of success, but was defeated in the closing moments of the game. It certainly was a hard fought battle, with the outcome in doubt until the last minute of the game. At the end of the first half Woburn was leading by the narrow margin of one point, 11 - 10. In the beginning of the second half our team took the lead by a concentrated drive, but couldn't hold it. Two goals by Curtis and Nelson of Woburn in the last minute of play gave Woburn its victory. Klevas, as usual, starred for Latin by his all-around playing ability, and scored six points for our team.

CAMBRIDGE 25 NEWTON 24

In a fast and furious encounter, our team administered to Newton its first defeat. At the end of the first half our team was in the lead 12 - 9. Both teams were about evenly matched, and what a struggle this game turned out to be! Newton came up with a burst of strength in the second half, due to their great passing attack centered in Huston and Flagg, but Latin, playing its finest game of the year, thwarted on many occasions Newton's attempts to take the lead and was able to edge out its rival by one point. Rogert and Mahoney starred for Latin, each scoring 8 points. Klevas played a great game and scored two baskets. Huston and Flagg starred for Newton.

CAMBRIDGE 28 NASHUA 15

Our team travelled all the way out to defeat Nashua by a good margin. The Nashua team was no match for Latin which was greatly superior in all the fine points of the game. Capt. Klevas played a wonderful game and scored 13 points, to lead in the scoring for our team. Mahoney scored 6 points, and West 5. Young and Rogert each scored 2 points.



EN REVE

Vous me demandez qui je vois en rêve?
Et gai, c'est vraiment la fille du roi;
Elle ne veut pas d'autre ami que moi
Partons, joli coeur, la lune se lève.

Sa robe qui traine est en satin blanc;
Son peigne est d'argent et de pierres
La lune se lève au ras des prairies;
Partons, joli coeur, je suis ton galant.

Un grand manteau d'or couvre ses épaules
Et moi dont la vests est de vieux coutil;
Partons, joli coeur, pour la Bois-Gen'il
La lune se lève au dessus des saules.

Comme un enfant joue avec un oiseau
Elle tient ma vie entre ses mains blanches;
La lune se lève au mileau des branches;
Partons, joli coeur, et prends ton fuseau.

Dieu merci, la chose est assez prouvée
Rien ne vaut l'amour pour être content.
Ma mie est si belle, et je l'aime tant
Partons, joli coeur, la lune est levée.

GABRIEL VICAIRE.

IN DREAMS

You ask me who is she I met in dreams —
The daughter of the king I gaily say.
'Tis I alone she sighs for night or day;
Come, pretty love, while moon upon us beams.

My princess trails a gown of satin white
Of silver, sapphire set, the comb she flaunts;
The moon is rising on our loved haunts:
Come, pretty love, with me, your own true knight.

And fine is she, from golden cloak to shoon
And I, before her, bend in coarse brown hood;
So come, my love, to the enchanted wood,
The willows droop across the moon.

Just as a child might hold a bird, and laugh
She holds my life in hands of fairy grace:
The moon is rising back of leafy lace,
Come, pretty love, and bring your long distaff.

Dieu merci! long since it has been shown
That naught can equal love for bliss supreme
My love is so fair, more dear than any dream;
Come, pretty love, the moon has now risen!

EVELYN WHELDEN.

L'AIGLON

EDMOND ROSTAND

L'Aiglon de Edmond Rostand, drame en vers, raconte l'histoire tragique du fils de Napoléon Premier. Appelé à sa naissance le Roi de Rome, après la ruine de son père, il est devenu le Duc de Reichstadt, à qui on donna le soubriquet de l'Aiglon.

Au commencement du drame le Duc est à la cour de sa mère Marie-Louise, fille d' Empereur Franz d'Autriche. On cache au Duc l'histoire de son père en accord avec l'ordre de Metternich, qui guide la destinée d'Autriche, mais le garçon pense seulement apprendre l'histoire de son père et de ses batailles. Le Duc est aidé de la danseuse Fanny Elssler, de Prokieff, son ami, et du laquais Flambeau, un ex-grognard.

Le Duc demande à l'Empereur de retourner à Paris. Il charme l'Empereur, qui veut lui donner tout ce qu'il demande, mais Metternich entre, et persuade l'Empereur que l'Aiglon doit rester en Autriche. Metternich dit au Duc qu'il ne ressemble point à son perè, qu'il est un Habsbourg, un pâle garçon qui tousse.

A un grand bal à Schoenbrunn Fanny Elssler et Flambeau conspirent à sauver le Duc. L'Aiglon assiste à la fête, portant son uniforme blanc sous un grand mainteau. Sa cousine, la comtesse Camerata, qui lui ressemble, porte aussi un uniforme blanc. Ils échangent leurs manteaux; le Duc s'échappe et la comtesse va à un rendez-vous avec Thérèse de Lorget, jeune fille qui aime le garçon.

L'Aiglon va à la plaine de Wagram, scène d'une bataille fameuse de son père. Pendant

(*Continued on page 24*)

Frank Davey: "Aren't the stars numerous tonight?"
Fred Shane: "Yes, and aren't there a lot of them?"

"I'm about at the end of my rope."
"Here, try one of my cigars."

"It's raining so hard; won't you stay for supper?"
"No, thanks, it isn't raining that bad."

"But," protested the new arrival, as St. Peter handed him a gold trumpet, "I can't play this instrument; I never practiced while on earth."
"Of course you didn't," chuckled the saint, "That's why you're here."

K. Wilson: "Are you a clock watcher?"
M. Mannos: "No, I'm a bell listener."

Judge: "What were you doing with your hand in the gentleman's watch pocket?"
Culprit: "I was only anxious to find out the time."
Judge: "I think you'll find six months is about right."

Irate Customer: "These seats are no good; they're behind a pole."
Cashier: "Take it easy; this is a free country, and a foreigner has a right to go to the theater."

"Pardon me, sir, your face seems familiar. I've seen you or some one very much like you before."
"Well, I've never seen you before, or else it's someone else very much like you I've never seen before."

"Did you ever attend a school for stuttering?"
"Nnno, I jjjjust ppiipicked it upppp."

Benedict F. (sniffing): "I have a cold or something in my head."
Teacher: "A cold, undoubtedly."

Farmer: "Hey — What are you doing in my chestnut tree?"
Fred Hodgdon: "Obeying orders. That sign says, 'Keep off the grass'."

"There are several things I can always count on."
"What are they?"
"My fingers."

"Is this a camel's hair brush?"
"Yes, that's a camel's hair brush."
"Golly, it must take him a terribly long time to brush himself."

"Dad, will you help me with this algebra?"
"I could, Tom, but I don't think it would be right."
"No, I don't suppose it would; but have a try at it and see."

Long-winded Lecturer: "If I have talked too long, it's because I have not my watch with me, and there's no clock in this hall."
Voice from audience: "There's a calendar behind you."

Tim Galvin: "Having trouble with your car?"
Hugh Dodge: "Certainly not," came the reply from underneath the car. "I just crawled under her to get out of the sun."

Charles Demurjian was gingerly picking his way along the ties of a railroad, seemingly in search of something or someone.
"What are you looking for?" inquired a curious bystander.
"The president of this line," answered Charles.
"But you'll not find him here."
"Maybe not, but I'm on his track."

Neighbor: "Where's your brother?"
Ernest Campbell: "Aw, he's in the house playing a duet. I finished my part first."

Virginia Kelley: "I would like a book, please."
Librarian: "Something light?"
Virginia Kelley: "That does not matter — I have my car with me."

Lecturer: "I say, my good man, you can't sleep in here!"
George Emerson: "I could if this guy next to me wouldn't snore so loud!"

J. Hart: "You shouldn't complain. When I was in the Arctic, I used to live on candles and blubber."
C. Winterson: "Well, if I had to eat candles I guess I would too."

Country Gentleman: "Here, hold my horse a minute, will you?"
Senator from Kentucky: "Sir, I am a member of Congress."
Country Gentleman: "That's all right, I'll trust you."

Ed Gordon: "See here, your advertisement says this room has a heavenly view."
Manager: "Well, there's the skylight."

Bookseller: "That book will do half your work."
Alice Downey: "I'll take two, please."

"What is a tail spin?"
Ruth Freeman: "The last word in aviation."

Teacher: "What was Marco Polo?"
Tommy Myles: "The fellow they named the North Pole after."

Definitions

Ammonia is a white colorless gas.

There are two parts to a sentence, the subject and the predicament.

The purpose of a skeleton — to hitch meat onto.

A circle is a round, straight line with a hole in the middle.

A warwhoop is a weapon used by the Indians.

The rule for adding positive and negative numbers —

Subtract absolute values and prefix the plus or minus sign to the result, depending on circumstances.

"Why is this called higher education?"
"Because it's over your head."

History Student: "The Rebellion took place in the state of Texas or Connecticut or some place."
Mr. Sheehan: "The only state you seem to be sure of is the state of confusion. Be seated."

Voice on telephone: "Is Mike Howe there?"
Tim Galvin: "What do you think this is — a stockyard?"

M. Callum: "How long can a man live without brains?"
A. Hurvitz: "You look as if you might be 18 years old, at least."

Fred Ritzau: "Why do those trees in the orchard bend over so low?"
Norman Adelson: "You'd bend over too if you were full of green apples."

Fish Dealer: "Lobsters, madam; nice lobsters? Look, they're all alive."
Mary Mahoney: "Yes, but are they fresh?"

Wife: "Dear, will you remember to bring home something for the rats this evening?"
Husband: "Something for the rats! Certainly not! If the rats can't eat what we've got, let them starve."

Joseph Dockery: "At last I have passed history."
Mary MacDonald: "Honestly?"
Joseph Dockery: "Don't be so inquisitive."

E. Fay (when the train suddenly stopped): "What happened, conductor?"
Conductor: "Nothing much, we just ran over a cow."
E. Fay: "Why — was it on the track?"
Conductor: "No, we chased it into the barn."

Whitney Shannon: "What time is it?"
Ed Packard: "Don't know."
Whitney Shannon: "But you just looked at your watch."
Ed Packard: "Just wanted to make sure I still had it."

"Can you tell me the name of the Dean of this school?"
"No, I'm just a football player here."

"I haven't slept for days."
"What's the matter?"
"I sleep at night."

Patient: "Doctor, is there any danger of the operation proving fatal?"
Doctor: "Really, my good man, considering that we are experimenting on you free of charge, your idle curiosity is hardly in good form."

Phil Stamatopolis: "You and I are intellectual opposites."
Ray Darling: "How is that?"
Phil Stamatopolis: "I am intellectual and you are the opposite."

"Hey, have you a nickname?"
"Yes, they call me Maple Sugar."
"Why?"
"Just a sweet name for a sap."

Mother: "When our son has completed his education what will he be?"
Father: "An old man."

Freshman: "Those seniors treat us like mandolins."
Junior: "Why like mandolins?"
Freshman: "They're always pickin' on us."

"What do you do when you see an unusually good looking senior?"
Barbara Ingalls: "Oh I look awhile, then I get tired and put the mirror down."

"What did you do last summer?"
"I worked in Des Moines."
"Coal or iron?"

"Did you hear about the big explosion in the post office?"
"No, tell me all about it."
"The mail bags just went off."

Student: "That Professor left his umbrella again. I bet he'd leave his head if it were loose."
Ditto: "You're right. I just heard him say that he was going to Switzerland for his lungs."

"Why didn't you answer my letter?"
"I didn't get it."
"You didn't get it?"
"No, and besides, I didn't like some of the things you said in it."

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PICTURE DAYS
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41
CLOD
CLOD
IT'S A P.G WE CAN HEAR HIM COMING!
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GABLE'S
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FLOP
SLOP
SWISH
— and never a pencil or a block
CLEAN UP WEEK AT C.H.L.S.

G. A. A.

OH DEAR! What with all the basketball games, parties, dances, and The Strange Adventures of the Class Trunks, we are really quite confused. The following article is an attempt to unburden our mind of the startling array of activities.

The annual Girl Dance was held December 9, and, if we are to judge from appearances, was a great success. The walls of the gym fairly bulged, so large was the crowd in attendance. What is more, the majority of the assembly consisted of lower classmen, and their youthful ginger helped to "pep up" the party immensely. We old ones, you know!

At the dance we were honored with the presence of Miss Brown, Miss Coyle, Miss Dennett, Miss Fair, Miss Getchell, Miss MacLaughlin, Miss Russell, Miss Stratton, and Miss Ward.

Amongst a group of past officers attending the dance we noticed four past-presidents. We wish to extend our appreciation to "Bunny" O'Hearn, Gertrude Burns, Ruth Hibbard, and Gertrude Lancaster for their continued interest and participation in the affairs of the G. A. A.

The following committees were in charge:—

Door committee: Frances Farmer, Esther Fleming, Mary Gillis, Margaret Mahoney, Rita Novarro, Florence Petitto, Frances Ritvo, and Anna Coutamas.

Refreshment committee: Edna Taylor, Chairman; Mary Corcoran, Jean Becker, Marie McGloin, Beatrice Mugar, Pauline Atkinson, Dorothy Boudreau, Dorothy Frye, and Ruth Power.

Decoration committee: Cora Gray, Chairman; Elizabeth Nicolette, Gertrude Karsh, Evelyn Bisson, Evelyn Grace, Josephine Lukas.

The ushers, under the expert leadership of Mary Rankin, performed their duties excellently. Their ranks included: Mary Rankin, Helen Hanson, Julia Peers, Corinne Donnelly. Jessie Haver, Winifred Burns, Barbara Hickey, Marie O'Leary, Irene McGrath, Dorothy Hillner, and Laura Shine.

On December 22 a Christmas party was given. The highlight of the afternoon was a play presented by Barbara Hickey, Mary Rankin, and Madelyn Sullivan. Clara Cormier, always generous with her services, was in charge.

The first official championship basketball game was played in the gym November 11, the contest being between the juniors and seniors. The seniors, after a somewhat one-sided game, carried off the victory with a final score of 27 - 12.

The second game between the juniors and seniors came on January 6. Despite the fine spirit displayed by the juniors, the seniors were again victorious with a final score of 27 - 11.

The line-ups are as follows:—

The first official game between the sophomores and freshmen came on January 5, and ended in one of the most amazing climaxes in ages! For the first time in four years a freshman first team conquered a sophomore first team! The assuredness, spirit, and unruffled nerve of the freshmen won for them the contest, which ended with a final score of 13 - 10.

No one can say that we are an organization which harbors any superstitious beliefs! And if anyone desires proof of the fact, kindly recall that on Friday, the thirteenth of January, instead of going into seclusion and retirement, we engaged Arlington in a basketball game in the afternoon, and held our boy dance in the evening. We just tempt fate, that's all!

We are sorry to announce that we met with defeat at the hands of the Arlington "giants" on the aforementioned thirteenth. Scores were: Seniors, 45 - 12, in favor of Arlington; Juniors, 38 - 5 in favor of Arlington; and Sophomores, 19 - 11, in favor of Arlington.

How many have noticed the attractive changes made in the costumes of our basketball players? Each team has its own individually colored jumpers, with ankle socks to match. The freshman color is green; the sophomore red; the junior, orange; and the senior a beautiful blue.

Our latest dance was the annual Boy Dance held on January thirteenth. A goodly number attended, and we trust a happy time was had by all.

Miss Cox, Miss Foss, Miss MacLaughlin, Miss Brown, Mr. Cunningham, and Mr. Cleveland honored us with their presence at the dance.

Committees were as follows:—

Refreshments and Ushers — Marie Palmer, Chairman; Dorothy Carr, Dorothy Callahan, Edith Voekey, Gertrude Gould, Margaret Hume, Mary Gorakian, Priscilla Johnson, and Lillian Barenberg.

Decorations — Mildred McNally and Lillian McGowan, Chairmen; Lindsey Britt, Ann Bartlett, Sally Donovan.

Checkroom — Beatrice Rodman.

How many have noticed the strange disguise of the class trunks. Isn't it artistic? Perhaps, though, we had best say no more. We have a lurking suspicion that we have rushed in upon ground too delicate for mortal feet!

RUTH FREEMAN.

THE EFFECT OF DEPRESSION ON HOME LIFE

IN these times, the subject of depression is a never-ending source of discussion among business magnates, politicians, and executives who have all sorts of luxuries and have never experienced the fear of impending poverty and starvation.

But they do not see the effect that this grim, relentless ogre has on the common laboring family, the bulwark of the nation. The adults in the family, especially the father, realize the tremendous importance of keeping their jobs at all costs. Every well earned dollar is put to a useful purpose. Little luxuries are omitted. The children, blissfully ignorant of the situation, are still carefree, their only concern being the unexplained shortage of pennies for candy and toys.

However, if they could but know it, the members of this family are comparatively lucky. Let us consider the starving outcasts of the city slums. The adults suffer not only physically, from starvation, but also mentally, by reason of worry and nervous exhaustion. The children cry for food, and their little bodies shiver from cold.

But what good are these descriptions? It is impossible to portray the anguish of a poverty stricken family, crushed under the feet of a fast-hurrying nation.

And the flowery-tongued orators — what good do they do? If they would cease their hypocritical sympathy, and offer material aid, the world would right itself, and the dragon, Depression, would stalk no more in the paths of a God-fearing universe.

JAMES J. MCCORMICK.

L'AIGLON

(*Continued from page 18*)

qu'il attend le moment pour partir pour Paris, la comtesse arrive. Le frère de Thérèse, apprenant qu'elle aime le Duc était allé pour la tuer. La comtesse s'était battue, mais il avait découvert qu'elle était une femme. Pendant qu'elle parle, Sedlinsky, directeur de la police, arrive et renvoie tous les conspirateurs sauf Flambeau, qu'il ordonne a être tué. Laissé seul avec le cadavre de Flambeau, l'Aiglon aperçoit en vision tous les hommes qui etaient morts à Wagram, sous son pere, Napoléon. Le Duc va à Schoenbrunn avec son régiment autrichien.

Le dernier acte represente la mort de l'Aiglon. On ne dit pas au Duc qu'il meurt, mais l'étiquette de la cour autrichienne demande que la Famille Impériale assiste à la derniere messe. On mène le Duc à la messe dans une pièce voisine; la Famille Impériale assiste dans une autre. Mais les sanglots de Thérèse découvrit au Duc que la cour y assiste. En entendant l'histoire de son baptême il meurt, fils de Napoléon, Duc de Reichstadt, désormais Roi de Rome, appelé "L'Aiglon".

MARY RANKIN, '33.

K. B. NOTES

HAVING heard rumors to the effect that the officers are unknown, I shall immediately enlighten you. Pres., Anne Moran; Sec., Virginia Gately; Treasurer, Helen Dugan.

Despite the fact that we are practically carried away by utter joy at the prospect of a coming snow-trip, Ol' Man Weather seems to be holding out on us. As soon as we conceived the idea, the snow disappeared, and it hasn't "snowed" up since! (I promise — no more puns!)

The plans for the bridge party are under way. We are all looking forward to as successful a party as the one we had last year.

Of course, we shall sell candy at the Drama! Can — dee! — You must buy it — it'll be good!

We are going to take in some new members immediately after the third marking period closes.

That's about all, except that we'll say something to the weather man if it doesn't start to snow! —

V. G., '33.

Warren Better Doughnut

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Spring :: 1933

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The Reviewer

WE SALUTE
HAROLD CLARKE DURRELL
A SUBSCRIBER SINCE 1896

(We have received the following letter)

Miss Mary P. Bligh,
Cambridge High and Latin School,
Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Miss Bligh:

Please pardon my delay in sending in my check for my subscription to the Cambridge Review. I enjoy every number and every article.

I made my first subscription to the Review in the fall of 1896, and have taken it ever since, as a long shelf of bound Reviews will testify. There were two years during which no paper was published, but a Year Book was issued instead by the Senior class. As a subscriber for the thirty-eighth time, am I not entitled to the rank of oldest subscriber in point of successive subscriptions? I doubt if any other graduate of the school can match that record.

With best wishes for the Review, I am

Cordially yours,
Harold Clarke Durrell
17 Dana Street,
Cambridge,
Mass.

NORMAN ADELSON

It is our sad duty to record the fact that Norman Adelson has died. Norman Adelson devoted his time unselfishly to others. He was actively interested in Y. M. C. A. work, and was a splendid scholar and student at the Cambridge High and Latin School. We of the "Review" staff, particularly, knew Norman well. The friends and fellow students of Norman will deeply, sorely, miss him. No words of ours can explain our great loss, both to us who knew him, and to the School as a whole. We can only say, with the majestic solemnity that was Shelley's:

"Grief too sad for song; —
Wail, for the world's wrong!"

THE YEAR BOOK STAFF

IN spite of rumors to the contrary, we are going to have a Year Book, and a wonderful one, too, if the Staff has anything to say about it. This promising Staff is composed of Wilson E. Babcock, of debating fame, Editor-in-chief; Sports Editor, Daniel Johnson, the very successful football captain of this year's team; Literary Editor, Annette Field, of the sunny smile; and Business Manager, Morris Rabinovitz, experienced by his past "Review" work. Although Lawrence Mullin was first elected to this position, he resigned.

Well, Seniors, there you are! The Staff is counting on your support, and they need it to make this Year Book bigger and better than ever before. So, in the most approved Ed Wynn fashion, fill your fountain pens for signing, and give the Staff cooperation! J. T., '33.

SENIOR DRAMA

"Smilin' Through", by Allan Langdon Morton, was presented at Brattle Hall, February 17, under the direction of Miss Lillian R. Hartigan.

Cast of Characters

PROLOGUE

Sarah Wayne	Alice Wheeler
Mary Clare	Anne Moran

THE PLAY

John Carteret	Lawrence Mullin
Dr. Owen Harding	Joseph Ricker
Ellen	Josephine Reardon
Kathleen Dungannon	Virginia Gately
Willie Ainley	John O'Leary
Kenneth Wayne	Franklin Coleman
Alicia	Rosemary Brooks
Peggy	Anne Roche
Edward	John Tynan
Richard	Joseph Boucher
Jeremiah Wayne	Franklin Coleman
Moonyeen Clare	Virginia Gately

Allow us first to congratulate Miss Hartigan upon her choice for this year's drama. Even though "Smilin' Through" is the old story of the hate that is transferred from father to son, from one generation to the next, and even though there is nothing particularly startling about the plea to forgive and forget, live and let live, yet "Smilin' Through" is a thoroughly worth-while play. Mr. Morton understands his characters. You get the feeling of real people going through real emotions. You laugh with them and cry with them. They are human.

The author seats you in an English country garden and tells you simply to wait and watch. You can hear the buzzing of the bees; you breathe the sweetness of the flowers. The lovers appear and you learn that because Kathleen's uncle John hates the very name of Wayne, they cannot publicly declare their love. The second act pushes the calendar back fifty years and you understand the cause of this hatred: young Wayne's father killed John's fiancée on the very eve of her wedding. The third act brings you John, an old man, still blocking with his bitter memories the true-love path of his young niece and her lover. But Mr. Harding, life-long friend of John, persuades his friend that he must forgive and forget. The curtain comes down with the lovers living happily forever afterward. The play has comedy and real drama. There are many scenes filled with beautifully written lines of tender feeling.

As for the acting honors, we think that Josephine Reardon's quiet, satisfying interpretation of Ellen, the maid, was the best characterization of the evening. She dug more deeply into her characterization than did some of the others, and she stayed there longer.

We nominate Lawrence Mullin's John Carteret a close second. There were whole minutes when his sterling acting made us forget completely that we were watching Lawrence Mullin in a high school play. Joseph Ricker, whose clear, strong voice could be heard in every corner of the theatre, was excellent.

The minute Virginia Gately appeared on the stage, she was approved. We could see approval on the faces of the audience. They liked her because she was her own vital self, responding to the emotions called-for.

Speaking of approval, we noticed that Willie (John O'Leary) Ainley was applauded after every appearance. The audience was evidently well pleased with his characterization. But Mr. Morton created Willie a "good substantial young man". What we saw was a stuttering idiot whom no woman would ever consider marrying, and whom even John Carteret would not be so blindly cruel as to suggest for his niece's husband.

The play is over.

Miss Hartigan gives more than two months of her time to the Senior Drama each year. Perfection is her goal, and it is perfection you see when you watch the play. She produces as smooth and well-oiled a drama as amateur theatricals will permit.

Cambridge Latin can well afford to be proud of this year's drama.

Roy Erickson.

DEBATING

OUR most sincere praise is given to Cambridge Latin's splendid Debating Team. Supported by the convincing arguments, and the eloquence of its members, George Emerson, Wilson Babcock, and Raymond McCaffrey, and the superb rebuttals of McCaffrey, it has remained unconquered in its three hotly contested encounters on the subject of Cancellation of War Debts. And do these men know their subject! They should be on a Government Committee investigating War Debts!

Yet this intimacy with the topics of the day is only one of the innumerable advantages, every one advantageous, derived from debating.

Therefore we feel that the proposal to establish Debating as a ten-credit subject in our curriculum is a great idea, which deserves the support of everyone. If these classes are established, Cambridge Latin will continue to produce debaters as good as those of this year. Then, you other debating teams, Watch Out! J. T.

CHESS

AFTER flourishing within itself all winter, the Chess Team sallied forth to the lists of the Y. M. C. A. to play a tournament. It was a long hard battle, and the results were close. Of the nine boards played, the knights of the Y. M. C. A. won five. However, as Bernie Kamins said, it was a *moral victory,* for we know our men must be good to withstand so well the experienced players of the Y. After the strenuous exercise occasioned by this tourney, we all went to the pool for a swim. The whole evening was a great time, all right.

Having shown ourselves to be slightly above the mediocrity of chess players, we now shall proceed to challenge other teams. Some brilliant youth of C. H. L. S. suggested that we challenge the freshmen at Wellesley, Radcliffe, and Simmons, with dancing afterwards. Not a bad idea!

J. T., '33.

EARL MATTHEWS

There has departed from among us a young man whom we can ill afford to lose. Earl Matthews was a post graduate student who was preparing for Harvard College. Earl was known to nearly the whole student body and he was well liked. We of Cambridge Latin join in expressing our heartfelt sympathy to Earl's parents for their great loss.

A NIGHT RIDE

***Prize Story*—Upper Classes**

TWELVE-FIFTEEN A.M. in Grand Central Terminal, and the scene is one of bright lights and bustle. Innumerable people, each one with a look of businesslike absorption and cheerfulness, stream to and fro through the huge waiting-rooms and out to the train platforms. Some carry suitcases and armfuls of bundles, as if they were about to embark on a long journey, and were loath to leave any of their household equipment behind them. Others are unburdened by baggage, and wear the expression of regret peculiar to fond relatives who are about to bid farewell to a traveller, an expression tempered by the effect of the excitement which pervades the station. My ideas on this subject may be unduly influenced by personal feelings, but it seems to me that most people in railway stations look as though they were enjoying themselves. The very atmosphere suggests the possibilities of interesting adventure, and most people seem alive to this fact. They may look happy and excited, or possibly may have a worried air which is the height of self importance and therefore of enjoyment. Dusky porters insinuate themselves with ingratiating smiles and snatch suit cases from protesting travellers who eventually acquiesce and are ushered ceremoniously into their particular train. There is an immense amount of hurry, of voices raised in laughter, argument, or farewell, of searching in pockets and purses. The outgoing trains lie waiting like huge monsters impatient to depart. I rush aboard the seemingly already overcrowded train and marvel at the number of people bound for Boston and neighboring points on this particular night.

The train is, indeed, almost full to capacity, and people are wandering hopefully up and down the aisles in search of seats. Those already established are skillfully manipulating bags and bundles and managing to occupy twice as much space as necessary. Optimistically I trail through several cars looking for a place to settle, and finally turn back after reaching the smoking car to seize upon half of a reluctantly shared seat. I feel half apologetic at encroaching, but self-interest does not encourage the idea of spending the rest of the night tottering pitifully from one car to another.

The car is a strange conglomeration of sights and sounds. Every one is chattering noisily and heaving restlessly around in his seat. The lights glare mercilessly down upon us and light up the platforms outside, where late arrivals still hurry, panting from the distance. Whole families continue to drag up and down the aisles, bumping the seats as they pass, as if they expected the occupied places to clear miraculously and make room for everybody, including little Johnnie and Grandma's hatbox. Finally, with infinite scorn for our lack of benevolence, they separate to the few scattered seats that are still available, and there follows a great rushing around and arranging of children and suitcases.

Suddenly, with no apparent warning, the train begins to move off, leaving the lighted platforms behind, where porters, having dropped their ingratiating smiles, stand staring after the departing cars with a bored and vacant expression. Within, the confusion gradually subsides, papers and magazines appear, together with a show of friendly conversation that weakens as yawns become too frequent for extreme intelligence. Soon the porter enters with a stack of pillows, which are apparently a most desirable commodity, and are eagerly rented by the yawning populace. Heads disappear, motion ceases, and "silence settles wide and still" over the car.

A good proportion of my fellow travellers enjoyed to all appearances a comfortable night's sleep upon the train. Personally I am not yet hardened to that degree. The fact that I did not have an entire double seat on which to stretch, and that the light beamed brightly down upon me, combined to make sleep merely a desirable but distant luxury. My inexperience also kept me wakeful; this trip was a novelty to me, and boredom did not once annoy me. The night was on the whole, however, uneventful. Some resourceful people near me produced a pack of cards and proceeded to play such fearfully exciting games as rummy and casino, on a stack of

suit cases balanced rather incertainly in the passage. At stated intervals someone would enter selling sandwiches, coffee, peanuts, or cold beverages. Various prostrate forms would arouse themselves long enough to gulp down a cupful of hot coffee, which, if intended to keep them awake, was entirely ineffective.

The night passes slowly. There are stops, but they are unattended by any show of enthusiasm or interest. Dawn breaks slowly; first it is a faint line of light in the east, then the blackness shades into gray, and the windows, whose inky blackness has all night long merely reflected the lights within, begin to reveal faint outlines of the country side. Gradually the light in the east increases, and an orange glow broadens across the horizon and climbs slowly into the sky, fading in intensity as it spreads in dimensions. Blue sky becomes discernible, then the first arc of the flaming sun appears in the distance. There is a fascination in watching the sun rise after one has waited the night through, even when one's eyes are heavy with longing for sleep.

We are nearing our destination; arms and legs stretch out from seats, and tousled heads are thrust inquiringly upwards. Conversations are resumed, presumably at the points where they were broken off by the slumbers just concluded. I ponder on the destinations of my fellow passengers, and upon the contrasting lives brought together into an intimacy soon to be ended forever. We are an interesting group, coming from strange places, going to strange places, each completely bound up in his own affairs and yet sharing in this one night on the train. Few could guess what situations face their companions, and few, I suspect, either wondered or cared.

South Station; it is six-thirty and we all hurry off with almost as much speed as we dashed on. Again the bustle of a busy station, the noise, the excitement, and the fond relatives, and each is lost in his separate existence.

POLLY POMEROY, '33.

ENTHUSIASM

WHAT a power there is in an enthusiastic adherence to an ideal! What are hardships, ridicule, persecution, sickness, or the feebleness of age to a soul throbbing with an overmastering purpose! All great works of art have been produced when the artist was intoxicated with the passion for beauty and form, which would not let him rest until he had expressed his thought in marble or on canvas.

Indifference never leads armies that conquer, nor models statues that live, nor breathes sublime music, nor rears impressive architecture, nor moves the soul with poetry. Enthusiasm is the being awake; it is the tingling of every fibre of one's being to o the work that one's heart desires. The most irresistable charm of youth is its bubbling enthusiasm. Youth sees no darkness ahead nor any defile that has no outlet; it forgets that there is such a thing as failure in the world; each young person believes that mankind has been waiting all these years for him to come and be the liberator of truth and energy and beauty. How much the world owes to the enthusiasm of Dante! Tennyson wrote his first volume at eighteen, and at nineteen gained a medal at Cambridge. Alexander was a mere youth when he rolled back the Asiatic hordes that threatened to overwhelm European civilization almost at its birth. Napoleon had conquered Italy at twenty-five. Victor Hugo wrote a tragedy at fifteen, had taken three prizes at the Academy, and had gained the title of Master before he was twenty. The young man who is driven by enthusiasm makes his own opportunity; his ardor is his crown before which the languid and the passive bow.

But if enthusiasm is irresistible in youth, how much more so is it when carried into old age! The glory of age is only the glory of its enthusiasm, and the reverence paid to the aged is reverence to a heart fervent in spite of the torpid influence of an enfeebled body.

The "Odyssey" was the creation of a blind old man, but that man was Homer. Dr. Johnson's best work, "The Lives of The Poets", was written when he was seventy-eight. "The labor we delight in physics pain", said Shakespeare. At sixty-three Dryden began the translation of the "Aeneid".

"There was nothing remarkable about Goldsmith when he was young", said Johnson. "He was a plant that flowered late in life."

With enthusiasm we may retain the youth of the spirit until the hair is silvered, even as the Gulf Stream softens the rigors of the northern Atlantic.

WILLIAM MURPHY, '33.

OUR ANSWER TO THE SECOND "CARRIE NATION"

***Prize Story*—Lower Classes**

Preface:

The writer, while rummaging through his book-case, came upon a copy of the High and Latin School Review, which contained an article entitled "The Confessions of an American Gum-chewer". He was so impressed by this article that he could not refrain from writing an answer to it.

There are reformers, and there are reformers. To those who, we are sure, are sincere in their efforts we give our admiration and encouragement; but for every true crusader against vice, there are thousands whose utterances are meaningless, parrotlike, and spoken for selfish reasons alone.

Be that as it may, we take the occasion to answer the statement of the young lady engaged in her Anti-Gum Movement. To avoid misapprehension, we shall definitely state the grounds for debate. These are that she is totally in the dark concerning the effects of gum-chewing.

Gum-chewing on the surface, viewed from the sidelines, is a disgusting, ahborrent act; yet the benefits derived more than balance the nauseating appearance of the chewer. There is rhythm there, and the sensation of periodic beat, far from dulling the keen edge of perception, lulls the disquieted soul and allows for dispassionate consideration of the problems on hand. If "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and since music, besides being an harmonic change in concentration and length of sound waves, is also rhythm, it necessarily follows that rhythm has been an essential feature in the development of civilization. The savage utilized it in all his expressions of emotion. In the development of the dance, which is a primary expression of feeling, yea, even in poetry, rhythm has constantly maintained its position as a factor in human life.

That gum-chewing does put one beyond the pale is a lamentable fact. It is one of the major mistakes of society. Convention again steps in because the subtle benefits of the act are not clarified in the minds of the "Four Hundred".

The rhythm which quiets the soul goes on still further in its good work, and brings the mind into such a state that important decisions can be made. In proof of this we may cite a few instances. The first of these is the action taken by a famed physician in advising the President of the United States to sleep upon decisive questions.

The correct answer is automatically brought forth after the sub-conscious mind has calmly weighed the pros and cons. Still further, many eminent people have spent at least twenty-four hours at a stretch in bed, in order to renew vitality and prepare themselves for stern life.

We, therefore, maintain that gum-chewing, because of its rhythm, expresses emotions and relieves internal tension. Because it occasions quiet contentment, it allows for clearer comprehension and correct action.

Thus, we denounce all Anti-Gum activities and threaten, in the event of coercive action on the part of these reformers, to band ourselves together and to form an all-powerful Anti-Anti-Gum-Chewing organization.

FRANCIS PROCITO, '32.

A SONG FOR BOSTON HARBOUR

So here's to the port of Boston,
  With all her sea-flung piers
Where the swinging ships chafe for ocean-trips
  Which the northwind commandeers.
    While the gulls dip low,
    And the ferries go
    Across the harbour, to and fro
    Unendingly.

A score of swart steamers arriving,
  Or loading and setting forth
For Aberdeen or the Argentine
  Or the glass-green, silent North.
    While day after day
    Like birds of prey
    In the Navy Yard the dreadnaughts gray
    Lurk sullenly.

The spire of granite in Charlestown
  A compass-needle is she;
She guides ships down to the streets of the town
  From the windy sweeps of the sea.
    While the fishing-smacks
    In scraggling packs
    Come scurrying in with the wind at their backs
    Expectantly.

For Boston is a pleasant town
  To all that follow the sea;
For the pungent smell and the lunging swell
  Allure them incessantly,
Ever again to its windy rain
  And its ever-new mystery.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33.

HUMAN INTEREST

SHE leaned against a tree, and, with wide dark eyes and laughing lips, mocked my stammering seriousness.

"You are in love," said she, and either laughed or sighed, "with foolish dreams and schemes that amount to nothing."

I murmered startled protests, but she continued:

"For three years you have wasted your time, and accomplished nothing."

"But have patience, dear — "

"Have patience nothing! You are getting into a deeper rut every day. It is about time I was doing something myself."

I smiled my disbelief, and she saw it.

With a low, even, repressed voice she continued, "I am entering on a probationary training period of three months, next Monday at the Clinton Hospital."

With that she left me, and my tapestry of dreams and melody slowly crumbled, and left me desolate. From inside the ballroom we had just quitted, the orchestra struck up a new tune, and as I turned and went my way I could hear the syncopation, coupled with the everlasting shuffle of feet, grow fainter and fainter.

* * * * * * *

The endless clacking of busy typewriters was pouring forth its eternal song one hot August afternoon. Tired, weary, and disgusted I sat at my desk and hemmed and hawed over routine work. As a reporter of the "Daily Messenger" and member of the journalistic profession, I considered life very dull indeed. The high-life in Boston had been peculiarly passive for a long while. There hadn't been a gang-murder for three weeks. There was even a depression in the scandal industry, and all the "sob-sheets" had at last taken in despair to the writing of feature articles, that appear every so often in the metropolitan newspapers when times are very dull. You know the sort of article I mean. A story, perhaps, of Farmer Brown's two-headed calf, or an interview with some public character, say an old sea captain, whose lurid tales come mostly from an over-fagged reporter's brain. Or, maybe, a featured article supposedly written by some Captain of Industry, who, with grave originality, would assure the populace that prosperity was just around the corner. It is funny those gentlemen never specified what corner. . . .

"Hey, kid!"

I scrambled to my feet. The voice came from the direction of the City Editor's desk. I sauntered over and stood before him.

"Yes, sir."

"See the Supplement Editor. He wants to use you for a human interest filler. Get going."

"Okay."

I speared my hat, clapped it on, and rang for the elevator. Two stories below I saw the Supplement Editor, and was on my way.

Getting off the subway at the Charles Street Station, I mulled over the job I had to do. I hated human interest yarns. Most likely what the daily subscribers would read in the morning issue of the "Messenger" would almost wholly be a product of the imagination.

Arriving on the street-level and neglecting the underground passage to the opposite side of the thoroughfare, I measured the distance preparatory to a dash from curb to curb through the traffic. I missed a wheezing Ford by inches, and, with a contemptuous wave of my hand, started afresh. The next thing I recall was of a big ball of fire that hit me squarely in the nose.

* * * * * * *

Recalled to my scattered senses by an aroma which I had formerly associated with dentists' offices, I opened my eye and looked around. The color scheme seemed to be entirely of white. A figure in the back-ground stirred and came forward. I winked my good eye several times, but still, even to my most confirmed opinions otherwise, believed myself to be in heaven.

For it was she who was standing beside my bed. Very prim indeed, in a starched rustling uniform of white, and a black band in her white cap. Her face had strangely altered from the carefree countenance of the girl I had once known, to the utter distraction of my peace of mind; even her supple figure seemed lined with fatigue. I tried to speak, but cool, gentle fingers bade me be quiet.

Convalescing, with a different nurse, I made inquiries as to what had happened. It seemed I had been foolish enough to dispute the right of way with a two and a half ton truck, and that was silly when I considered that, after all, I was only a pedestrian.

When the doctor paid me a visit the next afternoon, I engaged him in conversation. After the talk changed from impersonal things like tibias, femurs, and so forth, I brought up the subject of my nurse.

"Where is she?" I inquired in my usual tactful manner.

"She has a special appendix case in Ward Z," replied my laconic friend.

"By the way," he continued, "you seem to be rather interested in her."

I admitted I was, slightly.

"You seemed to-ahem-eh-mention her quite a bit when you were a — "

"Delirious?" I prompted.

"Yes", said he.

"But I assure you I was quite sane," I answered.

"In love with her, eh?"

"What would you say?" I asked him.

"I'll send her in to see you," he promised, and took himself off.

She came in and sat down.

"Hello," said she.

"Hello," answered I. And after this affectionate greeting we carefully avoided looking at each other.

"You really ought to marry me." I suggested. and when I saw her about to speak, "Nursing doesn't appeal so much to you now, does it?" I reached out and possessed myself of her hand.

"No," she assented, her eyes downcast.

I digested this in silence, for to receive a logical answer from a member of the illogical gender, was a bit disgusting.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes, dear."

Sometine later I rang for an interne and gave him a telegram to be delivered to the City Editor of the "Messenger".

This is what it said:

"Have discovered real human interest story at last. Stop. This story, however, not for publication. Stop. My regards."

RAYMOND F. MCCAFFREY.

THE PUPPY DOG

(*With touches borrowed from Whittier*)

Blessings on thee, puppy dog,
Racing round in rain and fog,
With thy hair of curly black
Mussed and tumbled on thy back!
Bright brown eyes so wild and free
Glance with joyous light at me!
Barking madly in the sun,
Thou art full of merry fun;
Dashing up and down the street,
Bumping into passers' feet!
Chasing neighbors' harmless cats,
Chewing up the best door mats,
Leaving nicely seeded grounds
Roughish piles of earthy mounds —
Full of life and joy thy cup,
Blessings on thee, happy pup!

HARRIET A. VARRELL, '34.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

SITTING in a dark room with the light of the fire flickering on the walls, I see a life-like drama enacted in the flames before me; in fact, I see the drama of life itself.

Near the coals of the fire the tiny flames, just at their birth, come up from the deep blackness and idly dance and flicker. Like little children, they are small, but happy in their freedom, as they take short leaps upward.

Then, they attain their goal, in the center of the flames, leaping and dancing to their utmost. This is youth at its highest peak. The colors of the flame dazzle my eyes and make me dreamy. I see in my mind the noble ambitions, the far-fetched, impossible dreams of youth. They are just dreams, but what a wealth of feeling they contain. Youth looks at the long years of life stretching out before him. There is plenty of time for fantastic, beautiful plans of romance. Who knows what miracle of chance or fortune may come to him?

But stay, I glance away from the brilliant dazzling of the center of the flames, and I see the fading, weakening flame, dying out among the ashes of the fire. It is vainly trying to give forth its feeble ray of light. Here is old age. Gone are the dreams of youth, which were forgotten one by one, as the years passed, and the heart no longer responded with leaps and bounds to the call of adventure and romance, and, in their stead, are the cold grey ashes of life.

ANNA L. RYAN, '33.

ON "DROPPING IN"

IF there is any custom which marks the indefinite distinction between civilization and barbarism, it is certainly the habit of dropping in. This is, as its title implies, an utterly casual and haphazard performance, to be associated with a leisurely mode of living. Thus dropping in flourishes only within the confines of an established, staid sort of civilization. Could you imagine our paleolithic ancestors dropping in on a neighbor with other than murderous intent, or a baron of the Dark Ages paying a cozy visit to a compeer?

Dropping in is a peculiar and special procedure, and is not to be confused with ordinary calling or at-homing in any of their diverse stages of formality. It must be unpremeditated, with no more preamble than a careless — "What do you say we drop in on John tonight?" It must be unhampered by any restriction of time, such as expecting a phone call or the pressing necessity of getting to bed early. Finally, it must never consider the prospective victim, either in the light of his time, his mood, or the condition of his larder. Artists of all types are the greatest sufferers. A young illustrator of my acquaintance, who was forced to place on his studio door a sign reading "*No* visitors until after 4 P. M.", was severely criticized. Nor were complaints altogether unjust, for this same inhospitable artist has no scruples whatever in dropping in on those very persons his work compelled him to keep out. Dropping in is, on the whole, a fifty-fifty proposition, except perhaps in the matter of refreshments, where one sometimes gives bread and receives a stone. This is not to be considered unfair; it is merely giving according to one's means, a most commendable practice.

This delightfully casual custom is found at its best, not in sophisticated or Bohemian circles, but in the sober company of middle-aged bachelors, where it takes the form of a mature camaradie rare and pleasing to see. The very reserve and solidity of these ageing, solitary men, an attitude so different from the opinionated talkativeness of the rising generation, makes their occasional droppings-in more of an institution, such as drinking tea or smoking an after-dinner cigar. Old friends and new acquaintances alike are greeted with the same words, "Drop in on me sometime!" The man thus favoured, whether he is a schoolmate, an old friend, a rug dealer, or a prominent geologist, shares in an hour or so of mellow, gradually warming conversation which contains much genuine feeling behind its measured phrases.

There is much talk of the present state of the world and of the country in particular. Life seems to be increasing its tempo at a tremendous rate, defying leisure, creating false standards, and defacing the public morals. Craftsmanship, spare time, caution, all things which make for unhurried living, are gone for the time. But I cannot believe that all the graciousness and charm has departed from living so long as people continue to drop in on one another.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33.

SPRING

(*A Freshman's Offering*)

What is Spring, but a beautiful thing,
In which we always delight,
With blossoming flowers
In exquisite bowers,
Hidden in darkness at night.

The soft green grass
Says winter is past;
The trees compete in splendor,
While young budding leaves
Look very much pleased
At the beauty which they render.

THELMA BURKE, '36.

Review=ing Books

HENRY ADAMS

Author — JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Publishers — **Albert & Charles Boni, Inc.**

HENRY BROOKS ADAMS, whose great-grandfather, John Adams, and grandfather, John Quincy Adams, had both been Presidents of the United States, was born on Hancock Street, Beacon Hill, in 1838. Henry Adams' father, Francis Adams, was prime minister to England during the Civil War. When only a young man, Henry was his father's secretary at the Court of St. James.

This book is the first biography on Henry Adams and throws a brilliant light on a man important in American Letters, but about whom comparatively little is known.

Henry Adams was successively, diplomat, essayist, novelist, and historian. His most important contributions to literature are "Education of Henry Adams", wrongly referred to as an autobiography, as his biographer points out, "Democracy", a novel published anonymously, and his "History of the United States of America". During his long and fruitful career, Henry Adams was an inveterate traveller. He journeyed over much of the globe, writing his impressions of things as he found them on his travels. For a time he was a professor of history at Harvard College, and while at that school filled two posts, one as a lecturer, and the other as an editor of the "North American Review".

The writings of Henry Adams are not widely read; but the incidents and events that surrounded this strange man, who appears to be almost of an alien race, are fascinating biographical material. Springing from a stock that already had furnished two presidents and three ambassadors to England, almost any effort he made was bound to be over-shadowed by his distinguished ancestors. Small of frame, with a bulging forehead and long nose, he resembled his illustrious sires. He affected mannerisms and was inordinately fond of his carefully-trimmed beard. He possessed an extraordinarily keen insight on history, and displayed an excellent sense of humor. He was extremely sensitive on what he considered his "series of failures" in life, and went to the grave with the feeling that most of his existence had been useless. All in all, it may be truly said that the man, Henry Adams, was far more interesting than his scattered works, regardless of their merits. He died in Washington in the year 1918.

The book is forceful, clean-cut and extremely well-written. The style is brief and to the point. The reader will find that this book is pleasantly free from those tiresome notes, letters, conjectures, and annotations almost invariably found in biographies. By a nation of biography readers, which the American people have become today, this book will be well received.

ELIZABETH AND THE ARCHDEACON

Author — GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

Publishers — **Bobbs Merrill Co.**

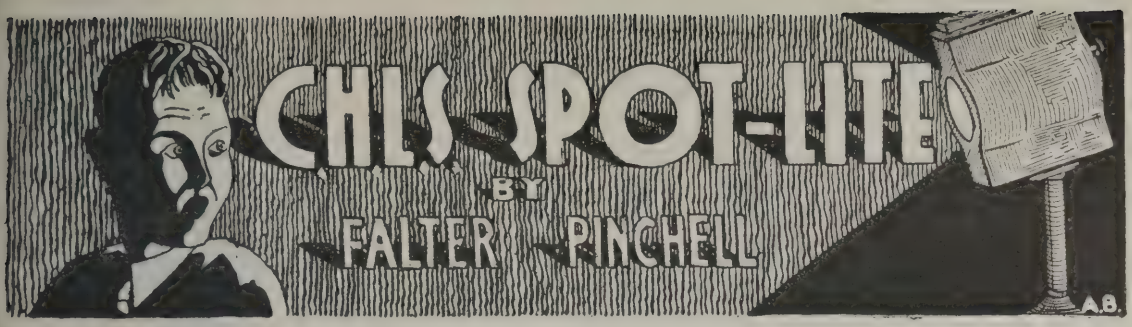
The trials and tribulations of the poor Archdeacon of Badakak form one of the most amusing books of the new year. With a style reminiscent of P. G. Wodehouse, George Birmingham has created a unique set of characters that will provide even the sourest disposition with many guffaws.

Through the pages of this novel, at times humorous and at times satirical, moves the bewildered Archdeacon, fresh from the crocodile-infested swamps of Badakak, the particularly self-reliant and refreshing Elizabeth Code, the self-assertive Millie Halliday and her bumptious progeny, and last, but not least, a well drawn group of minor characters. A Russian Prince serves as the butt of much of Mr. Birmingham's fun, and the reader will enjoy the picture of Eugene, the headwaiter, who, in modern parlance, makes his head ache figuring out how much he can "chisel" from the foreigners.

Picture, if you can, the humor to be extracted from the Archdeacon's awkward situations. He is lured into night-clubs by the designing Millie, and discusses the Greek Testament with a Russian refugee. On his return to England he is arrested for smuggling by the alert customs officials, and ridiculous situations arise.

Of course, the Archdeacon's difficulties are finally straightened out, and the story ends on a peaceful note, but before the reader reaches the end, he will stop to wonder if the poor Archdeacon's troubles will ever come to a settlement.

(*Continued on page 12*)



ALMA! OOWAH! Review Box wasn't used so much in its whole history as it was this term . . . not wishing to burn our dear school publication (rah, raw). . . . We shall leave to the imagination those articles which came from such sources as gray-bearded P. G.'s, no man's land, rooms 86 and 89, neither of which can boast of a pair of trousers (plus shirt, tie, vest . . . of COARSE). . . . But we're not trying to be smart . . . there's no one in school smarter (where the skin's gone) than Jim Feeley. . . . If there is, please consult Vic Gatto by request. . . . And then there's Tim Galvin. . . . Folks, he might look bashful to YOU . . . but . . . tsk, tsk. . . . There's more to it than meets the eye . . . (of the womenfolks) . . . the same eye eyed those striped pants of Tony Puzyn a while ago. . . . Jeannette Eyre, who reminds us somehow of Jack Oakie with her turtle-neck jersey, has the wrestling bug . . . yes, that's her hobby; she's a first class wrestling fan. . . . There's some mystery about Ray Ghizzoni, radio wizard, and Carson's. . . . Did you hear about the P. G. who said to Virginia Gately, "I passed your house last night." . . . and her return, "Thanks!" . . . Another enthusiastic K. B. candidate. . . . John Tynan has a paper for his acceptance in circulation for all K. B.'ers to sign. . . . Thank you too much, Greta Wood, Poetess. . . . Someone remarked to me t'other day, that Al Harmantos, ocarinist, is getting round-shouldered since he bought that pipe . . . another writes in that Joe Hart has a pug nose only since Rhumba style dance came into effect. . . . Same writer hints about Bill Manousos, and "that" he phones daily . . . also . . . he mentions that Berj Seron says the wrong thing at the right time . . . but Berj Seron is O.K. Here's what Berj writes: "Falter Pinchell, Dear me . . . Did you know that Myer Sandler has composed a song? That it would be funny if Barbara Donovan's middle initial were V; that Doris Doran talks about a poignant mind reader; that Dot Cummings certainly is polished, always casting reflections on somebody. . . . Attention, Al Maguire . . . your public wants to know more of your Saturday gal. . . . Student desires to hear where Joe Connors cultivated that "walk" . . . and what is this I get concerning gridiron hero B. McK. and J. B? . . . Saying hello to Isabel Singleton. . . . Phil Stamatopoulos, "now I did it this way." . . . By the way, Benny, how is the taxi business coming along. . . . Freshman room 6 receives lots of attention lunch period as upper classmen pass by. . . . Little bird whispers Fr. . Fl. . is the reason. . . . There was once a masquerade . . . and Sam Applestein attended as a gigolo. . . . Moe Rabinovitz went indisposed (?). . . . Let's see you follow in your sister's footsteps, Mary Connelly. . . . Interested now in Beacon Hillers is Charles "Squire" Littlefield . . . says Joe Hart, his publicity manager; who is Delia Wheelright?? . . . News item. . . . War Declared! Brief-case Brigade comprising Lester Klashman, Art Dzendolet, Whit Shannon threatens supremacy of ancient Green-Baggers, headed by Frank Davy and Fred Shane. . . . So you ring your own doorbell, J. O'Leary? . . . Spats all year round for Max Rubin . . . but all moosicums are different. . . . Hate to squeal R. Chipman, but noos is noos . . . hows Mr. 1 o'clock? . . . Why don't you act your fifteen years, Miss Peterson? . . . Congrads . . . it's quite a trick to tickle the accordian, Victoria Hacian (by the way, did you see your picture that was handed in to me?) . . . Marie Clover wonders why Rita Murphy scans the Huntington School line-up, daily. . . . Fie, Frankie Dunn, Fie! . . . what's the racket about your being disqualified for beating a horse? (Indebted to Hart and Littlefield for this tip) . . . Listen, Blonde Venus Frank Harney, no matter what they say about your hair-bleaching, we're glad to see that you can TAKE IT! . . . Ahoy there, two-gun Paul Edmunds! . . . Folks, from now on call Eleanor Robbins "Bobbie". . . . The nick fits her to a T. . . . Worry not, I say nothing of your sore lip, Genevieve. . . . Watch your step, George Thompson, there's a plot afoot under direction of unknown girl. . . . Here's one for seniors:

"For our new baby I've a name
I chose, for reasons deep;
I think I'll call the boy Macbeth
Because he murders sleep."

Why girls LEAVE home . . . Ben FitzGerald.

. . . Why girls RETURN home . . . Charlie Winterson. . . . Why they STAY home . . . Hart and Littlefield. . . . To the little lady who defied me to get any info about her . . . I'll be a sport, Peg. McCaffrey; I'll just tell you this issue that your past-time is phoning. . . . Unless you admit that I know more, I'll print MORE in next issue. . . . When 'r ye gonna grow up Rita Jordan? . . . What ho the navy! . . . Marion Jarvis, Girl Scout, swimmer?? . . . Like your attitude, Frances Collins. . . . Have discovered thoughts of Wanda Boyce . . . those interested see me. . . .

. . . Here, Sophomores:

"Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp, no doubt;
For whenever Mary's beau came in
The little lamp went out."

. . . This for the Juniors:

"I asked a Miss what was a kiss
Grammatically defined,
'A conjugation, sir,' she said,
'And hence can't be declined."

Think your posture deserves mention Shiela White. . . . I won't spill the beans about you, Chet Beane, but remember the adage "You can fool some of the people some of the time, etc.?" . . . All the world loves a lover, Paul Wallins, F. Harney, E. Finestein, A. Hurvitz. . . . Perfect rhythm in your name, Lambert. . . . Let's have a few of your wise-kreks . . . for next number. . . . On your toes, gang . . . listen! This heah column is also going to offer advice to the LOVELORN and PERPLEXED. . . . If your pal has a problem just wrap it in cellophane, tie a string around it, drag it up to Review Box, label it "Falter Pinchell" and go curl up in a corner until next copy of the Review! Here's one daintily perfumed letter I received:

"Dear Falter,

Here I am, a C. H. L. S. Senior, with a question that bothers me night after night. I am slightly acquainted with a beautiful girl of my own age, very charming young lady, who is an honor roll student, besides. She possesses two cars, one a large gray Auburn. She dances, likes athletics, is cheerful, good-natured, and clever. Her father owns two or three railroads. Now, my problem is this. Last week she invited me to attend the theatre with her. Shall I accept?

'Worried'.

P. S. Please consider my trouble while I anxiously await an answer."

My dear "Worried",

I suggest that you go home and go to bed. If I were you, I shouldn't pay any more attention to the damsel. Why should you go to the theatre with her? Let the theatre come to you.

Falter Pinchell.

P. S. By the way, not that I care, but WHO IS THAT GIRL?

. . . Laurels to those who sent in votes for the Spot-lite which has a reserved place in the Review Box for suggestions, criticisms, secrets of the weak, and no fruit! See you all later . . . until then . . . Alma. . . .

"Knowledge is Power"

BERNIE KAMINS, '32.

K. B. NOTES

THE initiation of two new members, Era Cassim and Cecile Leighton, took place in the form of a Progressive Dinner. We dashed merrily around to B. Ingalls' for cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, to A. Moran's for soup, to A. Field's for the main course, to A. Roche's for salad, and to V. Gately's for cakes and coffee.

In the cars hurrying hither and yon, we devised such "clever" sayings as: "Annette chops charming chickens" — "Lally serves sweet salads" — "Helen cooked cakes and coffee" and what have you.

Plans are now being made for a bridge to take place in the not too distant future. Of course we shall become very sedate, and bid two trumps and the like for the bridge.

We are also much elated at the thought that there is to be another dance in April for club members only.

There is really nothing more to say except to extend our welcome to the new members.

A tantôt — V. G., '33.

REVIEW-ING BOOKS

(*Continued from page 10*)

There is only one thing wrong with "Elizabeth and the Archdeacon" — it isn't long enough!

Perhaps some day American humorists, modern ones at least, will be able to perceive that books can be funny without being bawdy. The author of this novel has poked fun at many things. For instance, he shows what little mercy tourists travelling in France may expect. He pictures the awe that the common people have for the dignitaries of the Church of England; and his character Duckward Kelmer is amusing indeed.

This book is a book to be read slowly, or else much of the humor in it may be lost, as a good many of the subtle digs in it are contained in paragraphs that may seem to the reader merely digressions.

RAYMOND MCCAFFREY

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

CAMBRIDGE 31 ARLINGTON 15

Cambridge Latin took the formidable Arlington team into camp by the margin of sixteen points, thereby atoning for their former defeat by this strong quintet.

Kishkis, our clever left forward, was the fly in the ointment for the Arlington squad. His two baskets in the first half tied the score at 14 - 14. In the second half his sharp and accurate shooting scored three baskets to give Latin the lead. The second half was really a rout, as Latin scored seventeen points to Arlington's one. Klevas scored 8 points and played a fine game offensively and defensively. His work was rounded out by the general good playing of Rogert and Mahoney, who scored nine points between them. Sullivan and Young each scored two points.

Seretto and Crovo were Arlington's best men.

The Latin seconds also won without much trouble.

REVERE 29 CAMBRIDGE 16

Revere defeated the slow Latin team at the Revere gym by the margin of thirteen points. The Latin attack was a little off color, and our team did not play the winning brand of basketball it had demonstrated before. Latin had a hard task in penetrating the strong Revere defense.

Revere got away to an early lead, and by the end of the half they were leading, 18 - 10. Latin could not overcome this disadvantage, with the result in the final score.

Captain Klevas and Mahoney were the high scorers for Latin, collecting nine points between them. Rogert, Young, and Kishkis scored two points each.

Palotta scored thirteen points for Revere, and Sochat ten. These two boys, a great scoring combination, were the main factors in Latin's defeat.

KEITH ACAD. 31 CAMBRIDGE 29

In one of the closest and most exciting games of the season, Latin was edged out by one basket. The game, which continued into two overtime periods, shows how hard fought this struggle was. In the first period our team had a slight lead, but at the end of the half both teams were tied 14 - 14. At the end of the regulation game the count was 23 - 23. And each team scored two baskets in the first overtime period! In the second overtime, Keith scored first, but Rogert again tied it up. With seconds left to play, O'Melia scored a basket on a long shot, to give this close game to Keith Academy.

Our best scorers were Gaudet and Rogert, with Kishkis just a trifle behind them in points. These three boys accounted for twenty-three of our points.

Burns and O'Brien led the Keith Academy scorers.

CAMBRIDGE 41 BROOKLINE 22

Latin easily overwhelmed the Brookline team by a good margin, and therefore still remained in first place in the Suburban League. This was the second time our team had defeated Brookline this season.

Our team led all through the game and was altogether too strong for the Brookline squad, which did not play up to its standard. The score at the end of the half was 25 - 8 in Latin's favor. In the second half, our coach sent in many substitute combinations. The final score indicates Latin's superiority over its rival.

Cahill was without doubt the best Brookline player on the floor.

The Latin seconds easily defeated the Brookline seconds by a large margin.

NEWTON 28 CAMBRIDGE 21

Newton, with its brilliant left forward, Mastropieri, was too powerful for the Cantabs in this encounter. Mastropieri's fourteen points were enough to give Newton the edge over the scrappy Latin team, although we were continually fighting to gain the lead. Our boys played a fair game, but they just didn't have the luck to win.

Klevas, our best scorer, played a great game in his guard position. Mahoney and Young scored eight points between them, while Rogert was slightly behind, with three points.

Mastropieri and Huston were Newton's high scorers.

The Cambridge seconds won 20 - 7.

RINDGE 33 CAMBRIDGE 18

In its annual basketball series for the championship of the city of Cambridge, Latin received a severe set back, when Rindge defeated our men by the score of 33 - 18. The result of this game put Rindge into first place in the Suburban League.

Our team played indifferently and did not have much success in sinking shots. The Latin offense did not click in its usual manner, although there were several instances of brilliant

teamwork. Rindge had a defense which was almost impenetrable.

At the end of the first quarter our team had a 7 - 4 lead, due to its fine passing attack. The end of the half found Rindge leading 16 - 8. Latin could not overcome the advantage Rindge had, despite the struggle our boys put up. The game finally ended with the score 33 - 18.

W. Kishkis of Rindge was the high scorer of the game, with 13 points, though Byington and Ruggieri greatly assisted with their scoring.

Kishkis of Latin played a very praiseworthy game, while Young and Sullivan helped by scoring 8 points between them.

CAMBRIDGE	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Mahoney, lg	0	0	0
Frisoli, lg	0	0	0
Klevas, rg	0	2	2
Plausky, rg	0	0	0
Rogert, c	1	1	3
Sullivan, c	1	2	4
McKeever, lf	0	0	0
Young, lf	2	0	4
Maguire, lf	0	1	1
West, rf	0	0	0
M. Kishkis, rf	2	0	4
Totals	6	6	18

RINDGE	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Stobo, rf	2	0	4
Ruggieri, rf	0	0	0
Watson, lf	3	0	6
Leary, lf	1	1	3
W. Kishkis, c	5	3	13
Chapman, c	0	0	0
Byington, rg	2	2	6
Dergay, rg	0	0	0
Pozeryski, lg	0	1	1
Robach, lg	0	0	0
Annanis, lg	0	0	0
Totals	13	7	33

Referee: Kelleher.

RINDGE 34 CAMBRIDGE 32

Before a large gathering of loyal rooters, Cambridge Latin ended its basketball season in one of the most exciting games ever staged between Latin and Rindge. In the first half, Rindge piled up an early lead by its strong offensive power that had Latin fairly dazzled for a while. At the start of the second half, Rindge was leading 22 - 9. Then, our team began a scoring rally, due to its fine passing attack and teamwork. The playing was becoming more tense as Latin crept nearer and nearer to tie Rindge. Finally, amidst the roar and the applause of the crowd, Mahoney calmly sank a foul shot for the tying score, 32 - 32. However, a few seconds later, Byington scored the basket to give his team the victory. Despite this great comeback of our team in the second half, we were edged out by two points scored by Byington in the final seconds of the game, and consequently we lost the championship of the city of Cambridge to Rindge in the second and final game of the series.

Byington was easily the best player for Rindge. Watson and Stobo also played well.

Our second team defeated the Rindge seconds and thereby remained undefeated for the season.

Capt. Klevas and Rogert finished their basketball careers in our school with fine games. Rogert was our high scorer, while Klevas played a "whale" of a game at right guard. Maguire and Kishkis were also noteworthy players.

CAMBRIDGE	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Mahoney, lg	1	1	3
Klevas, rg	3	1	7
Rogert, c	4	1	9
M. Kishkis, lg	3	0	6
Young, lf	0	0	0
Maguire, rf	3	1	7
Totals	14	4	32

RINDGE	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Stobo, rf	2	4	8
Watson, lf	3	2	8
Byington, rg	6	2	14
W. Kishkis, c	1	1	3
Pozigiecki, lg	0	1	1
Totals	12	10	34

Referees: Kelleher and Boyle.

CAMBRIDGE 36 MILTON ACAD. 17

The fast Latin team easily overwhelmed the Milton Academy five by the margin of nineteen points.

The Latin teamwork was especially fine throughout the game. West and Young were the leading Cantab scorers with eight and seven points each respectively. Both played fine games and were assisted greatly by their team-mates' passes. Kishkis and Rogert were particularly effective, and scored ten points between them. Klevas, who contributed 2 points, was especially good on the defence.

Currier stood out on the Milton Academy team.

The Cambridge seconds won, 23 - 13.

CAMBRIDGE	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
West, rf	4	0	8
Kishkis, rf	3	0	6
Young, lf	3	1	7
Alley, lf	1	0	2
Walsh, lf	1	0	2
Rogert, c	2	0	4
Maguire, c	1	0	2
Sullivan, c	0	0	0
Klevas, rg	1	0	2
Plansky, rg	0	0	0
Frisoli, rg	0	0	0
Mahoney, lf	0	1	1
Lynch, lg	1	0	2
Totals	17	2	36

MILTON ACADEMY	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Parker, lg	1	1	3
Pierce, rg	0	0	0
Bartol, rg	0	0	0
Fields, c	1	1	3
Currier, lf	2	2	6
Gordon, rf	2	1	5
Totals	6	5	17

Referee: Harvey.

CAMBRIDGE 20 LAWRENCE 10

Cambridge Latin made a fine showing when it defeated the strong Lawrence quintet at the latter's gym. Our team finished with a smash, after acquiring a slight lead in the opening half.

At the end of the half our team was leading nine to seven, due in great measure to Rogert's accurate shooting. The second half found Latin increasing its advantage because of its splendid teamwork. The Lawrence team was practically helpless in the second half, when they scored only three points, since the Latin defence was almost invulnerable. Rogert was the high scorer with eleven points, but he was greatly assisted by his team-mates' passes which came at well-timed moments. Captain Klevas scored two baskets, and played a noteworthy game on the defence. Mahoney and Alley each contributed one basket to the total.

HOCKEY

MELROSE 2 CAMBRIDGE 0

BEFORE the largest crowd of the season, Latin lost to a powerful, smooth working Melrose team. In the first period Melrose was continually boring into Latin territory, but it was unable to break through to score because of our fine defense. Spartachino cleverly broke up the combination of Spadafora and Foster in the early part of the game. However, after 11 minutes and 10 seconds of play, Berninger, on an assist from Carpenter, scored the first goal, which was a rather peculiar one. It seemed like an easy shot to stop, but it slipped through Puzyn into the net. Our second line of Allt, Rooney, and Desrosiers applied plenty of pressure, but did not score.

In the second period the play was about even between both teams, although our second line was doing most of the offensive work. Desrosiers lined a terrific shot at Steer, the Melrose goalie, who then made the prettiest save of the game. In this same period Spadafora scored the second goal on a solo rush. Our team gave all it had to come back in the last period, but it was of no avail. Latin's last chance to score was on Allt's shot, but Steer's spectacular network stopped it.

MELROSE	CAMBRIDGE
Berninger, Johnson, Swain, rw	rw, Gurry, Desrosiers
Carpenter, Foster, Woodland, c	c, Crawley, Rooney
Spadafora, Binda, Decoste, lw	lw, Hindle, Allt
Thwerge, rd	rd, Boucher, Anderson
Chaisson, ld	ld, Feeley, Spartachino
Steer, g	g, Puzyn

Score: Melrose 2, Cambridge Latin 0.
Referees: Duplin and Cleary.

BELMONT 2 CAMBRIDGE 1

In spite of the fact that our hockey team had a one goal advantage at the end of the first period, our customary hard luck was able to prevent our winning.

The first period was fast and hard fought. Latin's passing attack and combination was working on high, and our team was checking better than Belmont. Allt and Rooney, combining cleverly in their passing, penetrated the Belmont defence. Allt passed behind the net; Desrosiers got possession of the disc, and drove the puck into the nets for the first goal of the game. Our men had Ford, the Belmont star, bottled up on many occasions. Crawley, especially, did fine work in getting the puck away from Ford several times, while Spartachino checked in great style. In the second period Ford scored on a sizzling shot from the left wing near the blue line. He again scored about midway in the last stanza, on a wicked drive from the blue line.

Latin played a great game in the last two periods, but our team just could not capitalize on the few good scoring opportunities that were offered. Allt, Rooney, and Desrosiers were the Latin stars, but Spartachino and Crawley were also good. Puzyn made several brilliant stops in the net.

BELMONT	CAMBRIDGE
Ecker, Taft, lw	lw, Hindle, Allt
Ford, Devlin, c	c, Crawley, Rooney
Jameson, DeNatalio, rw	rw, Gurry, Desrosiers
Bacon, Ecker, ld	ld, Feeley, Spartachino
Jones, Ford, rd	rd, Boucher, Anderson
Morey, g	g, Puzyn

Score: Belmont 2, Cambridge Latin 1.
Referees: Hughes and Kelliher.

CAMBRIDGE 4 STONEHAM 1

Cambridge Latin ended its hockey season by a fine victory over the Stoneham team.

The first period was scoreless, but the second period was fast and furious. Stoneham obtained an early lead, when Hooke, Stoneham wing, eluded the Latin defence and scored on a high shot. However, Latin's passing attack was working wonderfully, and a few minutes later Allt tied the score. Then, about a minute later, Crawley flipped the disc into the nets in a scrimmage around the Stoneham goal. He was greatly aided by Allt and Desrosiers. The period ended with the score 2 - 1 in our favor. In the third period Latin scored two more goals, one by Rooney, and the other by Desrosiers, to settle the issue of the game.

Desrosiers, Allt, Rooney, and Crawley all played well for our team. Desrosiers, especially, played a brilliant game in his wing position.

Gomes, substitute goalie, was sent in near the latter part of the game, and gave a good account of himself by making several truly miraculous stops.

CAMBRIDGE	STONEHAM
Hindle, Allt, lw	lw, Hooke, Roach
Crawley, Rooney, c	c, Gross, Deraney
Gurry, Desrosiers, rw	rw, Kearins, Eramo
Spartachino, Boucher, ld	ld, Nickerson, Emmanuel
Anderson, Feeley, rd	rd, Bennett, Brooks
Puzyn, Gomes, g	g, Prescott

Score: Cambridge Latin 4, Stoneham 1.
Referees: Kelliher and Cleary.

Sheila White: "Why don't you blow your horn?"
Bill Scully: "Who do you think I am, Little Boy Blue?"

Frank Harney (walking): "Gimme a gallon of gas."
Garage Man (snappishly): "Well, where's your can?"
Frank Harney (sadly): "About a mile down the road."

Cop: "Madam, did you see me hold up my hand?"
V. Kelly: "I did not."
Cop: "Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?"
V. Kelly: "I did not."
Cop: "Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing much good here."

Winterson: "What do elks have that other animals never have?"
Hart: "Parades."

"It's time you were insured against accidents."
"Why?"
"Well, you're sitting on Boucher's hat and he'll be back in five minutes."

Enthusiastic Agent: "And here is a house without a flaw."
Customer: "What do you walk on?"

"It says here that Lady Astor lost 2000 pounds last week."
"What a woman!"

Parent: "My son has so many original ideas."
Teacher: "Yes, especially in arithmetic."

Substitution

If it were not
For this short verse
There'd be a joke here
Ten times worse.

"Isn't the dancer ethereal?"
"She's putting me to sleep, too."

Mr. Derry: "What is 'illic?"
Franklin Coleman: "A leak is a hole in the roof."

Alice Downey: "Why do elephants have such big trunks?"
Mildred Haigh: "They have to come all the way from India, stupid."

Miss K.: "Where's Toronto?"
Max Rubin: "Right between Davenport and Pittsburgh."
Miss K.: "Where did you get that answer?"
Max Rubin: "On our radio set."

Father: "I hope you will save half of your earnings."
V. Panunzio: "How can I when I don't get that much?"

"When I start laughing, I'm good for an hour."
"Oke, I'll be back in an hour."

Police Chief: "What, you mean to say this fellow choked a woman to death in a cabaret in front of two people and nobody interfered?"
Cop: "Yes, Cap., everybody thought that they were dancing."

"She treats her husband like a Grecian god."
"How's that?"
"She places a burnt offering before him every meal."

Dear Old Lady: "Captain, would you help me find my state-room?"
Captain: "Have you forgotten what number it was, madam?"
Dear Old Lady: "Yes, but I'll know it if I see it again. There was a lighthouse just outside the window."

"Do you know what counts in the taxicab business?"
"Yes, sir. The meter."

John Moran: "What are you famous for?"
Victor Gatto: "I'm ambidextrous. You see, when I was small my father made me learn to cut my fingernails with my left hand, just in case I should lose my right."

Mistress (to maid): "Haven't we always treated you as one of the family?"
Maid: "Yes, and I'm not going to stand it any longer."

M. Murray: "Who is Huey Long?"
B. Ingalls: "A Chinese general."

Movie Songs

"Too Busy To Work" ..... *Us*
"Whistling in the Dark" ..... *After Exams*
"Tonight is Ours" ..... *The Teachers' Theme Song*
"Louisiana Hayride" ..... *Charlie Littlefield*
"You're An Old Smoothie" ..... *Duke Emerson*
"Night and Day" ..... *We do homework! (maybe!)*

"I got mixed up in traffic on Main Street. A girl signalled that she was making a left turn."
"Well, what of that?"
"She actually made a left turn."

Mistress: "Did you empty the water under the refrigerator?"
Maid: "Yes'm, and I put in some fresh water."

"So Jane's watch is fast?"
"Fast! It was so fast that she met me at the time she said she would."

Astounding News!

Four men killed in a Kentucky gun fight. One cannot recover.

Head Waiter: "Would monsieur prefer Spanish, French, or Italian cooking?"
Customer: "I don't mind — I want a boiled egg."

Undergraduate: "How's everything with you, Mister Pinchell?"
Bernie Kamins: "O. K. Business is peeping up."

He: "I think that I've got a flat tire."
She: "Then that makes us even."

In Our Lunchroom

"This is a very small portion, I had a much larger one yesterday."
"Where did you sit?"
"By the window."
"Oh, those were advertising portions."

Heard in Ancient History

"Prehistoric man lived in cages."

Neighbor: "Where's your brother, Harry?"
Harry Johnson: "He's in the house playing a duet. I finished my part first."

Policeman: "Can't you see the sign? You must be blind."
J. Eyre: "I got signus trouble."

Emerson: "What struck you most on your travels?"
McCaffrey: "Other people's umbrellas."

Freshman: "Do you get fur from a skunk?"
Senior: "Yes, I get as fur as possible."

Officer: "So you saw the accident. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"
Mr. Sateriale: "I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

As the electrician's wife said at three A. M.:
"Wire you insulate?"

"This fire extinguisher, madam, will last for forty years."
"I shan't be here all that time."
"But when you go, you can take it with you."

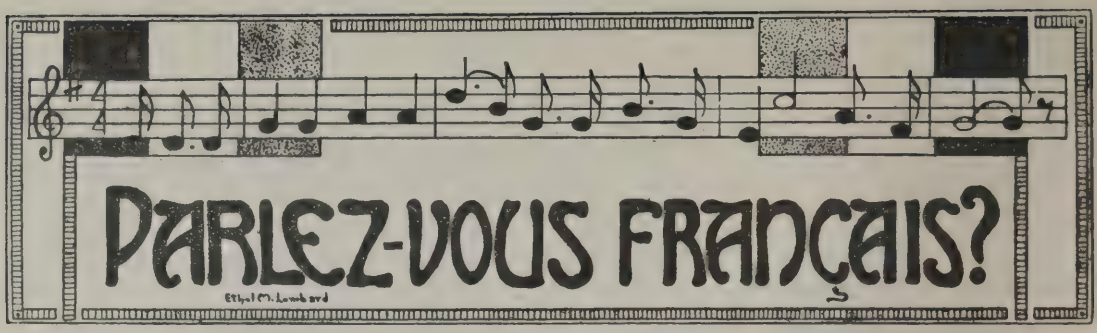
"What is the difference between electricity and lightning?"
"You don't have to pay for lightning."

"What did Samuel Insull, the great financial magnate do?"
"Well, eh, eh, he invented insulation."

Six Best Sellers of the Year

"Let Bygones Be," by Gones.
"Yes," by George.
"Rock-a," by Baby.
"The Fly," by Night.
"Missed," by A. Mile.
"Benjamin Franklin's Auto," by Ography.

(*Continued on page 24*)



UN REVE

JE présume que je n'aurais pas dû manger de pâté de fruits et de viande hachés avant de m'être couché, mais j'avais donc vraiment faim, et je ne savais pas que mon petit morceau produisait des effets si étonnants. Après avoir mangé un grand morceau de pâté, je me montai à ma chambre et je me couchai. Je m'endormis paisiblement et puis j'eus un rêve horrible.

J'étais, (comme je rêvais), dans les profondeurs de l'Afrique la plus noire. En me poussant entre beaucoup de brousailles, j'arrivai à la rive d'un fleuve crôté que j'avais à traverser pour arriver à ma destination, — quelle que fût cette destination, je ne le savais pas. Je plongeai dans le fleuve, et je commençai à nager pour gagner l'autre côté.

Je n'eus guère commencé quand j'aperçus des milliers de crocodiles aux gueules ouvertes, qui me poursuiaient. Je criai, ils grognèrent, nous nageâmes ensemble. L'eau du fleuve était pleine de plantes marines, j'étais gêné, les crocodiles étaient très heureux. Le fleuve semblait sans fin. J'étais essoufflé. Une des reptiles, étendant les machoires, saisit mon pied, le pied gauche, et il rongea si peniblement que je m'éveillai en temps de tirer mon pauvre petit pied de la gueule de mon chien, Pépin. Il était sept heures et demie et Pepin m'avait réveillé pour ma journée au lycée.

WILLARD DOHERTY.

MES DEUX REVEILLE-MATIN

CINQ jours de chaque semaine d'école, j'ai deux réveille-matin qui m'éveillent. L'un est incertain et méchanique, l'autre n'est pas méchanique mais de beaucoup le plus certain et le plus régulier. Celui-ci est ma mère.

Quelques jours quand il fait froid, elle commence à m'appeler vers six heures et demie. Je réponds toujours affirmativement à son appel, mais mes actions pour me lever sont décidément négatives pendant quelques moments. Pourquoi ce délai, je suis éveillé? Avant que ce réveille-matin sonne, l'autre sonne toujours d'une manière irritante et très difficile parce que je ne peux pas le saisir pour l'arrêter sans me lever. Ce réveille-matin est monté pour sonner un quart d'heure avant cette heure-là. Il continue à sonner jusqu'à ce que ma mère l'arrête. Bien des fois je suis tenté de jeter cette machine bruyante par la fenêtre, mais je suis empêché par la pensée d'un nouveau réveille-matin qui fera probablement plus de bruit. Quand je suggère de le monter, je suis décisivement défendu de le toucher par ma mère. Elle sait pourquoi je veux le monter. Je suis déterminé cependant que, quelque jour, je m'en débarrasserai.

JOHN CARCHIA.

LES LIVRES SONT MES AMIS

LES livres sont mes amis, mes amis les plus intimes. Des livres j'ai reçu une connaissance de la littérature et de la vie qui m'est utile et indispensable.

Il y a des raisons nombreuses pourquoi j'aime à lire les livres. J'y trouve un divertissement agréable de la vie quotidienne. J'ai chez moi une grande bibliotèque que mon père a amassée et qui contient beaucoup de livres intéressants.

Tous ces livres je regarde comme mes amis parce qu'ils me sont si familiers et si nécessaires. Il me semble que la vie serait vide si je n'avais pas les livres pour m'intéresser et pour occuper le temps.

D'ailleurs, les livres m'offrent non seulement le plaisir et la jouissance, mais aussi l'éducation, des renseignements récents et l'occasion d'acquérir et de développer un vocabulaire étendu. Malheureusement je n'ai pas beaucoup de temps ou je peux lire parce que je vais au lycée chaque jour le matin et je travaille l'après-midi; mais cependant, tout mon temps de loisir se passe avec mes livres. C'est mon aspiration de devenir professeur de quelque langue étrangère ou de l'histoire de sorte que je puisse me mettre en contact illimité avec les livres.

PHILIP STAMATOPOULOS.

ABROAD — IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

THOUSANDS of young men and women soon to graduate from the high schools of New England are now busily engaged in planning for that thrilling adventure — earning a living in the business world.

To such may we offer a suggestion based upon sixty-seven years of experience in helping high school graduates along to successful careers.

This suggestion is: first, decide in which direction your particular abilities and inclinations run. Second, select a commercial school which can give you the most help in developing the talents you have to offer to the business world.

At no time in business history is the matter of a specialized business training more important than it is right now. There is little place these days for the jack-of-all-trades or the one who says, "What have you to offer?" Executives have cleared their offices of misfits — they want intelligent and capable young assistants who can bring to their organizations practical ideas and the special education needed to put those ideas into practice.

It's an old saying, but just as true today as when it was first uttered, that "there is always room at the top." Thousands of our graduates, going into the world with the prestige of a Bryant & Stratton education behind them, have demonstrated this to be a fact. Our graduates make rapid progress because they have been practically trained to give effective service and that, more than anything else, is what the business world needs, pays for, and appreciates.

Offering seven complete courses covering more than thirty business subjects, the Bryant & Stratton School is equipped to train young men and women who desire to specialize in practically any business line. Among high school graduates our Business Administration and Secretarial Courses are especially popular.

If you desire to begin your training sooner than September 5, you may take advantage of a six weeks' summer session starting in July. For more complete information write or call on Mr. L. O. White, Principal, Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, 334 Boylston Street, Boston, or telephone KENmore 6789.

— *Advertisement.*

MUSIC AS A VOCATION FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

By A. J. Peel

Education, as we all know, is either a cultural or a vocational asset . . . and it may be both. The study of English, for example, certainly adds to one's cultural education, but the professional writer, the journalist, and the novelist turn it to financial profit when they make writing their vocation.

The excellence of the work accomplished by many school orchestras is sufficient evidence that in these schools are young men and women with real talent who would do well to consider the opportunities in the world of music for educated and trained musicians. Today Music is accepted by our educational authorities as an important subject in the school curriculum. It is acknowledged as one of the arts that contribute valuably to this business of living, self-expression, and personal happiness.

Another important field of activity for the trained and educated student of music is in the public schools and colleges. Few schools in America are without a director of music, and most schools have their music teachers. To qualify for these positions, students of music must take special normal courses and for this reason it is highly important that the prospective student select a college of music that is well staffed with experienced teachers and musicians thoroughly familiar with the requirements necessary for teachers and directors of music in public schools.

Can you imagine the inspiration and joy of studying music at a nationally known institution like the New England Conservatory with its splendid equipment and famous faculty? Here you will find three orchestras made up entirely of students, one of them an 85-piece orchestra that has many public engagements including broadcasting over local and national radio stations; a choral group; a dramatic organization; and other wonderful opportunities for group performance.

For those students who desire to continue their academic studies at the same time they are taking a course in Music, the New England Conservatory provides competent instructors in English, Languages, Art Appreciation, and other subjects related to the study of Music.

The cost of courses at the New England Conservatory is very reasonable inasmuch as the Conservatory is not a profit-making institution, and under the terms of its charter any profits made must be devoted exclusively to the interests of the Conservatory and to aiding worth-while and talented students.

— *Advertisement.*

G. A. A.

THE SENIORS WIN THE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP! On March 3, the class of '33 became the undisputed champions of the school with a score of 23 - 15 against the freshmen. The freshmen had previously been defeated by the seniors with a score of 25 - 21. The winning team line-up is as follows: rf, O'Dell; lf, McNally; jc, Eyre, (Capt.); sc, Maver; rg, Russell; lg, Fletcher; subs, Kredentzer, Morse.

Due to a faux pas, or extreme stupidity on our own part, we made the announcement that the class of '36 was the first team to conquer a sophomore team in four years. That statement was strongly contested by the juniors and upon close investigation, we discover that we have widely erred. The juniors defeated the class of '33 way back in 1930 — and we'd forgotten all about it! Our pride is broken, and we trundle it slowly, very slowly, through the dust!

On January 23 our class teams traveled to Belmont and won two games out of the three. Our seniors and sophomores were victorious with scores of 30 - 28 and 29 - 10, respectively, while the juniors suffered defeat with a score of 13 - 5.

Our valiant little freshman team conquered Everett at Everett, January 27. The first team score was 34 - 11, and the second team also conquered with a safe margin of 13 points. The game was cleanly played throughout, and the fine sportsmanship displayed was a credit to the four teams.

Not content with the former conquest, the freshmen journeyed to Arlington Junior High and won their second consecutive victory. The first and second teams won with scores of 20 - 8 and 19 - 6, respectively, both games being in favor of Cambridge.

Wellesley played our class teams at Wellesley, February 3, and successfully met our sophomore and senior teams. Our juniors, however, fighting against almost overwhelming odds, played an admirable game and won by a margin of four points.

Waltham came to Cambridge February 11, and we easily conquered their senior and sophomore teams with scores of 35 - 22 and 26 - 10, respectively. The junior game was much closer, however, the final score being 16 - 15, in favor of Cambridge.

Newton came to Cambridge February 16 and traveled home with a two game defeat. The closest clash was the sophomore fray, which ended with a final score of 19 - 17, in favor of Cambridge. Our juniors lost with a final score of 29 - 14, while our seniors came through with flying colors, the final score being 24 - 17, in favor of Cambridge.

Everett attempted retaliation by endeavoring to conquer our freshmen on home grounds, March 9. Their first team was unsuccessful, our team finishing victoriously with the score of 25 - 11. The second game was much closer, however, Everett winning with a final score of 11 - 9.

On March 10 our class teams played Medford at Cambridge. Our sophomores and seniors defeated the Medford teams with the scores of 24 - 19 and 35 - 17, respectively. The Cambridge juniors suffered defeat with the final score of 21 - 8.

On March 15 three undefeated Arlington teams came to Cambridge. Two of those teams suffered rather startling losses, while the third, apparently unable to check a marvelous sophomore rally, was saved by the end of the game with Cambridge only one point behind it. The final score of the sophomore team was 18 - 17, in favor of Arlington. Cambridge juniors won with a final score of 17 - 8, while the seniors also defeated Arlington, 20 - 8.

The basketball season was brought to an end by two very interesting events, the topsy-turvy games, and the alumnae games. The topsy-turvy games were extremely hilarious, but the Alumnae-Honor Varsity contests were the most exciting of the season. Our first varsity lost to these brilliant players with a score of 32 - 31, but our second varsity came through victoriously with a tally of 31 - 30.

Our masquerade dance, held in honor of good St. Valentine, was a great success. We have no doubt but what the romantic old soul was pleased, as was everyone in attendance at the affair.

No little credit for the success of the dance should go to Ann Bartlett, Lindsey Britt, Sally Donovan, and Madeleine Sullivan, who were in charge of the affair, and did an admirable piece of work. We should also like to vote a laurel wreath to the members of the Decorations Committee, who performed their duties excellently. The gym, artistically and appropriately decorated for the occasion, could not have been better disguised. We assume, also, that this committee was responsible for the gay balloons which bobbed hither and yon — and remained inflated for the duration of the festivities! That was an unprecedented occurrence, and we are very curious to know how it was accomplished.

RUTH FREEMAN.

What queer things are happening in the hall since the BC's took it over!
Yes, Clownin'
"UNLAXED"
SWEET HARMONY?
ADOOOLINE
Give me Liberty or give me death!
RANKIN
Will a Woman's Home Companion do as well?
Fiction
Story
QUIET
Silence Please
Freshman — Somebody sick?
Mr Depression
His hat is on!
Is he leaving?
Bob Cohen
AH!!! Those Senior Pictures
BELIEVE IT OR NOT
BING CROSBY at ASSEMBLY
BIGGER FRESHMEN
PIE IN LUNCHROOM
"NO MORE WHIFFLES"
JIG-SAWS IN CLASSICAL LIBRARY
SOCK IT LATIN!
SUBURBAN CHAMPS
CAMBRIDGE LATIN
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ALUMNI

Dr. W. S. Thayer, '81

Cambridge High and Latin School has lost one of its most distinguished alumni. William Sydney Thayer, class of 1881, is dead. A graduate of Harvard College and the Medical School, President of the American Medical Society, the world's foremost diagnostician, Physician-in-Chief of the Johns Hopkins Hospital of Baltimore, his death is indeed a great loss, not only to the Medical fraternity, but to the world at large.

Dr. Thayer died suddenly December 11th, 1932, at Baltimore. He was interred at Concord.

Hilda Norman, '29, received a diploma from the Deaconess Hospital in December.

Agnes Frost, '27, is studying medicine at the Cornell Medical School. Miss Frost was an outstanding scholar at Radcliffe, winning a Phi Beta Kappa key, and graduating with the class of 1931.

Leila Campbell, '28, is now Mrs. Joseph Hutchins.

'Winter Mist", an essay assignment for College English IV classes, was written by Robert P. Utter, '98.

Anne Casey, '31, and Cathleen Cahill, '31, are sophomores at Lesley School.

Anne Moore, '29, is employed by the Consolidated Gas Company.

Anne Doherty, '29, is a senior at Radcliffe.

Charlotte Cox, '30, is employed by the Conde Nast Publishing Company.

Harold Lyche, '31, is a sophomore at Boston University.

Bud St. Pierre, '29, is a freshman at Boston College.

The engagement of Roy Lamson, '25, to a Cincinnati girl has been announced.

Igor Borodin, '31, has been assisting his father in his recent experiments.

Rita Cassidy, '32, was elected Commuting Representative from Boston, at Bridgewater Normal School.

May Sarton, '29, graduate of the New York Repertory School of Acting and the Gloucester School of the Little Theatre, has an important position with Miss LeGallienne at the Civic Repertory Theatre of New York.

C. H. L. S. is well represented on Harvard's athletic teams this winter, with representatives on six varsity and freshman sports squads. Paul Tiffany, '31, is a member of the freshman track team; Michael Horenanian, '31, plays wing on the freshman hockey team; Albert Valois, '32, freshman boxing squad; Charles O'Neil, '31, freshman swimming squad; Casimir Harris, '28, varsity swimming squad; Albert Matursevitch, '28, forward on the the varsity basketball team; and Gratian Yatsevitch, '29, fences for the varsity fencing team.

Local amateur hockey has a strong C. H. L. S. tinge with the following graduates coaching: John Culhane, '21, at the Latin School; James Foley, '21, coaching the Rindge skaters, and John Kelley, as director of the Boston College team.

Tom Mahoney, '31, is Secretary of the Freshman Class of Boston College.

Miss Charlotte B. Kochanski, '29, is employed by Collins & Fairbanks Company of Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. John Turner announce the birth of a son. Mrs. Turner is the former Frances Overlock, class of 1928.

Miss Lorraine Sibley was married to James Stanley Jennison at the All Saints' Church, February 12. Mr. Jennison was a popular member of the class of 1928.

Henry Barber, '26, former Latin and Dartmouth College athlete, is now a wrestler, turning his football training to good account.

Miss V. S. Kochanski and Miss Mary Nevins are teachers at the Abraham Lincoln School, Cambridge

Eleanor B. Adams, '27, Grace A. Richardson, '31, Mary E. Bohon, '31, Wasel Gorelchenka, '31, Edith Maitland, '32, George Taylor, '32, Dorothy O'Hare, '32, and Dorothy Sullivan, '32, are attending Bryant & Stratton.

Joseph C. O'Mahoney, a graduate of Cambridge Latin, was the first assistant Postmaster-General appointed in President Roosevelt's administration. Mr. O'Mahoney, who is now living in Cheyenne, Wyoming, has been high in the national councils of the Democratic Party for a number of years.

E. E. Cummings, '11, has just published "Eimi", a novel. Mr. Cummings was recently awarded the Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship for Literature.

Warren Better Doughnut

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CLASS NOTES

(*Continued from page 17*)

"Listen, here, Jack Gately, this is the fourth time I've asked you to return that ten spot I loaned you."

J. G.: "That's nothing, old man, I asked you for it six times before I got it from you."

Hugh Dodge: "What part of a car causes most of the wrecks?"

Bernie Kamins: "The nuts that hold the steering wheel."

Fran Potter: "This party is horribly dull. I guess I'll go home."

Host: "That would remove some of the dullness, I'm sure."

P. Barron: "My fadder runs a clinic."

Morris Callum: "He must be a doctor, then."

P. B.: "Oh, no — dry clinic and pressic!"

First: "I say, why is Jones pacing up and down outside his house like that?"

Sec.: "He is awfully worried about his wife, poor chap."

First: "Why, what has she got?"

Sec.: "The car."

Golfer: "Well, Sandy, how do you like my game?"

Sandy: "I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."

Mother Mule: "Yes, my Maud's the mascot at West Point."

Mother Pig: "That's nice. My Willie's the football at Annapolis."

Boss: "Yes, I'm looking for an office boy. Do you smoke?"

Roy Erickson: "No, thank you, but I would enjoy an ice cream cone."

Freshman Teacher was examining the eyes of a pupil, and had requested him to read the top line of a test card, the letters of which ran H P R T V Z B F H K.

When some moments elapsed, the teacher said: "Do you mean to say you cannot read letters that size?"

"Oh, I can see the letters all right," replied the freshman, "but I can't pronounce the word."

Daniel Johnson (who had been hit by a locomotive and hurled 150 yards): "You can't hurt me; I played three whole periods against Rindge once."

THE MAN CONQUERS

Poor Dido, wretched she was indeed:
She cried and scorned,
She begged and pleaded,
And raged and stormed,
Became all heated;
Her lover bold, it doth appear
She could not mould, in spite of tear.
Pious Aeneas, his mind was fixed,
His gaze steady, but emotion mixed.
He loved the lady, he loved her city,
He checked his love, he hid his pity.
The Fates, the Gods, his father, too,
Omens and dreams;
These, it seems
Showed him what he must do.
Go he must from Carthage's queen,
Hence, to Italia, land of his dream.
And so, Elissa did her best
To sway this Trojan from his quest.
The rest is history to you and me;
The woman doth fail
To lure her male;
Thus may it always be!

BERNIE KAMINS, '32.

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EXCHANGES

SWOOPING down from the clouds the airplane, the "Cambridge Review", landed on the Exchange Field. The pilot clambered out of his seat and sauntered over to the main office. He entered and spoke to the man at the desk.

"Hello, Bud! Any mail for me to-day?"

"Sure! A whole bag full."

Bud handed a large, bulging sack, marked "C. H. L. S.", full of school magazines over to the pilot. As the pilot was crossing the field, he met several friends, and here he stopped to pass the news of the day. Then he walked on. A whirr of the motor, a wave of the hand, and he was off into the clouds. Let's see what he brought in his sack.

"The Botolphian"

Boston College High School,
Boston, Mass.

With immense enjoyment we turned the leaves of your magazine until we reached the very last page. The main theme running through your magazine was the story of Christmas. We especially enjoyed the essays: "Italy, Mistress of Art", "Killarney", and "Beyond the Open Door of Dreams". "Hors D'Oeuvres" is new and tantalizing. We take great pleasure in complimenting the artists on their sketches.

"Somerville High School Radiator",

Somerville High School,
Somerville, Mass.

Your editorials and literary department are both very appropriate to Thanksgiving. Your advertising section is very good, but where is the joke column? "Paging Its Seniors" and "Alumni Mates" were exceedingly interesting.

"Phillips Exeter Monthly",

Phillips Exeter Academy,
Exeter, Mass.

Although rather small, your magazine is well-written and very interesting. We noticed a lack of two things, jokes and poetry. The story "Teddy" is quite snappy.

"The Sea Chest",

Nantucket Island High School,
Nantucket Island, Mass.

Three cheers for the "Sea Chest", a magazine right out of the sea! This magazine is crammed full of good stories, poems, essays, editorials, jokes, class notes, and alumni notes. We are very proud to be able to exchange with you.

SEEING OURSELVES THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

"Sachem",

Memorial High School,
Middleboro, Mass.

"An attractive cover, representing an old colonial style of sign post, gives us our first glimpse of the publication from Cambridge High. 'The Cambridge Review' brings forth prize essays poetry, class pictures, class notes, cartoons, and carries other interesting material. Stopping to read the prize essays of the four classes, we find that the selection 'The Golden Days of Childhood' by Edith Ochlis, '30, has deep thought, and original ideas which only a talented thinker could manage to form into words. Her love for life, liberty, and happiness is expressed clearly with sentiment.

The Joke Department, brim full of fun, is larger than in most other magazines. Is there any one who doesn't enjoy good humor? 'Breaks' are jolly fun. 'Mushrooms grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas,' is one of these cracks.

The Exchange Department cannot be overlooked, as it is a most interesting feature. The old-time illustration lends a literary atmosphere. The wording used in expressing the opinions of various magazines is excellent. The Athletic pages are well written and illustrated. Well, 'Cambridge Review', your publication is worth the effort you have surely put into it."

CAROLYN WICKER, '33.

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A Message to Members of the School Orchestra, Band, or Glee Club

Many young musicians who today are making a good living in radio broadcasting . . . on the stage . . . as members of professional musical organizations . . . teaching, privately or as instructors in schools . . . were at one time members of public school orchestras, bands, or glee clubs.

But they didn't stop studying after they had graduated from high school.

Post-graduate work in Music has been made easy for students who want to continue their studies to the point where they can *earn money as musicians.*

The courses at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston are arranged to meet the needs of those who want to study one subject only, or the courses leading to a diploma or degree in Music. The courses are conducted by teachers and musicians who are considered leaders in the field of musical education.

If after graduation from high school you will be engaged in some other line of gainful activity during the day, this is no reason why you need discontinue vocal or instrumental studies. The New England Conservatory offers evening instruction for those students engaged during the day.

The New England Conservatory has three orchestras, a brass band, a choral class, and a dramatic department. . . . These organizations are open to students who have reached the degree of proficiency demanded to maintain the high standard required. The 85-piece orchestra of the New England Conservatory broadcasts frequently over local and national chain radio stations.

Tuition fees are made as low as possible to make it easy for young people to avail themselves of this great opportunity to study at one of the most famous conservatories in America.

Now is the time for you to plan further studies in Music and fit yourself for attractive opportunities that are in the offing for *trained* musicians.

Talk with your Vocational Advisor, or with helpful experienced advisors in the office of the General Manager of the New England Conservatory, any of whom will be glad to advise you concerning courses and opportunities.

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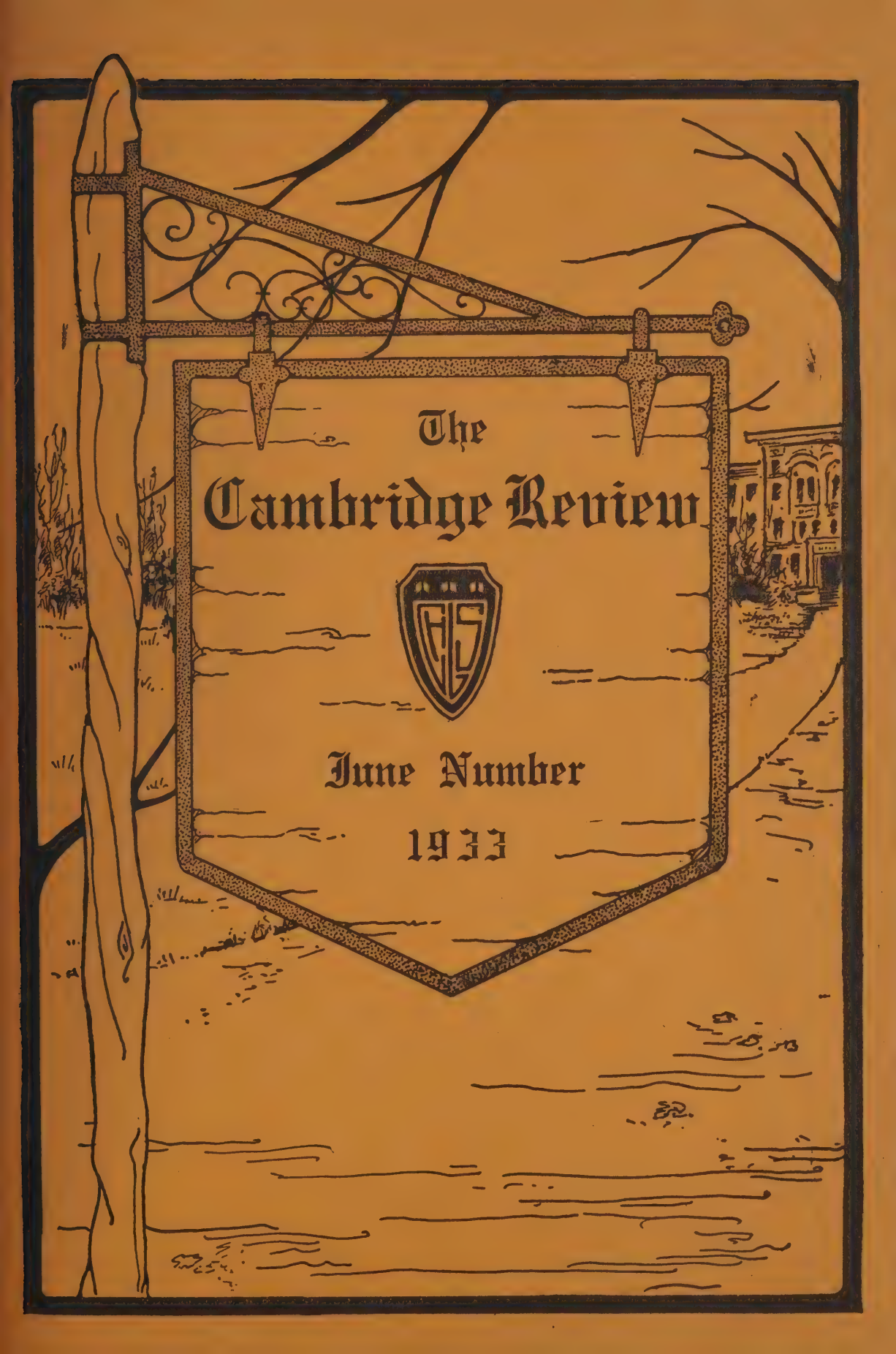
The
Cambridge Review
June Number
1933

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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Vita sine litteris mors est

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The Reviewer

OUR FRIENDS THE FACULTY

BEFORE proceeding further, we must state that the above title is not in the least ironic; on the contrary, it is perfectly true. A more sincere and really interested group of instructors would be hard to find in any school. The members of the faculty at C. H. L. S. always cheerfully give that little extra help which is so gratifying to interested, earnest students who, for some valid reason, have been absent or in some way missed a part of the explanations.

There is an atmosphere of friendy good fellowship existing within the walls of our school that makes itself felt even by casual visitors to the classrooms. The whole establishment runs at all times like a well-oiled machine with never a breakdown, such as has been known to occur in other cities. It is this spirit of fair play between faculty and student-body which we firmly believe will in the future, as in past years, guide our school through all changes and trying times, avoiding disgraceful incidents, and each succeeding twelve-month gaining strength from the influence of tradition.

Let us mention the everyday teacher-pupil contact. Here if anywhere, we actually witness the amicable relation that makes learning a pleasure for the interested and bearable for the indifferent. Each question is readily answered, while personal points of view may be presented without fear of ridicule, from the teacher at least.

In conclusion, we wish to say that even if our athletic teams are not always champions on gridiron and diamond, our alumni is surpassed neither in the world of business nor in the various institutions of higher education. This can mean but one thing: the Cambridge High and Latin School possesses an unsurpassed faculty which do more than teach; it is able to instil ambition together with a true love of study in the pupils. Could any faculty accomplish such results if it lacked the genuine confidence and friendship of the student-body?

JOHN BRIGGS, '34.

GRADUATION

NOW that graduation is rapidly approaching, and the balmy skies of June are over us, we feel in the mood to congratulate everybody, including even the P. G.'s. But we do think that all those who are graduating ought to receive our warmest felicitations and praises for the hard work and stick-to-itive-ness they have shown during the last four years. Graduating from high school, especially one with the high standards of C. H. L. S., is no child's play. You're telling us! But when you leave high school, even if you don't intend to go to college, you have to keep on learning; otherwise, you won't get very far in this world of dolour and pain.

So let us keep on absorbing knowledge, and when we come back about twenty-five years from now, we'll be successful geniuses — perhaps!

J. T.

THE CLASS GIFT

THE Class of 1933 has decided to give the treasury balance, about two hundred dollars, to the Science Department. The interest of this money will be used to purchase medals as prizes. This gift supplies the urgent need of this department for prizes, and offers the opportunity of winning one of these splendid gold medals to all students of science. We think it is a great idea.

J. T.

BASEBALL

C. H. L. S. Teachers *vs.* Regular C. H. L. S. Baseball Team

REVENGE is sweet! At last the pupils have tasted the sweets of a victory over their beloved instructors! After a hotly contested game at Russell Field, the baseball team composed of C. H. L. S. teachers was defeated by the regular team, which has further upheld its record as champions of the Suburban League. Yowsah!

The Review wishes to congratulate this year's Baseball team on its Suburban League Championship. After a hard game with Rindge, the other contestant, the team won. The victory over the teachers, coupled with this championship, should make them feel great!

LIBERTY PRIZE SPEAKING

THE Liberty Prize Speaking Contest was a great success, an even greater success perhaps, than it ever was. This contest is almost a tradition now. In 1917, the pupils of dear old C. H. L. S. wished to establish something which would continue as long as the school lasted. With this purpose in mind, they raised by contributions money to buy two one-hundred dollar government bonds, the interest of which purchases the medals. So, as long as the Government pays the interest we have the contest.

The medals were won this year by Virginia Gately and Roy Erickson, with Honorable Mentions for Martha McCarthy and Edwin Packard. Their selections stood out in a splendid and variedly interesting program. We don't know how the Judges ever chose any winners at all! However, Virginia seemed to lose herself in her parts, and assumed the emotions, the habits, the very beings of her characters. It was a great selection, wonderfully executed. Martha McCarthy was a close second. Her "Humoresque," with its difficult dialect, its host of characters, and the acting it demanded was brilliant, yet pathetically real, and won the praise of all. These jeunes filles should make the glorious Bernhardt start in her tomb!

But honors are due Roy Erickson and Ed Packard, too. Roy Erickson, in his selection of the "Birthday of the Infanta", portrayed the cold unfeelingness of the young Infanta and the pathetic delight and the blissful ignorance of the little hunchback in a fashion that swept the audience off its feet. We even heard some freshmen weeping! Ed Packard, the one man actor of Pyramus, Thisbe, lion, wall, moon, and voices off stage, played boisterous "Pyramus and Thisbe" from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." It was great! Ed is a genius, all right! J. T.

FROM THE AIR

AGAIN the *Review* upholds its reputation for a new and unusual viewpoint! How many loyal supporters of C. H. L. S. can recognize their Alma Mater from this angle — or Rindge and the Library?

(*See page 15*)

CAROLINE CLOSE CONTEST

JEANNETTE EYRE has won the Caroline Close Prize for the third time! Yes, and a lot of new literary geniuses have been discovered. The prize-winning themes of Jeanne Pearlson, Catherine Burke, and Judith Jablow are published in this issue of the *Review*.

Caroline Close Prizes

I

Prize

Jeanne Pearlson

Honorable Mention

Richard Babish
John McCormick
Arlene Hawkings
Marian Sawyer
Agnes Werkowski
Genevieve Doherty

II

Prize

Catherine Burke

Honorable Mention

James Robertson
Wilfred Chisholm
Bernard Barber
Priscilla Wheeler

III

Prize

Judith Jablow

Honorable Mention

Harriet Varrell
Frances Collins
Barbara Donovan
Eleanor Coen
Ann Bartlett
M. Grace Baldwin

IV

Prize

Jeannette Eyre

Honorable Mention

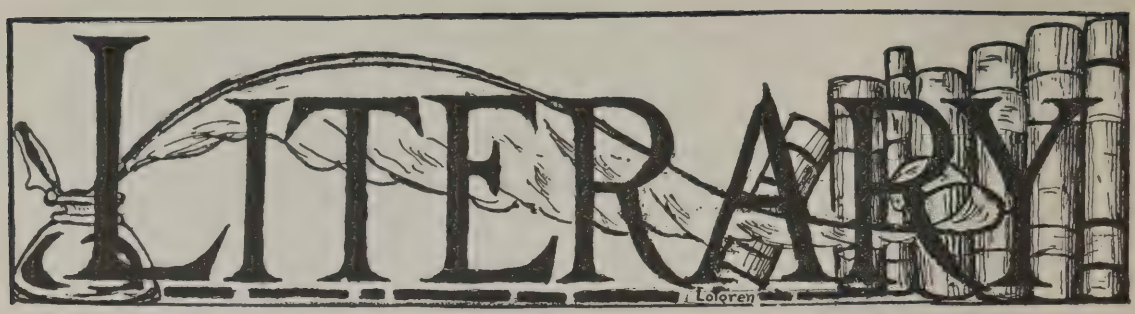
Mary Rankin
John Tynan
Polly Pomeroy
Samuel Epstein

DURRELL DEBATE

WHAT a great Durrell debate was held this year! Our boys made the Hall ring with their arguments on the subject: "Resolved that the Government of the United States Should Recognize the Government of Soviet Russia." The judges, Mr. Harold Durrell, Mr. George MacLaughlin, and Mr. Francis Roche, had a hard task in picking the winning side. However, the affirmative debaters, consisting of Fred Shaine, Paul Wallins, with their quick-witted rebuttalist, Philip Barron, won the privilege of having their names on the cup.

Benjamin Seron, Maurice Callum, and Harry Johnson were capable supporters of the negative.

Mr. Cleveland served as Chairman, with Wilson Babcock and Joseph Sullivan as timekeepers. The selections of the orchestra added much to an already splendid program. J. T.



CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE CONTEST

ENGLISH I

GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDCHILDREN

SHE is sitting alone in the gloomy room filled with memories of yesteryear, thinking, about what we do not know. A knock is heard at the door and in broken English the query comes, "Who is it?" Upon hearing the voice, however, a dowdy, thick-set figure hobbles to the door, and in endearing terms greets the young man who calls her "Grandmama". Ah! he is a clever, cultured fellow, this Paul, and his dreams are of the day when he will be a great physician, but meanwhile he puts his knowledge to practical use and questions the old lady as to her aches and pains. Eagerly enough she replies, but her heart tells her that these are only formalities and that there is no common ground for both her and this lad. Another interruption comes when without knocking, the door is opened by Rosa, looking like an exotic flower with the whiff of Parisian perfume. Languidly she greets her cousin who arises to depart.

In their mother-tongue the grandmother and her grandchild converse, but their conversation lags, for Rosa finds it a little difficult to understand the ancient language. But then the old woman leads her to an old-fashioned piano and asks her to play. Though she does so condescendingly, she is flattered by the unspoken admiration. After the girl has left, her grandmother ponders at the strangeness of fate. Although she would have enjoyed a folk-tune better than Chopin, she is proud to think that her daughter, long dead, who used to practice scales on those yellow keys, should have for a child this modern genius. Her reveries are cut short by the sound of children's feet clattering up the stairs. With a chuckle she goes to the pantry and brings out her sweets. As they munch, the little ones tell her what they have done that day in school. While she sits in her chair, when the last of the little ones has gone, she thinks, "My memories are the most satisfying of all."

JEANNE PEARLSON.

ENGLISH II

BRIDGES

IF you should take the trouble to consult a dictionary for the meaning of the word, "bridges", I suppose you would find that the matter-of-fact author defines them as "spans erected across bodies of water or chasms, as a means to the end of traversing these bodies of water or chasms." To be truthful, I never have taken this trouble, and never intend to, because just as one would never think of reading the biography of one's intimate friend in order to become acquainted with him, neither should I ask an unimaginative dictionary what a bridge is, when I have known and loved them all my life.

"Love a bridge?"

Why yes, you would not be incredulous if I said: "I love a dog." You would say, "That is different; dogs have personalities; they are alive; but to love a bridge! Impossible!"

Now, I shall try to convince you that you are wrong, and therefore, I am right. Bridges, too, have personalities, more varied and, at least just as interesting as are dogs.

On the road to Weston, in Newton, there are many large estates. One in particular never fails to attract attention. Near the roadside there runs a baby brook. It twines around, like a serpent, until it crosses the path leading to the house. Of course, it is necessary to cross this brook in order to arrive at the door, hence, a bridge. Now this little bridge has been my friend for years. Its native land is Japan, and one cannot help but expect to see a pagoda. If

you stand on the bridge, you will see a pagoda, which helps to keep my little friend from being homesick.

A little further on we meet a very different one, for in Bridgeland, as in any other land, we must have all kinds. This last named is a business man. He cares nothing for beauty, but all for duty. He tells us he cannot stop to chat, that we must keep going and meet his wife. We find her to be a short, squatty woman, middle-aged, comfortable, but much too sensible. Her apparel consists of ugly yellow brick, which she tells us "lasts long and will not show the dirt." If we do not change our course, we must meet their daughter, who is employed by the city to cross a muddy rivulet. Daughter presents a pleasing combination of father's dutifulness, mother's sensibility, and her own taste for beauty. She is of white stone, but her plainness is broken by white urns holding tiny evergreens, which are placed at intervals along her railing. We promise to come again and travel a long way without sighting any more of our interesting friends. Aren't you growing to like them?

Now we have reached the country. Mr. Business Man told me once that he had some poor cousins living around here. I do believe there's one over there. What, that ugly thing which would just as soon let us fall right into that dirty, muddy puddle! Yes, that is cousin Jacob. I admit he is old, but if you look towards that clump of bushes you will see that they make a very picturesque background for him. However, I see you don't like cousin Jacob.

Just one more please; we shall soon be home again. Let us visit Mrs. Arabella Van Dyke. She is an aristocrat. There! I knew you'd hold your breath! Her lacy petticoats barely sloping into the lily-padded streamlet have enraptured you, just as they have me. Now we must part. You know, bridges are used to cross a stream, but the one that is the most beautiful is appearing now. Do you see that rainbow?

CATHERINE BURKE.

ENGLISH III
PERSONALITIES

IT has been truly said that our personalities stand out like islands in the sea. Stopping to consider, we realize that each person we know has an outstanding characteristic which none other possesses. A shrug of a shoulder, a lifting of the voice, an oft-repeated word or phrase, or a partiality, usually very definitely expressed, for some one thing may be a person's characteristic peculiarity.

The woman I know, a brilliant writer and conversationalist, has a passion for the theatre. Any play will please her; each is the best she has ever seen. She will go into as great a rapture over Katharine Cornell as over a Rembrandt, and she fully appreciates both. Should she see the same play twice, the second production would undoubtedly be the better, in her opinion. For weeks after she saw "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" we were plied with her raptures over the beauty, the pathos, and the excellence of the play. Since the play was undoubtedly a success, perhaps she should be blamed only for the fact that her opinions were expressed so vehemently. Later, when she had seen the same play in England, her letters to me were filled with discourses on the superiority of the English production. Actually, since the romance element was partially obliterated and the theme of the domineering father made outstanding, it would be less likely to please the American public. Shall we call her a foolish woman? She is a brilliant one; therefore, excusing this one trait in her personality, we say: "Long may she rave!"

Another woman of my acquaintance has the idea that the height of brilliant repartee in conversation is the word — "imagine!" She responds to each bit of information with a highly surprised *"imagine"*, thereby hoping to flatter the person speaking into believing that what he had said was startling, brilliant, original! She is so passionately optimistic that she fails to see the quite obvious ridicule which her remark is certain to provoke. She is another lonely woman with an unpleasant trait in her personality.

I know a man, a musical composer as it happens, whose one peculiarity is blowing smoke rings wherever he happens to be. The woman who calls every one "my dear", the man who has a habit of coughing slightly as a preamble to each remark he makes, and the girl who insists upon talking of her trip abroad, are personalities difficult to forget.

These peculiarities may often be annoying, yet usually they have become so familiar that they are a part of the personality without which we could not imagine the person.

JUDITH JABLOW.

English IV
DEFEAT AND VICTORY

MANY of the famous individuals in world history have been of the opinion that these words should be written "defeat: then victory" since one is the natural corollary of the other. It seems evident that the full significance of the last could not be appreciated without some comprehension of the former.

Except for a rare few individuals, the temperament of man has been formed to learn by mistakes. The average person does not gain anything without a struggle, nor does he attain perfection at the first trial. It requires errors, disappointments, and a character strong enough to brave defeat and to try again in order to achieve anything worthwhile. Czerny, the great technical pianist, once told his pupils that there is nothing worth having that does not demand a struggle. Psychologists may counter that it is the very inaccessibility of an ideal which determines its worth in the eye of man. But they agree with less coldly scientific students of mankind that it is this striving after the highest in the face of defeat which is the very soul of human progress.

There have been in all periods a number of geniuses to whom fame and success came without much hardship. Their path to the top was almost without obstacles of any sort. However, if their fame endured, we find that these divinely favoured persons lack most of that sympathy and common sense which comes from knowledge of poverty and disappointment. Success means little to them because it came without effort. Thus the picture of the youthful Alexander, weeping for new worlds to conquer, does not fill us with admiration or even with a feeling of kinship. The world was amazed and disgusted at the conduct of De Pachmann, considered the greatest interpreter of Chopin the world has ever known. Successful and world-famous early in life, fame meant nothing to him except an opportunity to indulge the whims of his one-sided nature, unsalted as it was by defeat or suffering.

Consider the deeper, lasting genius of the men to whom success came, if ever, at the end of much heart-breaking disappointment and hardship. The eternal, mystic beauty of Francis Thompson, the magnificence of Samuel Johnson, the sublimity of Chopin all arose from the maelstrom of actual poverty and apparent failure. The great Gauquin was at first proclaimed a useless dauber; Donn Byrne, whose beauty of language, silenced now forever by his untimely death, sent his most charming tales from magazine to magazine before they were accepted. The genius of such men is a thing of deep understanding and human sympathy, because they appreciate their measure of success after years of toil and discouragement. They have learned the "sweet uses of adversity",

"Which, like the toad, ugly and venemous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in her head."

In common everyday experience, likewise, we may gain in smaller proportion success through failure. A principle to be learned becomes more firmly ingrained if first mistaken; a success in getting along with other people, if first seemingly impossible, becomes the greater victory if proved feasible. Thus we can learn, by viewing the past, the supreme victory of success if first tempered by defeat.

Jeannette Eyre.

SEA FOG

The heavy fog is swirling round,
The rocks are high gaunt peaks
Just barely visible among
The thick gray foggy streaks!

The mournful sea bewails its fate,
With sad and rhythmic song;
Amidst that steady sound is heard
The unseen bell buoy's "dong"!

Harriet A. Varrell, '34.

A SONG OF INDIA

SIDNEY, clear eyed, fresh-skinned, sparkling, the typical American girl, was sitting with her fiancé, a young English army officer. They really loved each other, and Sidney was even serious at times in her happiness. She resolved to make these English people love her as she was beginning to love them and their country.

John broke the happy silence, "Just think! I'm doing so well; our first post will be India."

Sidney turned startled eyes toward him. "India, India? Why John, how awful, India!"

"But Sidney, India is the goal of every officer's ambition. It may be a little unpleasant in some respects, but it is most fascinating. You'll love it. I know you will."

Sidney sat motionless, staring at the informal garden and the English country house beyond. Was she a coward? Yet India was the last place in the world. Why India?

"You aren't going to let a little thing like that, make any difference between us, are you?"

"I — I don't suppose so," vaguely and rather unhappily.

"You mean, you'd rather not marry me?"

"Of course not, but I don't want to marry India too. Please don't look so hurt. I'll tell you to-night, until then, good-bye."

A few moments later she was riding furiously along a country road, leaving in her wake a cloud of dust as great and impenetrable as some large thunder cloud, and destruction, in the form of barking dogs, and frightened hens.

"India," she thought to herself, "heat, dirt, seething millions of uneducated peoples, and probably all manner of bugs and vermin. I am a coward. I'm selfish; I'm every sort of detestible being, but why must it be India?"

She slowed down to ride through a prim village. The strains of a half-familiar song reached her ears; a plaintive voice was singing. Singing what? And then she recognized it, Rimsky-Korsacov's *Song of India*. She stopped, and sat enthralled. Her vivid imagination was caught by the strain and she was hypnotized by it. She forgot her passionate feelings against this country, and was gradually caught in the spell of this strange tune. Gradually she began to imagine lofty, snow-capped mountains, deserted plains, a quiet little bungalow, and native servants. The song seeped into her blood and swept into her heart. She began to sway, unconsciously, like a native dancer.

The music stopped, the voice ceased, but the rhythm kept beating in her brain. Names like Bombay, Himalayas, Calcutta, Khyber Pass, Burma, held a queer fascination which she had never experienced before.

Sidney smiled slowly and incredulously. "No one shall ever know how a weird song has convinced me how foolish I've been. I shall go back and tonight when John comes for his answer, I'll say to him what my pioneer ancestors must have replied to their brave husbands, 'Whither thou goest, I shall go.'"

MABEL OAKES, '35.

TO THE SCHOOL

RONDEAU

We who depart, as young birds leave
The quiet nest, may not perceive,
In our swift longing to attain
Our goal, the values you contain:
We shall not always misconceive.
Whatever laurels we receive,
Whatever failures crush or grieve,
We shall return, in pride or pain —
We who depart.
To you belongs what we achieve;
We only hasten to retrieve
The truths your teachings first engrain.
God will we shall not strive in vain!
We who depart.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33.

ANDREA DEL SARTO
(A Paris lord speaks)

I

Greetings, my lord. I prithee pause with me
To sup and rest a while beside the way.
I seem to crave refreshment. You agree?
The evening's cool brings vigor to the day.
What will ye? As the gray blue shadows fall
And twilight softness seems to cover all,
The last flame tints of sun make rose the tower
Yonder. Evening's a philosophic hour.
Morello's outlines dim, the convent bell
Summons the monks, and casts a silver spell
O'er Fiesole. Paris seems far away.
Scorn softens into pity, and I see
That I prefer this gentle peace. You say
You feel it too? Now it flows over me.

II

I met del Sarto on the street today,
As I was coming from the market place;
I think he saw me, for he turned away
As if to hide the misery in his face,
From one whose memories old must wake anew
Each time he comes. You say you've seen him, too,
My lord? He roamed the sun-baked street along
As one preoccupied, who hears the song
Of nightingales amid the dew-cooled bowers
Of wood enchanted where the summer flowers
Abound. He saw me, then the fleeting grace
Of natural recognition passed away
Succeeded by deep-rooted shame. His pace
He quickened; he went on without delay.

III

Each time my heart grows sad, I feel regret
That one whose genius promised him so much
Should fail; for he has failed, I know, and yet
His perfect art still holds the master touch.
My memory takes me back to Fontainebleau,
As indeed yours must echo it for you.
He was the star we all came to admire,
Favor was his, all that he might desire
Was granted, that he might to Heaven aspire
A golden spirit with his brush afire!
His rise was like a meteor, yes, and such
His fall. His soul was weak enough to let
Slip through his fingers and evade his clutch
The goal. No triumph his; his sun has set.

IV

For him a twilight time has fallen, and lo,
His golden art has softened into gray.
His wife Lucrezia, whom he worshipped so,
Has drawn the curtains on his shining day.
'Twas she who called him back to Fiesole
Who cooled his ardor, and centered the whole
Upon her lovely self. Beauty indeed
She had, no more. You question? There's no need
Explaining. Oh, he might have ranked most high,
It was for her he laid his honor by.
We've scorned him. But I heard King Francis say
The gold has been forgiven. Might Andrea know!
Would that there still might come to him a ray
Of fame, like dying sun's rose afterglow.

POLLY POMEROY, 33.

LUCREZIA

Still must I sit here till the night has come,
His moist, cold hand tight clutching mine, as if
He wished to bind me to him. How I hate
The patience in his timid eyes, which, as
He paints, are fixed in worship on me, and
The head, half-stooped to ward away a harsh
Or hurtful word! Thus sitting in the dusk
And brooding o'er his "perfect" art, he seems
To be but half a man, and half alive.
And yet, at times, when touching on his art,
(I did but ask three pictures for my love)
Some hidden pride in Andrea blazes up —
A feeble fire, indeed, which needs two tears
To quench it. What? His kingly days? But were
They not my days of triumph also? For
I had my Sandro, and was then content
But that Teresa, old she-wolf, dared say
That she was sure in France were pretty maids
And Andrea did more than paint. What care
Had I for Andrea? Or what he did
In France? But then she laughed at me, and scorn
I cannot bear. I vowed to prove her wrong
And show my husband's love for me. Then, too,
I wearied of my life at home, sought change,
And fine French gifts. Therefore I called him home.
At once he came (well had I known); his tongue
Was eager with the praise accorded him
In France, the kindness of the king, and some
Dim tale of glory in the work done there;
Among the rest, and quietly, the gold
That Francis freely gave him as the price
Of paintings here in Florence.—Thus, the house.
What says he now? I cannot understand.
What he? No matter. Yet, I think, until
This night, he did not speak again of France.
Now soon comes Alessandro, and I have
The promise, and the money, all he asked;
The whistle! There! And thus I go with gifts
To meet him on the darkening path, and leave
The dreaming Andrea to gnaw at all
His meatless thoughts. May he enjoy them well!

MARY E. RANKIN, '33.

WHY I CANNOT WRITE POETRY

INTENSIVE study of Gayley, Young and Kurtz, coupled with my own bitter experience, has convinced me that I have no qualifications for the poetic art. Poetry should spring from the soul, but my attempts gave me headaches. Truly great poetry should have universality of appeal; mine had not; great poetry should have aesthetic and intellectual appeals; mine had not; and great poetry should have certain best lines, but Matthew Arnold could not find one in my very mediocre verse, if he were able to examine it.

Besides lacking the varied appeals, my compositions are ill fated. Inspired by Keats, I wrote an "Ode to a Daisy" which contained some very uplifting and really beautiful sentiments. A very unpoetic friend of mine seized upon my manuscript, and, when I went back to school the following Monday, I opened my desk to find a daisy, roots and earth, sprouting among history papers, Cicero, and Advanced Algebra. Several fine quotations drawn from my Ode were whispered about in the corridors, and guffaws of boisterous laughter followed me for some weeks. Not even Shakespeare could have withstood such a profanation of the altar of the lyric Muse. After this unhappy affair, I abandoned Nature to Wordsworth and others who contested my supremacy in this field.

My poetic talents somewhat daunted by this first experience, I next turned to composing last lines for limericks. It would seem to be a very simple matter to write one line of poetry, since I had already gushed forth like the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, but there's more to it than first meets the eye. After continued watching of the publication to which I had sent my verse masterpieces, my money for stamps and issues gave out with my patience.

The talents and abilities of the Tynan, who is now a sadder and wiser man, are turned resolutely against the Elysian fields of divine verse and daisies, and his matter-of-fact nature is shouldering its way through problems other than those of sonnets and metres. I console myself with the thought that the poetic genius in the family tree was sapped by Katherine Tynan, a relative. I also flatter my intellect by agreeing with Macaulay that as civilization advances, poetry necessarily declines. I infer that I am so completely saturated and imbued with civilization that the golden words of poetry just cannot fall from my over-educated tongue.

JOHN TYNAN, '33.

CLASS SONG

Before us lies the vista of our fate
The future, dim and hazy to our sight.
We backward gaze awhile and hesitate,
E'er we begin our longer, harder fight.

Despite the pangs of failure and remorse,
We'll keep the visions of the dreams we've known
Swift as an arrow on its true-laid course
We'll battle onward, where our dreams have flown.

Triumphant now, we struggle to fulfill
The hopes of those who thus have helped us rise
To test our powers and to try our skill
In voyage through the undiscovered skies.

Our many ways may cross or they may part,
We cannot fathom what our lives may hold,
But happy memories rest within each heart;
Courage and truth shall bring us joys untold.

POLLY POMEROY.

CLASS POEM

We may smile
In future not so very far ahead
At this same youth and confidence of ours,
The dreams we dreamed, the foolish things we said,
Knowing how hard it is to reconcile
Ambitions and ideals to life's demands.
And yet these powers
From which in eagerness we hope so much
May, like the chestnut dropped from careless hands,
Take root and grow beyond our mortal clutch.
For knowledge gathered at a humble source
By thoughtful heart and penetrating mind
Intent on truth, can be the driving force
Behind the varied progress of mankind.

And these ideals
Inspired by the sharp inviting thrill
Of learning first acquired, may lead us on
To conquer all that life or death conceals.
Thus, in that not far distant while,
In retrospect upon
The thirst for truth that truthful dreams instill,
Perhaps there may be some who will not smile,
But quietly give thanks.

JEANNETTE EYRE.

ON GROWING A MOO-STACHE

I HAVE been ridiculed and moleculed; regarded and disregarded; respected and disrespected; inspected and expected, until I am sad, mad, happy, sappy, red, white, black and blue in the face, classroom, dining-room, sun-parlor and kitchen. And why?

The answer lies in the fact that modern youth does not conform to the aesthetic side of life. Very few of my acquaintances appreciate my zealous efforts to cultivate a dignified mass of soft fibrous tubes betwixt the upper lip and the nasal location. People should be made to realize the vast importance of such a trivial addition as a mustache.

The disguise of several facial lip-whiskers goes a long way if we stop to figure the benefits. Just think what Mahatma Ghandi would be up against in the windy winter weather without his little tickler to protect him from the Saturday night storms, the February frost, and the March breezes! Adolf Hitler would blush like the newborn babe if his picture were taken without the fluffy, feathery fibers on his lip which are easily perceivable at any angle! By Jove, the famous Rudolph Richmond, villain of the movie studios, would be obliged to join the ranks of the unemployed!

Such remarks have I heard which were intended to be expressions of the wise in their saner moments! Perhaps you will recognize yours:

"Wherefore the soup-strainer?"

"Purifying the air before it enters the mouth?"

"Why not wash your face?"

"Barbers' holiday?"

"Razor blades are now cheap."

To these above-mentioned specimens of masculinity aspiring to impress our humbler self with ostentatious witticism, we have one, and only one, reply. Let Mother Nature take her course!

Moreover, some have not advanced to the stage where they may understand the sentiment of the gentleman in the waxed "mush" as he poses before the mirror and says, "I have something that someone else has not."

So, young men of C. H. L. S., let your enthusiasm be bountiful. Get the mushtachio craze. Set the pace for future mustarians. A fine razor kit is to be awarded the grower of the darkest "mush"! Vive la Moo-Stache!

BERNIE KAMINS.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

BY a variety of individuals ranging from disgruntled geometry students to those interested in human relationships, the unfortunate triangle is undeservedly maligned and misunderstood. Its complexities are despised and condemned, while no account is taken of its undoubted virtues and possibilities.

To the beginner in Euclid, the straight line determined by the points A and B presents no difficulties. The shortest distance is covered in the least possible time, and with little effort. In short, everything is very cozy and fine until the introduction of the fatal third point, C. New vistas are immediately opened up. Not only are two additional lines introduced, but the intricacies of a real geometric figure are for the first time met with. The mystic Isosceles, the Equilateral, the Right Triangle with its attendant Hypotenuse and Squares loom into view, to say nothing of countless sinister originals. Small wonder that the Triangle inspires more hate than respect, more fear than appreciation!

In amatory experience, likewise, the same complication arises. With only amo and amas, everything is moonlight and roses, no troubles, perfect harmony. But with the introduction of the third member, amat, lo! the eternal triangle again makes its appearance with its accompanying complications. Immediately horrible possibilities arise, visions of a broken home and an eventual pilgrimage to Reno. Even though the crisis be mild, amo and amas never quite resume their former status of idyllic bliss. True, the situation has become so overworked that the mere mention of it has caused strong men to weep and great mentalities to crumble; yet fundamentally the predicament never loses its terrors.

Yet it is doubtful if any of the persons to whom the triangle is a symbol of despair or of ennui have paused to consider, calmly and philosophically, the utter monotony which might ensue without this same variety which the triangle produces. Imagine the utter dullness of A and B, travelling endlessly their shortest distance from one to the other without the pleasant diversion supplied by the direful C! Consider the saccharine sameness of amo and amas in their unmenaced bliss; as it is only by contrast that man appreciates happiness, so it is only under threats of dissolution that true love (if any) survives, and perhaps the dastardly amat may be an angel in disguise.

To those who grit their teeth and groan at the mention of the Eternal Triangle, there can be suggested a careful enumeration of the extensive plays, stories, novels, essays, or treatises on the subject, many of them by excellent authors. If, on the other hand, the preëminence of the theme in the art of the cinema is the main annoyance, the best prescription is a course of custard-pie comedies or crime pictures. Thenceforward the objectors will peruse their former aversion without a murmur.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33.

DEPARTURE

Half loath, the page came from his father's court
To learn his task in life. The halls seemed drear,
The battlements stern and cold, the day too short
To be spent in tiresome work. "The time draws near
To go forth in the world," they said.

The student's life seems pleasant to the squire:
He and his fellows form a little band
Seeking for light and truth, and still aspire
To scale the heights, by honor's beckoning hand
In glorious vision led.

The knight begins a life with danger fraught,
His steed high hope, zeal for the right his lance,
His casque, the truth his kindly mentors taught.
He starts, but turns to give a backward glance
In his exultant mood.

Thus we set out, each seeking his ideal,
In eagerness, and leaving all unheard
The love we cannot speak but deeply feel,
And, awkward, when we part speak not a word
Of our true gratitude.

MARY RANKIN, '33.

"Breathes there the student
With soul so dead
Who ne'er to himself hath said
'The heck with school
I'm going to bed ———'."

Hyah, folks, hyah! Latest notes concern Jack Dalton. . . . Frankie Coleman who was floating around in a DAZE, a few dazes back — You're right there Frankie, like the sleeves in a vest. . . . Girls must pay less attention to Al Maguire. . . . W. M. and E. F. of R. 44, come down to earth. . . . Refrain from poetry in the tennis courts, Ginger Gately. . . . Sorry F. Dunn, Dunn-o as you can get revenge in this issue. . . . One lady at a time, Jack Cremens. . . . Thanks, Masked Reporter, for letting Falter Pinchell in on a few tips. . . . Know all about your "Don", Teddy Marshall. . . . So, you're a Cleveland Romeo now, Harney. . . . Ben FitzGerald and Berj Seron are going to make their way to California peddling Shaving Cream and Lux. . . . *She* wants to call you "Personality Paul", Edmunds. . . . Friends, here's some of the reforms influenced by this column: Joe Ricker and Jim Feeley have lost their zeal for getting into the K. B. . . . Ken Campbell has trained his formerly harsh Tarzan cry. . . . No more pie-eating contests among K. B.-ers. . . . Eisenhauer has cultivated a more refined laugh. . . . Jack Gately lingers not in the corridors. . . . Tim Galvin has finally consented to display some of his hidden talent. . . . Al Harmantos has forsaken his ocarina. . . . Bill Manousos has ceased to telephone his "only only" daily. . . . Al Maguire is seen no longer on Saturdays with his blonde friend. . . . One girl in Room 6 receives very litle attention from upperclassmen nowadays. . . . Max Rubin has given up his spats. . . . Several jokes which I think should be in the Review:

Judge: "How did the accident happen?"
P. G.: "Well, sir, I was hugging a curve and ———."
Judge: "Thirty days. Next case."

Doc: "Your husband must be absolutely quiet. Here is the sleeping draught."
Wife: "When do I give it to him?"
Doc: "You don't. You take it yourself."

Always laugh at teacher's poor jokes
No matter what they be,
Not because they are really funny,
But it's using diplomacy.

Joe Beau told Nellie of his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat
'Twas seen for weeks and weeks.

Nicknames Bestowed by Us

"Einstein"	Lester Klashman
"Burke"	Leo Moore
"Bobby"	Eleanor Robbins
"Spring"	Mary Rankin
"Jack Oakie"	Jeannette Eyre
"Phonograph"	Frank Harney
"Dido"	Matilda Lichter
"Tarzan"	Ken Campbell

Just Imagine

— Bill MacFadden and no smile.
— A debate between Babcock and Daniel Webster.
— Ruth Peterson and no pretense.
— Falter Pinchell when kreks are cut out of his column.

Now then, we come to the corner for the Lovelorn. The first letter I found in the Review Box was quite interesting:

Dear Falter,

I have a real problem. A few days ago a boy in my class, whom I know only as a classmate, wrote me a note containing something personal. Since I knew it would be wrong for me to pass it back during class, I wrote an answer and left the folded paper on top of the desk meaning to return it to him later. Said note was taken from top of desk by teacher who now threatens to read it to all his classes. Now, I have a cousin in the same room with me, who, if note is read aloud, will certainly tell my father. If father finds out about it, I fail to get my driving license for the summer. Since teacher refuses to tear up note, but holds it over my head, what can you do for me?

A Frightened Sophomore Girl.

My Dear Soph,

Next time have nothing to do with note-passing! Present teacher with box of best cigars, or with ticket to a nice Boston theatre. If then he does not throw note away, see me. I have something on him which will make him drop the subject like a hot-cake.

Yours,

FALTER PINCHELL.

Here's another:

Falter Pinchell,

I don't know whether your column for the Perplexed is a fake or not. If this is printed I apologize for my doubts. But here's one for you.

Last week I invited a girl to the Reception. This morning I was discussing the dance with another girl whom I know, when suddenly something I said gave her the wrong impression, and she said, "Yes, I'd love to attend the Reception with you."

You see my fix. It would have been embarrassing for me to explain that I did not invite her. What a mistake! How can I take two girls, or how can I politely convey the right idea to the second girl, who is also a good friend?

A Spot-Lite Reader in Trouble.

My Good Fellow,

Your fix is a common one. Girls of to-day are too prepared to clutch at the faintest encouragement or at the weakest straw. Explain the situation to the girl who seems to understand you the better. Then, get a true-blue pal to accompany the second girl. In this way, you will be killing two birds with one stone, for you will be able to dance with them both.

Yours,

FALTER PINCHELL.

Well, a season of Winchellizing comes to its finis with its lovelorn and perplexed columns. The only advice this columnist can offer to freshmen who find Latin difficult is, "Take French"; to sophomore boys who are ambitious to imitate Seniors, "Wear no garters"; to happy-go-lucky juniors, "Laugh and be merry while you may; next year you'll waste plenty of mid-nite oil"; and to the seniors, Good Luck and eat your spinach.

BERNIE KAMINS.

DOES IT PAY?

Statistics compiled by one of America's leading industrial concerns and largest employers show that a business education is worth many times its cost in time and money.

According to these statistics ninety out of every hundred young men and women who train in advance for their jobs make good; while ninety out of every hundred who lack this special training do not succeed.

The demand today, more than ever before, is for a business education that can be of advantage in earning a living. That is why so many high school graduates, even though they are planning on a college or university course, take a year first in a good business school. This helps them scholastically and in many cases enables them to earn money to pay a part of their college expenses.

It is interesting to note that during the troublous times through which business has been passing that graduates of good business schools have found positions even when it seemed that opportunities simply did not exist. In all establishments, trained employees are the last to go and the first to be called back.

The Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, a school of national reputation, welcomes inquiries from earnest young men and women who are interested in preparing for successful business careers. Seven complete courses are offered. Beginning July 10, a six-weeks' summer school is available to those who would like to begin their training prior to the opening of the fall term September 5. You may receive a bulletin which gives courses, tuition rates and other information by addressing Mr. L. O. White, Principal, Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, 334 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., or by telephoning Kenmore 6789. If possible visit the school building.

— *Advertisement.*

EXCHANGES

THIS is our final report on Exchanges for this year. We have enjoyed the many excellent magazines which come to us — and we were happy to send our Review to other schools.

"The Western Hills Maroon,"
Western Hills High School,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hurrah! for the "Maroon", the best all-around magazine this year. The first reason is that the theme that runs through each issue, and there is a different theme each time. This is both entertaining and educational. Secondly, the literary department holds a wealth of excellent stories and essays. Thirdly, the poetry flows abundantly through the whole magazine. The cartoons are exceptionally well-drawn, especially the one entitled the "Cross Section of Ye Tower of London." The prize short story, "Suleika, Breaker of Hearts", shows the author has a powerful imagination and an unexcelled ability to express herself. The cuts for the stories and the columns are superb.

"The Clarion,"
Jamaica Plain High School,
Boston, Massachusetts.

A close runner-up to the "Maroon" is "The Clarion", a magazine which contains splendid essays. The articles and the columns are well arranged. One of the cleverest stories that we have read this year is "The News". It is very humorous and well-written. We are glad to see another paper with a Book Review column such as the "Page Cutters". The choice of books and the summaries are both very good.

"Taconic,"
Williamstown High School,
Williamstown, Massachusetts.

Another magazine of high merit is the "Taconic". Besides the literary department there is a French column and a "Faculty Corner" in which the teachers have their chance. The "School Notes" page is very good, for it includes news of the whole school. The poetry, although scanty, is well-written. We are glad to find a goodly number of jokes which enlivens the magazine very much.

"Ferncliffe Echo,"
Lee High School,
Lee, Massachusetts.

From Lee, Massachusetts, comes one of the most delightful magazines that we have had the good luck to receive this year. The Editorials, Short Stories, Poetic Practices, La Fenêtre Française, Home Economics, Dabs by Dabsters, School News, Athletics, Alumni, and Exchanges are all departments worthy of the highest praise. There is a generous sprinkling of jokes throughout the issue. A feeling of lightness and of joy runs through the paper and makes us willing to read the stories and poems over several times. Good Luck, "Ferncliffe Echo", may you always have as excellent a magazine as you have this year.

SEEING OURSELVES THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

"St. John's Concordia,"
Danvers, Massachusetts.

Both the stories and the poetry of the "Cambridge Review" showed much talent. This seemed to contribute greatly to the balance of the magazine. The Book-Reviewing department is an asset to the magazine. The reviews are well-done and set forth clearly the type of book being treated. The sports cartoons are excellent.

"The Sea Chest,"
Nantucket Island, Mass.

The "Cambridge Review" was one of the best. An all-round book that would pass any test.

"The Chronicle,"
Wallingford, Connecticut.

Your paper is excellent. It has everything that a student would wish to read.

"The Beacon,"
Chelsea, Mass.

You ought to read the new "Spot-Lite" column in "The Cambridge Review". What a lively crowd they must have there! That is easy to judge from their personals . . . .

The Spot-Lite has added just a little more to a magazine already overflowing with first class short stories and poems.

"Student's Pen,"
Pittsfield, Mass.

Good work, Reviewer! This edition is fairly bubbling over with budding young authors! "A Night Ride" is well worth the honor which was bestowed on it by the judges. Why not assemble your clever contributions of poetry? Your magazine is so outstanding that we feel a poetry section would add to its distinction in making it one of the best to be reviewed by the *Pen*.

CAROLYN WICKER, '33.

REVIEW STAFF

Third Row: Ricker, Forziati, Kamins, Emerson, Church, Weisman, Blum, Lichter, Thomas.

Second Row: Humez, Douglas, Mleckzo, Grynkiewicz, Greene, Donovan, Varrell, Magloine, Hurvitz.

First Row: Tedford, Gutheim, Wicker, Eyre, Tynan, Callum, Rankin, Freeman, Griffiths.

AERIAL VIEW OF CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL AND VICINITY

HOME ROOM COMMITTEE

Fourth Row: Babcock, Manousos, FitzGerald, Murphy, Edison.
Third Row: Lincoln, Mullin, Knight, Tynan, Maldonis, Volig, Thomas.
Second Row: Keefe, Long, Martchurs, Ryan, Downey, Adams, Dooling, Scott, Maver, Geary, Alber.
First Row: Eyre, Langton, Marshall, Brackett, Gurry, Gately, Johnson, Brooks, Altimas, Majewski, Miller, Andelman.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

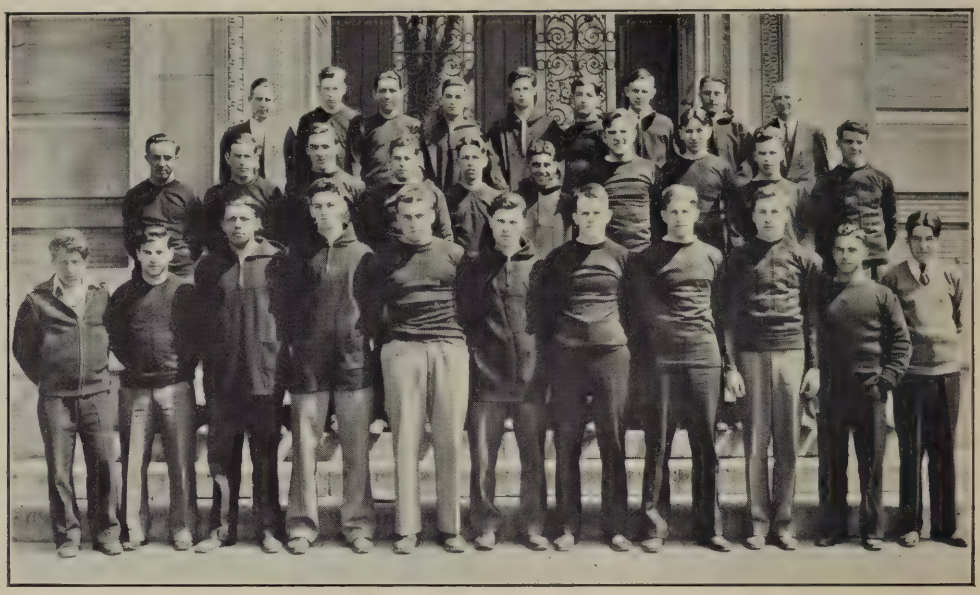
Second Row: Sally Donovan, Madelyn Sullivan, Miss Brown, Leila Larson, Lindsay Britt.

First Row: Ann Bartlett, *Vice-President;* Marjorie Odell, *President,* Margaret Murphy, *Secretary.*

GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

Second Row: Martha Russell, Eileen Fletcher, Jeannette Eyre, Olga Culolias, Miss Brown.

First Row: Catherine Norton, Mildred McNally, Marjorie Odell, *Captain;* Jessie Maver, Evelyn Saideh.



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Third Row: Mr. Garrett Foley, *Faculty Manager;* Pitchford, Ronzio, Gallucio, Maguire, Neudorf, Gibson, Jozwicki, Mr. Leander MacDonald, *Coach.*
Second Row: McKeever, Allt, Montgomery, Saulnier, Murphy, Crawley, Healy, Zelch. Barry, Lynch.
First Row: DeLeo, *Assistant Manager;* Carchia, Petrusionis, Dunlevy, Kyricos, Johnson, *Captain;* Feeley, Boucher, Miliekis, Carchia, Cusack, *Manager.*

BASEBALL SQUAD

Third Row: Fennell, *Assistant Manager;* Ronzio, Pitchford, Rogert, Cusack, *Manager.*
Second Row: Mr. Garrett Foley, *Faculty Manager;* McMahon, Gallucio, Davy, Toomey, Anderson, Mr. Leander MacDonald, *Coach.*
First Row: Spartachino, Riley, Kornatowski, Crawley, *Captain;* Mahoney, Gurry, Puzyn.

SPORTS

NEWTON 9 CAMBRIDGE 8

In its opening Suburban League game, our Cantabs, last year's champs of the league, were edged out by one run. Rogert pitched rather effectively until the sixth inning, when he weakened and Newton scored six runs, on five singles, a double, and a pass, to "salt away" the game. Our team came quite near tying the score in the ninth when we scored one run.

In the second inning, the Latin bats became potent enough to retire Giles, veteran Newton pitcher, from the box. Spartachino started with a single. Then Kontowski scored Spartie on a terrific smash into left field that was good for three bases. Gurry connected for a double to center, and McMahon singled to right to bring in Houghton in relief role. Two runs off Houghton accounted for a Latin 4 - 1 lead. Our teams scored a few more runs later with Cottier and Gurry setting the stage.

Latin collected eight singles from the combined offerings of Giles and Houghton, whereas Newton made thirteen hits on Rogert's pitching. Rogert struck out nine Newtonites, five of whom came in the first two innings, and allowed only two passes. The longest hit of the game was Capt. Huston's home run into deep center in the third inning. The Latin infield did not work together as well as it should, but it was probably due to lack of practice. However, our team ought to click better as the season advances. Gurry and Kontowski were effective batmen, and made Latin's only extra base hits, while Capt. Crowley played a fine game at short.

CAMBRIDGE 8 LAWRENCE ACAD. 5

In its second game of the current season, Latin came through with a fine victory over the powerful Lawrence Academy nine. Because of rain, the game was called at the end of the sixth inning.

After a shaky start, Puzyn, Coach McDonald's choice for the pitching assignment, settled down and hurled quite efficiently. He allowed the opposition only six scattered hits, whereas our team garnered ten from Hamilton, the opposing pitcher.

Our Cantabs scored four runs in the third inning and four in the fifth by bunching their hits at opportune moments. Oliver La Ronde, former Cambridge Latin star, hit a home run in the first inning with a man on base to give our rivals an early lead, which we wiped out in the third inning.

The feature play of the game was made by Eddie Rooney in the fifth inning, when he made a beautiful running catch of a fly ball in left field near the foul line.

"Mush" Cottier was the hitting star for Latin with three hits, a double, and two singles in four times at bat. Puzyn had good support from his team-mates after the first inning, as they played error-less ball behind him.

CAMBRIDGE 10 BROOKLINE 8

What an exciting game this turned out to be! It required eleven innings for Latin to defeat Brookline on the latter's home grounds. Our team's big inning was the sixth, when we scored six runs, yet our boys were trailing by one run going into the ninth. In this inning a double by Cottier, Anderson's reach on an error, Spartachino's walk, and Galuccio's long fly to center tied it up at eight, all to put us right back into the old ball game.

In the eleventh, Crawley made his second double, Cottier also doubled, and Anderson hit a sizzling single to win the ball game for their alma mater.

Latin scored one run in the fourth inning, six in the sixth, one in the ninth, and two in the eleventh. Brookline made two in the fourth, one in the fifth and also the sixth, and two in the seventh and eighth. Van Dam, Brookline catcher, made an error in the sixth that helped the Latin cause considerably, together with a few hits and passes.

Walsh, opposing third baseman, made the best play of the game when he deprived Crawley of an almost sure base bit. Crawley and Cottier were the hitting stars for Latin, with three each. Cottier also played a fine game at third. Mahoney, who pitched most of the game for us, was touched up a bit. Rogert, who relieved him near the latter part of the game, received credit for the victory.

CAMBRIDGE 6 RINDGE 4

Latin won its second Suburban League game at the expense of its deadly rival, Rindge, for Rogert allowed them but six scattered hits. He was opposed on the mound by Chapman, star Rindge hurler.

In the first inning, Rindge scored two runs, with men on bases, by means of a hard hit ball that went through McMahon, our second baseman. Latin made one run in the same inning when Anderson reached on a pass, stole second, and scored on Spartachino's single. In the third inning, Latin made two more runs, Anderson started off with a single, Sparty walked, Gurry reached first on an error by Muti, Rindge short-

stop, to bring in Anderson, and then McMahon layed down a beautiful bunt to send Spartachino home with the second run. Our team made two more in the seventh by bunching hits with the help of a mis-cue by the opposing third baseman. Sparty and Gallucio were responsible for driving in the runs. Latin scored its last run in the eighth on Crawley's rap that scored West from second.

Rindge made two runs in the ninth by filling the bases on Latin's rather loose playing, and then scoring on two sacrifice flies to the outfield.

Chapman was taken out in the eighth and a pinch hitter batted for him. Moore finished up the game for Rindge.

Anderson, Crawley, and Spartachino were the outstanding players for Latin.

B. C. HIGH 11 CAMBRIDGE 3

After winning three straight games, our team met a tartar in B. C. High, with its star twirler McKenna. Although Puzyn and Mahoney, the pitchers for Latin, were hit rather freely, they received little support, and four errors were made behind them.

Seven hits were made by our team from the pitches of McKenna. Spartachino was our leading batter with a triple and a homer. Latin scored one run in the fifth, sixth, and ninth innings, respectively. B. C. High bunched their hits and took advantage of the breaks and errors.

McKenna and Warner were the heavy hitters for B. C. High with three hits apiece. A feature of the game was Spartachino's homer in the last of the ninth, a long drive that cleared the left field fence. The rest of Latin's hits were divided among Crawley with two singles, Gallucio, Gurry, and McMahon.

HARVARD J. V. 13 CAMBRIDGE 9

Poor support was the main reason for the loss of this game against the Harvard Junior Varsity team at Soldiers' Field. Rooney and Riley were on the mound for Latin and were nicked for nine hits.

Going into the fifth, the score was tied at 8-8. Latin scored one run in the first of the fifth, but the Harvard team bunched their hits for four runs in this same inning to take the lead. The last run was scored in the seventh by Harvard to put the game "on ice". Harvard made two runs in each of the first four innings, while Latin made three runs in the second, and five in the fourth.

Fitzpatrick and Fletcher were the hitting stars for Harvard, as each made a triple and a single.

Allen and Crawley made two hits each, and were responsible for several of the runs scored by our team.

Our boys collected seven hits from the opposing twirlers, but the six errors made behind the pitchers were the main factors in our defeat.

CAMBRIDGE 11 SOMERVILLE 10

In a regular slugfest, Latin made an exciting finish to edge out the Somerville team in the last of the ninth. With a 10-4 lead in our favor going into the ninth inning, our rivals staged a batting rally to knock Mahoney out of the box, and tie up the score with a six run gain. Rogert was sent in as relief and received credit for the victory in the end.

In the last of the ninth, with the score tied, Rooney started off with a single, Allen connected for a double, and then McCaskill, opposing pitcher, went wild, hitting Rogert and Crawley, to force in the winning run.

Latin's big inning was the sixth, in which our boys made six runs by bunching their hits. Latin seemed to be coasting to victory until the fatal ninth, when Mahoney weakened.

Allen and Crawley were the main factors in our team's offense, each making three hits. Gallucio's triple was the longest hit made by Latin. Our team collected twelve hits from the opposing pitchers, against eleven for Somerville. The ending of the game was typical of the fight and determination of our team.

CAMBRIDGE 3 NEWTON 1

Latin handed Newton a 3 - 1 defeat at the latter's ball park in another Suburban League clash between these two rivals. Rogert, our pitcher, sent nine Newtonites by the strike-out route and permitted but seven scattered hits, to turn in one of the best pitching performances of the season.

Anderson, our alert first baseman, hit a home run into deep right field with Crawley on base to virtually clinch the ball game for us in the fifth inning. The third run was made in the same inning when, after Anderson's homer, Sparty singled, Gallucio walked, and McMahon singled to score Sparty with the final run.

Crawley, Cottier, and Spartachino made two hits each, as our team collected nine from Houghton and Giles. Rogert received good support from his team-mates in this splendid victory.

tongue.

Heard in the bookkeeping class: "Now, class, all watch the board and I will go through it again."

A Kindergartener?
No-It's Senior Class Day at C.H.S.
Robbins
WELCOME to the new Frosh
GOR-DON
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PUT IT MOM-BUT--I-I-I'M Going To Graduate
What ???
Thomas
Seniors dedicate Year Book to Mr. Bramhall again.
GOR-DON
Highlights of Rindge-Latin Game.
SPART'S HITTING
ROGERTS TWIRLING
BRAMY
Russell Field May 23-
OUT!!
CATCHER
Revenge is Sweet
Robbins

Diary of a Young Mountaineer

Monday — Snowing hard — Got a new gun for birthday.

Tuesday — Still snowing.

Wednesday — Still snowing hard.

Thursday — Still snowing.

Friday — Still snowing — Shot grandma — Won't the snow ever stop?

"Who was the first man?"

"George Washington."

"What? Don't you know that Adam was the first man?"

"Well, I wasn't counting foreigners."

A Chinese had a toothache and phoned a dentist for an appointment.

"Two-thirty all right?" asked the dentist.

"Yes," replied the Celestial, "tooth hurtee all right. What time I come?"

Man (getting shave): "Barber, will you please get me a glass of water?"

Barber: "What is the matter, a hair in your throat?"

Man: "No, I want to see if my throat leaks."

"Did you hear about the fellow that fell out of a second story window?"

"Did it hurt him?"

"No, he had on a spring suit."

Sue: "What do you say to a tramp in the park?"

Betty: "Oh, I never speak to the horrid things."

Mary had a little lamb
Given by a friend to keep,
It followed her around until
It died from loss of sleep.

Movie Director to Southerner: "When are you going to stop saying 'yo'all'?"

Southerner: "It took me twenty-five years to learn how to say 'yo'all', and I can't learn to say 'youse guys' in two weeks."

Anybody can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.

"Have you heard the slaughter house song?"

"Slaughter house song?"

"Yes, 'Butcher Little Arms Around Me'."

Editor of Review: "This line is devoted to Philip."

Fred Shaine: "Philip who?"

Editor: "To Philip Space."

Politician: "The people won't elect me because of my youth."

Supporter: "But you are fifty, and your youth is spent."

Politician: "That's the trouble—they found out how I spent it."

"I've been working for two years collecting this library."

"Goodness, what a lot of friends you must have."

Depositor entering bank: "Oh, look at all the pretty money."

Clerk: "This money is twice tainted. 'Taint yours and it 'taint mine."

Prof.: "We get agar-agar from Pago-Pago and pack it at Walla-Walla."

Stude.: "Why doesn't he stop stuttering?"

First: "Lived here all your life?"

Second: "Don't know. Haven't died yet."

Old Lady to Old Tar: "Excuse me — do those tattoo marks wash off?"

Old Tar: "I can't say, lady."

Barbara: "When I was ten years old my father gave me a very valuable ring. Would you care to see it?"

Betty: "Rather, I just adore antiques."

"Are you a real Scotchman, Sandy?"

"Sure, but I was born over here to save passage."

"Where are you from, Mr?"
"From Vermont, Sir."
"What state's that in?"
"In a state of depression, Sir!"

One: "I'm the best street cleaner in the city."
Two: "That's a sweeping statement."

Detective: "I had a hard case last week."
Friend: "What was it?"
Detective: "Well, a man was shot. A knife was found at his side. Who do you think poisoned him?"
Friend: "Who?"
Detective: "Nobody, he hanged himself."

Guard (to prisoner about to be electrocuted): "Have you any last words?"
Prisoner: "Yeah, I'd like to offer my seat to a lady."

Old Lady (to boy with slingshot): "That's a thing I could never do, hit a harmless little bird."
Boy: "I can't either."

"What would a land flowing with milk and honey be like?"
"Sticky."

"That man Smith is going around telling lies about you."
"I don't mind that, but if he begins to tell the truth, I'll break his neck!"

Farmer: "Hey, what are you doing up in my cherry tree?"
Boy: "Dere's a sign down dere to keep off de grass."

"Gosh, you knocked him senseless."
"No, I didn't, he was born that way."

"Did you get your hair cut?"
"No, I just washed it and it shrank."

"Can you tell me how iron was discovered?"
"I heard someone say yesterday that they smelt it."

"My father has George Washington's watch."
"That's nothing; my father has Adam's apple."

Mother: "John, don't use such bad words."
Son: "Shakespeare used them."
Mother: "Well, don't play with him."

"Bobbie, you seem very fond of the druggist's little boy. Why is it?"
"He can get all the pills he wants for our air guns."

"What am I arrested for?" asked the corrupt voter.
"You are charged," said the officer, who was entering the arrest in the station house ledger, "with having voted eight times."
"Charged, hey?" muttered the prisoner. "That's queer. I expected to be paid for it."

"Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?"
"No, but I've been stopped."

Captain: "Man the lifeboats!"
Chivalrous Passenger: "No! Women and children first!"

Traffic Cop: "What's the idea of balling up traffic? Why don't you use your noodle?"
"I didn't know the car had one."

Son: "Mother, let me go to the zoo to see the monkeys?"
Mother: "Why, John, what an idea! Imagine wanting to go to see the monkeys when your aunt is here."

"I always say what I think."
"I wondered why you were so quiet."

Stay late: "Shall I sing Tosti's 'Goodbye'?"
Victim: "Oh, don't bother to sing it, just say it."

"Good morning! I should like to pay my income tax."
"Well, you're the first."
"Surely not the first to pay!"
"No, the first to say you'd like to."

"So you have a fresh complaint."
"Not exactly, sir, it's about the eggs that were served for breakfast."

Salesman: "How did you happen to have an accident with that used car I sold you?"
Buyer: "I couldn't put out my hand while I was pushing it around a corner."

Judge: "You can take your choice, $10 or ten days."
Prisoner: "I'll take the money, your honor."

(*Continued on Page* 24)

ALUMNI

1878

Mr. Robert Luce has been appointed a member of the George Rogers Clark Sesquicentennial. This commission will supervise the establishment of a monument commemorating the famous explorer.

1923

Leslie Flaksman, former Harvard and Latin track star, is director of the Bronx House, a social service center in New York City.

1928

Of the class of 1928 the following expect to receive degrees from Harvard: Timothy Crane, Truman Hayes, John Hughes, George Mokaba, Charles Morris, Christopher Sykes.

Catherine Boucher is employed at St. Clair's, Harvard Square.

1930

Anna Locke was recently elected a member of the Physics Club at Smith College. This is an honor bestowed only upon those who show an exceptional proficiency in physics.

1931

Paul Tiffany placed second in the high jump for the Harvard freshmen in the Harvard - Yale track meet.

Michael Hovenanian has been playing regular shortstop for the Harvard freshman baseball team. He scored the winning run against Yale.

Henry Feeley has just completed an outstanding track season at St. John's Preparatory School, ranking as one of the best 600 and 440 yarders in the history of St. John's.

John Lobban is employed by the Massachusetts Bonding and Insurance Company, Boston.

Igor Borodin is a member of the Phillips Brooks House tennis team at Harvard.

Ray McCaffrey, of the literary staff of the Review, who was in charge of the Book Review department this year, is now employed by the Evans Shoe Company of Wakefield.

1932

Hubert Walsh is at home, recovering from a severe illness contracted while in Alabama.

William Baker, a freshman at Tufts College, had a part in "Sleep is a Fickle Goddess", a one act play produced by the dramatic class at Tufts. He was prominent in theatricals while at Latin.

John Kelley, all-scholastic pitcher while at Latin, is leading Kent's Hill Academy to a Maine State baseball championship.

Constance Overlock, a student at the Boston Museum School of Art, was awarded a prize for painting.

GEORGE A. EMERSON, '33.

CLASS NOTES—(*Continued from Page* 23)

John Briggs: "When does a book become a classic?"

Robert Church: "When people who haven't read it begin to say they have."

Billy M.: "How did your father know we went out in the car yesterday?"

W. Gurrie: "Quite simple! Remember that stout gentleman we ran into? That was father!"

(In the picture gallery): "This is the famous "Angelus," by Millet, Aunt Phyllis."

Aunt: "Well, I never! That man has actually copied the calendar that's hung in our kitchen for a dozen years.

In Music Class

Miss Wait (to newcomer): "The music is on page ninety-six. What's the time?"

Freshie: "Quarter to twelve."

John Tynan: "Why are you running that steam roller over that field?"

J. E.: "I'm trying to raise mashed potatoes."

"Don't cry, Sonnie, Grandpa will play Indian with you."

"B-but y-you won't d-do any good. Y-you're scalped already."

It Burned Him Up

"It's scandalous to charge us $5.00 for towing the car only three or four miles," protested the tourist driver's wife.

"Never mind, dear," replied hubby. "I've got the brakes on."

A Scotsman and his wife stopped in front of a restaurant window, in which was hung a card bearing the words: "Luncheon from 1 to 3 p.m., 40c."

"We'll have our dinner here, lassie!" said Mac. "Two hours steady eating for 40 cents is no sae bad."

Customer: "Do you give a guarantee with this hair restorer?"

Barber: "Guarantee, sir? We give a comb!"

(*Continued on Page* 25)

G. A. A.

IT is an occasion for tears. Never again shall we be called upon to perform the pleasant duty of writing this article for you. Never again shall we be confronted with victorious split-infinitive seekers, or righteously indignant members contending as to the origin and authenticity of certain grandiloquent statements. Oh dear, oh dear!

We had hoped that sometime, during the course of events, we might be enabled to say something original in these pages. Again, we meet with disappointment. The last social event of the year, and likewise our last hope in regard to escaping the black curse of banality, followed the precedent established by all our functions in that it was a brilliant success. But what else could it have been with Jeannette Eyre as toastmistress, and Miss Brown as presiding dignitary? We are beaten from the start.

The luncheon, which was held at the Riverbank Hotel, attracted a large group of alumnae. Of course, no one, not even these distinguished individuals, was exempt from making speeches. Other highlights of the afternoon were the class prophecy, written and read by Marjorie O'Dell, and the plays presented individually by each class.

Swimming, under the expert coaching of Miss Staples, has gotten under way. A class meet was held recently, and the seniors emerged victoriously with a total of 39 points against 29 for the sophomores and 24 for the freshmen. The members who carried the team to victory are Marion Jarvis, Capt., Jessie Maver, and Eileen Fletcher.

At present the juniors and sophomores are contesting for the baseball championship. The sophomores won their second game from the seniors with a score of 12-3, while that surprising junior team, with only four players in the field, overwhelmed the freshmen with a score of 13-3.

Our Varsity baseball team is enjoying a most successful season. On May 10 we easily conquered Arlington on our home grounds with a score of 28-14. Some knowledge of our batting strength may be gained from the fact that four home runs were hit by Cambridge during the game.

We met Wellesley on our home grounds May 19, and defeated them with a score of 13-2. The Wellesleyites, hampered as they were by the aggregate of points scored against them, and unaccustomed to the strange field, nevertheless fought bravely till the end of the game.

The Varsity team which played against Wellesley consists of the following players:

Pitcher, A. McCann; catcher, Downes; 1st base, E. Long; 2nd base, C. McDonald; 3rd base, M. Murphy; shortstop, T. O'Connell; right field, H. Mansfield, C. Cincini; center field, M. Murray; left field, M. O'Dell, M. Pietkhewicz.

The singles tennis tournament is progressing rapidly, under the management of Ruth Burns. Perhaps, by the time this has gone to press, a new champion will have been crowned.

At last we feel we have gotten a "scoop"! Members, it is our pleasure and honor to be enabled to announce the return of a G. A. A. election. Your new officers are as follows:

President, Mary McDonough
Vice-President - Treasurer, Margaret Murphy
Secretary, Lindsey Britt

Having lamented once, we find it necessary to restrain our tearful emotions at this moment. However, speaking directly and sincerely for the moment, I, personally, wish to thank all those who have assisted me in carrying out the office of G. A. A. editor. Without the helpful co-operation and suggestions of Miss Brown and Marjorie O'Dell, I am positive all my puny efforts would have been futile. Without Margaret Murphy's helpful notebook, not even a semblance of accuracy could have been attempted in these pages. I wish to thank the literary editors for their life-saving corrections, and you, kind reader, for your thoughtful attention.

One last word — we meet again at the picnic, in Kendall Green. Let's take advantage of the hospitality of Miss Brown, and overwhelm her with our numbers. Don't forget!

RUTH FREEMAN.

CLASS NOTES—(*Continued from Page* 24)

Mother (at dinner): "Tommy, I wish you'd stop reaching for things. Haven't you a tongue?"

Tommy Myles: "Yes, mother; but my arm's longer."

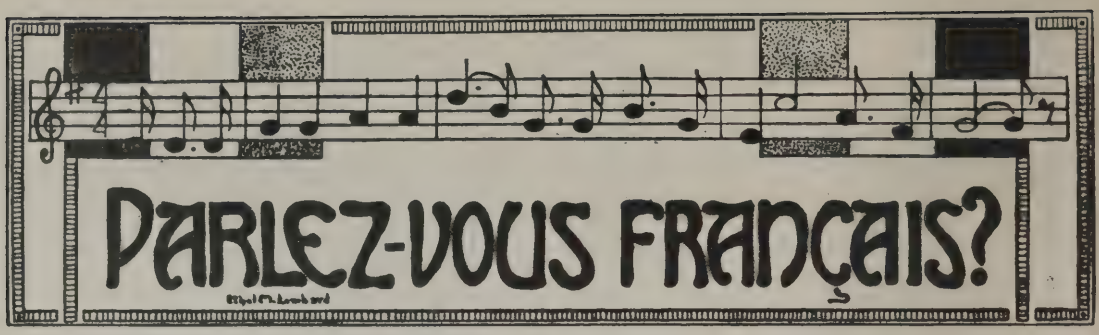
It was approaching midnight, and the young man still hovered around the door. The stillness was suddenly shattered by a loud crash upstairs.

"Gracious, dear," said the timid swain, "What could that be?"

"Oh," replied the miss, "that's just papa dropping a hint."

"I'm sorry that I haven't a nickel," said the lady as she handed the street car conductor a ten dollar bill.

"Don't worry lady, you're going to have 199 of 'em in a couple of minutes."



LE PÊCHEUR D'ISLANDE

DE PIERRE LOTI est l'histoire de quelques personnages de Bretagne. Les hommes de ces gens s'en vont pour pêcher chaque année, de février à septembre. Quand l'histoire commence, Yann Gaos et son ami Sylvestre Moan sont sur la *Marie*. Pendant qu'ils pêchent, Sylvestre dit qu'il veut que son ami se marie avec Gaud Méval, jeune demoiselle de leur village. Mais Yann réspond qu'il célébrera ses noces avec la mer. Tandis qu'il l'aime, il ne veut pas se marier avec elle parce que le père à Gaud est riche et elle est une demoiselle.

Après le retour à leur village, il faut que Sylvestre aille en Chine, où il doit passer ses années de service. Mais dans la guerre il meurt, laissant toute seule sa pauvre grand'mère Yvonne. Maintenant, quand elle est pauvre, pense Gaud, Yann se mariera avec elle. Mais il y a deux années qu'il ne lui parle.

Un après-midi, allant chez elle, Gaud remarque quelques garçons qui se moquent de la pauvre Yvonne. A la même fois qu'elle vient pour l'aider, Yann aussi arrive, et la mène chez elles. Il y demande à Gaud de se marier avec lui.

Six jours après ses noces, Yann part du village pour pêcher. Gaud l'attend en septembre, en octobre, mais Yann ne revient jamais. Il a célébré ses noces avec la mer.

MARY E. RANKIN.

VOL DE NUIT

"Vol de Nuit" est un livre écrit par Antoine de Saint-Exupéry au sujet de la navigation aérienne dans l'Amérique du Sud. Il raconte la lutte intéressante que font les avions avec les périls de nuit et d'orages. On n'a pas encore perfectionné le service nocturne, et chaque désastre qui arrive pendant les vols de nuit fait perdre à l'aviation les avances en vitesse qu'elle a gagnés par jour. L'histoire ne décrit qu'une seule nuit dans les bureaux d'une grande compagnie de navigation aérienne, et les vols de quelques pilotes, mais on rencontre ici la victoire, la défaite, la joie, l'affliction et la tragédie. Saint-Exupéry nous montre l'esprit de cette vie dangéreuse. Le caractère de Rivière, chef de la compagnie domine le livre. Il est sévère, impitoyable, inflexible; il ne permet pas la faiblesse ou la crainte, mais malgré tout, il est humain et généreux au fond. Son rêve est de trouver la navigation aërienne triomphante sur tous les périls. Pour ce but il travaille toujours, sacrifiant même la vie humaine pour quelque chose qu'il pense plus importante-quelque chose qui durera au futur. Mais en realité il souffre beaucoup avec ses pilotes. La mort de Fabien, pilote qui vole de Patagonie, et la douleur de sa femme vont au coeur et l'attristent beaucoup. Mais il ne suspend pas les vols de nuit, et on sent qu'il sera enfin le vainqueur.

POLLY POMEROY, '33.

AUBE—PAR MICHEL DARET

C'est une histoire charmante qu'*Aube*. Peut-être y-a-t-il d'autre chose que l'histoire là-dedans. Je n'en suis pas sûre. Le romancier nous présente le premier amour d'une jeune fille, nommée Aube. On voit l'héroïne changer d'une petite fille qui ne pense qu'aux fées et aux poupées en demoiselle sensible et intelligente. Depuis sa jeunesse, elle était toujours une énigme. Demeurant dans un monde de fantasie, elle ne sentait pas la réalité comme les autres filles, comme sa soeur Ispérie, par exemple. L'homme âgé qui se maria avec la fille de dix-sept ans mourut dans un accident la soirée du maraige même. Aube, "veuvette", demeurait chez sa belle-mère songeant encore aux fées. Et puis son beau-frère Bruno arriva. Aube devenait peu à peu amoureuse de lui. Elle reçut un jour un baiser de Bruno. Elle pensa qu'il l'aimait, quand elle partit pour Menandru, où habitait sa famille. Bruno ne vint jamais. Elle le rencontra quand elle menait à la pension sa petite soeur Petit-Pas, et elle se rendit compte que Bruno était différent. Et on la voit, découragée, laissant tenir sa main par Raoul. Il semble qu'elle devînt amoureuse de ce Raoul, quand elle avait oublié Bruno. Elle serait plus heureuse avec Raoul, aussi.

Et l'auteur ajoute un paragraphe à la fin qui parle des aubes. Le roman est plus que le conte d'Aube. C'est l'histoire de la jeunesse. Les aubes ont toutes, conclue Daret, un moment de la lumière la plus jeune lumière au matin.

E. WHELDEN.

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